Sketch MAP of
BRUSSELS
HAMBURG
Mulhouse
RHINE
PARIS
Belfort
Waldshut
Rheinfelden
Laufenburg
BÂLE
Montbéliard
Delle
Pratten
Liestal
Stein-Sackingen
Lenzburg
Porrentruy
Laufen
Aarau
Delémont
Waldenburg
Olten
Suhr
Glovelier
Zofingen
Moutier
Oensingen
Saignelégier
Soleure
Triengen
Langenthal
Sonceboz
St. Imier
Herzogen-buchsee
Sursee
Bienne
Büren
La Chaux-de-Fonds
Villiers
Huttwil
Le Locle Ville
Lyss
Burgdorf
Erlach
Aarberg
Walhusen
Neuchâtel
Entlebuch
Kerzers
BERNE
Alpnach
PARIS & LONDON
Les Verrières
Travers
Langnau
Schüpfheim
Pontarlier
Fleurier
Morat
Avenches
Münsingen
Konolfingen-Stalden
Estavayer
L. NEUCHÂTEL
Schwarzenb'g
Yverdon
Payerne
Fribourg
Thun
Brienz
Brunig
Vallorbe
Farvagny
L. THUN
Interlaken
Meiringen
Le Pont
Berchen
Romont
Spiez
L'Isle
Moudon
Bulle
Grindelwald
Le Brassus
Echallens
Cossonay
Gruyères
Lauterbrunnen
WETTERHN
Bière
LAUSANNE
Zweisimmen
Mürren
JUNGFRAU
La Cure
Allaman
Chal. St. Denis
Saanen
BLÜMLISALP
Rolle
Adelboden
FINSTERAAHRN
LAKE of GENEVA
Vevey
Montreux
Gstaad
Lenk
LÖTSCHENTAL
Nyon
WILDSTRUBEL
Gemmi Pass
ALETSCHHRN
Evian
Thonon
Leysin
OLDENHRN
WILDHRN
Rawil Pass
Coppet
St. Gingolph
Aigle
Villars
Leuk
BIETSCHHRN
Brig
Ferney
Monthey
Bex
DIABLERETS
Sierre
GENEVA
St. Maurice
Sion
Stalden
Simplon
La Plaine
Champéry
RHONE
St. Niklaus
Zinal
Sass-Fee
FLETSCHHRN
MARSEILLES
Martigny
Evolena
Randa
Orsières
Arolla
Zermatt
DOM
WEISSMIES
Vallorcine
Fionnay
MATTERHN
Chamonix
Mt. DOLENT
STRAHLHRN
Annecy
Mt. COLLON
BREITHRN
Gt. COMBIN
MONTE ROSA
Gt. St. BERNARD
MONT BLANC
Aosta
TURIN

SWITZERLAND

475

BERLIN
Singen
Stühlingen
Schaffhausen
Constance
Lake Constance
Friedrichshafen
Neuhausen
Rhine
Andelfingen
Mammern
Romanshorn
Eglisau
Frauenfeld
Arbon
Bregenz
Bülach
Baden
Winterthur
Wil
Bischofszell
Gossau
Heiden
Margrethen
St. GALL
Wohlen
ZURICH
Bauma
Herisau
Altstätten
Uster
Wetzikon
Gais
Affoltern
Zurich
Wald
Urnäsch
Appenzell
Cham
Wadenswil
Utznach
Nesslau
Feldkirch
Rothkreuz
Zug
Einsiedeln
Wildhaus
Buchs
Weesen
Wallenstadt
VIENNA
LUCERNE
L. Lucerne
Schwyz
Glarus
Schwanden
Sargans
Ragatz
Stans
Linthal
Elm
MADRISAHORN
Sarnen
Sachseln
Altdorf
Flims
RHINE
Coire
Klosters
INN
Schuls
Engelberg
MADERANERTAL
TODI
OBERALPSTOCK
Illanz
Reichenau
Davos
SILVRETTA
Arosa
P. VADRET
Zernetz
SUSTENHORN
Oberalp Pass
Disentis
Thusis
Brail
Munster
DAMMASTOCK
Sedrun
H. DUCAN
Scanfs
NATIONAL PARK
Andermatt
Splügen
INN
RHEIN-WALDHORN
Splügen Pass
St. Moritz
Pontresina
ST. GOTTHARD
Airolo
S. Bernardino
Cresta
Bormio
RHONE
Misox
Maloja
Berninа Pass
OFENHORN
Biasca
Chiavenna
P. BERNINA
Poschiavo
Campocologno
Tirano
Camedo
Locarno
Bellinzona
Sondrio
Domodossola
Colico
Lugano
LAKE COMO
Luino
Bellagio
MAGGIORE
Baveno
Laveno
Lecco
Chiasso
Como
Varese
Arona
MILAN
W.H. '20.

F. M. Curtis.
Berne Switzerland
Sept 10th 1927 Aunt Henry

A WAYFARER IN SWITZERLAND

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

AMERICA, THE LAND OF CONTRASTS (4th Edition, 1903; also in Tauchnitz Collection)

AMERICAN SHRINES ON ENGLISH SOIL (1924)

MATTERHORN

A WAYFARER IN SWITZERLAND

BY

JAMES F. MUIRHEAD

WITH TWENTY-FIVE ILLUSTRATIONS AND AN END-PAPER MAP

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PREFACE

THIS little volume is not a guide-book and not a compendium, but something of each. Against a slight background of the facts that everyone ought to know about Switzerland, the author has dealt with those Swiss places and themes that most interested him, especially when they seemed among those least adequately handled by previous English writers.

It is impracticable to mention all who have helped him in his task, nor has he any wish to bolster up his position by an array of creditable supporters; but his gratitude to his able and generous Swiss and other friends is none the less profound.

June, 1926 J. F. M.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	INTRODUCTORY SKETCH	1
II.	BÂLE	13
III.	SOLEURE, LIESTAL, AND A POET	19
IV.	BERNE, THE CONFEDERATE CAPITAL	27
V.	THE BERNESE OBERLAND	36
VI.	NEUCHÂTEL AND ABOUT THERE	48
VII.	GENEVA, THE INTERNATIONAL CITY	53
VIII.	LAUSANNE, GIBBON, AND THE LAKE OF GENEVA	74
IX.	CASTLES IN VAUD	89
X.	ZERMATT	99
XI.	LUCERNE AND THE FOREST CANTONS	106
XII.	TWO LOVELY AND MOTOR-FREE VALLEYS	117
XIII.	ZURICH, A CITY OF LIGHT AND LEARNING	126
XIV.	SCHAFFHAUSEN, ST. GALL, AND APPENZELL	137
XV.	VULCAN AND MÆCENAS IN WINTERTHUR	142
XVI.	A SMALL BUT STURDY CANTON	146
XVII.	ITALIAN SWITZERLAND	151
XVIII.	THE GRISONS	158
XIX.	SWITZERLAND BY COURTESY	192

CHAPTER		PAGE
XX.	THE LAST LOAD.	197
XXI.	SPORT IN SWITZERLAND	205
XXII.	MOUNTAINEERING	214
XXIII.	SWITZERLAND AND TUBERCULOSIS . . .	222
	INDEX	229

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

SKETCH MAP OF SWITZERLAND . . . *Front end-paper*
(From a drawing by W. J. Harrington.)

MATTERHORN . . . . . *Frontispiece*

FACING PAGE

BÂLE 16

BERNE 28
(Photograph : Wehrli, Zurich.)

WOODCUTTER BY FERDINAND HODLER 32
(Reproduced by kind permission of Rascher & Co., Zurich.)

QUEEN VICTORIA CRAG 46

BEDROOM IN THE VAL LEVENTINA 64
(Reproduced from "Schweizer Bauernkunst," by D. Baud-Bovy, by kind permission of the publishers, Orell-Füssli Verlag, Zurich.)

EAST END OF LAKE OF GENEVA, WITH VEYTAUX AND DENT DU MIDI 74
(Photograph : Erismann, Montreux.)

GRUYÈRES 86

WALLS OF MORAT 96

LUCERNE 106

STOCKALPER CHÂTEAU AT BRIG 120

CHILDREN OF THE LÖTSCHENTAL 124

ZURICH MINSTER 134

LANDESGEMEINDE AT TROGEN (OPEN-AIR PARLIAMENT) 140

GLARUS AND THE GLÄRNISCH 146

FACING PAGE

KLAUSEN PASS, FROM THE AIR 150
(Reproduced by kind permission of the Director of the Federal Aerodrome at Dübendorf, Zurich.)

LUGANO 152

LOCARNO 156
(Reproduced by kind permission of "The Times.")

UPPER ENGADINE 170

CASTLE OF TARASP 180

PALÜ GLACIER 186

FRIBOURG 202

CRESTA RUN AT ST. MORITZ 208
(Photograph: Albert Steiner, St. Moritz.)

GAME OF HORNUSSEN (HORNETS) 212
(Reproduced by kind permission of the President of the Hornussen Association.)

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A WAYFARER IN SWITZERLAND

I

INTRODUCTORY SKETCH

IT would almost seem as if the popular conception of Switzerland regards it as a sort of gigantic Pyramid of Cheops, rising symmetrically from a flat base, with (it is true) certain cleavages in the masonry to represent the valleys, but with practically nothing that could be called a level area. This, however, is very far from the truth. The backbone of Switzerland, the hearth and home of her civilization and progress, the source of her great policies and her great leaders, is the long "Mulde" or central plateau, interposed between the Jura and the Alps, and stretching all the way from the lake of Geneva to the lake of Constance. For Switzerland is no exception to the general rule that civilization begins in the plain and then extends to the hills. The mountains breed a sturdy race and often offer refuge to premature reformers; but the brain that coördinates, the systematic organization that renders progress possible, originate where the conditions are such as to give leisure for something more than a strenuous hand-to-hand fight with natural obstacles. Organized community life began in the lake-dwellings.

This central plateau, some 180 miles in length, with an average width of (say) 30–40 miles, occupies about one-third

of the total area of Switzerland. It includes large parts of the cantons of Geneva, Vaud, Fribourg, Neuchâtel, Soleure, Bâle, Berne, Lucerne, Aargau, Schaffhausen, Zurich, and Thurgau. Among the large towns scattered along it are Geneva, Lausanne, Neuchâtel, Fribourg, Bâle, Berne, Lucerne, Zurich, and St. Gall. The average height of these above the sea is about 1600 feet; that of the plateau as a whole is rather more. The twelve cantons named contain three-fourths of the inhabitants of Switzerland; and even when we allow for those parts of them which belong to the mountains, there still remains a balance large enough to show the great relative importance of the plateau population. The fact that the plateau as a whole is considerably elevated above the sea (Locarno, said to be the lowest place in Switzerland, lies 600 feet higher than London) does not affect its contrast with the mountains that rise from it.

Another prevalent misconception is that the "Fremden Industrie", or Tourist Traffic, is the most important source of Switzerland's economic prosperity. As a matter of fact, this industry, relatively important as it undoubtedly is, can hardly rank higher than third or fourth, or even fifth, in the national budget, lace and embroidery, machinery, watches, silk, and cotton goods being in all probability ahead of it, or at least as high. In proportion to its population, Switzerland is, indeed, one of the most active industrial and commercial countries in Europe. The total annual value of its industrial products is about £100,000,000, of its exports about £80,000,000, of its agricultural produce £60,000,000. Switzerland shows the highest annual value of foreign trade per head of population, with 1045 francs; the figure for Great Britain is 973 francs; for the United States 363 francs. One-half of its population lives by industry, fully one-fourth by agriculture, one-ninth by trade, and two-ninths by other occupations and private means. About one-thirtieth of the population is engaged in the Fremden Industrie proper; and even if we double

this, to allow for its pro rata share of railway and diligence employees, we cannot class more than 10 per cent of the inhabitants as ministering to the wants of the traveller. But, naturally, no precise estimate can be made in this case.[1]

Next to hotels, probably most Englishmen would think of condensed milk and chocolate as the chief cash-earners of Switzerland. Indeed, if the average man were asked what he knew about Switzerland, he would probably put those two products, along with mountains and winter sports, in the forefront of his list. He might get in Calvin and Rousseau, but more probably as fifthly and sixthly than as thirdly and fourthly. Now the two just mentioned are very prosperous and interesting industries, to which due homage is paid in Chapter VIII; but if the reader will turn to (e.g.) the pages on Bâle, Zurich, Winterthur, St. Gall, and Neuchâtel, he will realize that they are not the only, or even the largest, pebbles on the beach. The proofs are numerous that Switzerland is an important industrial country.

This is not the place for a detailed history of Switzerland; but the reader may like to be reminded of its chief epochs. Each of them has its own particular interest. First we have the prehistoric period, with the lake-villages, remains of between 150 and 200 of which have been found on the lakes of Neuchâtel, Zurich, Morat, Bienne, and elsewhere. The Roman history of Helvetia lasted for three centuries of peaceful prosperity. Avenches (p. 96) was its chief city, and possesses the most interesting remains. Then came the Dark Ages of the Burgundian, and Alemannian, and Frankish conquests, enlightened by the missionary labours of the Irish and other monks (SS. Columban, Gallus, Sigisbert, Pirmin, Fridolin, etc.). The convents and bishoprics they founded formed the first nucleus of a united

[1] Where exact official figures are not available, the above conclusions rest mainly on approximate estimates most kindly furnished by the Bureau Industriel Suisse of Lausanne.

Switzerland. The complicated story of the Feudal Period can hardly be summarized. Switzerland was incorporated in Lotharingia, then in Burgundy, then in the Empire. Bertha, the spinning Queen of Burgundy (p. 82), is a popular figure. Albert of Habsburg (p. 136) became the progenitor of a powerful dynasty. The Counts of Savoy extended their sway over much of south-west Switzerland. Next (thirteenth–fourteenth centuries) comes the period when a common need brought about the establishment and defence of that wonderful combination of peoples of different races, tongues, and religions, which modern Switzerland still represents. The Forest Cantons entered on a Perpetual Pact in 1291 to uphold their common privileges against the Empire. Morgarten (p. 115) was the first of that incredible series of victories obtained by the Swiss peasants in defence of their liberty, and the pact was formally renewed in 1315, perhaps with greater truth in the stories of the Oath of the Grütli and the exploits of William Tell than has hitherto been accepted. In 1353 came the Confederation of the Eight Cantons, of which Berne was the most powerful. The victories of Sempach (Arnold of Winkelried) and Näfels followed in 1386 and 1388. The Confederation had made good its claim to be quit of all dependence except that on the Empire. The attempt at aggression on the part of the Duke of Burgundy was defeated at Grandson (p. 93), Morat (p. 95), and Nancy (1477), and resulted in the extinction of the Burgundian State. The Swiss resistance to the Imperial attempt to turn nominal suzerainty into actual rule was equally successful, and the complete independence of the Swiss Confederation (then, or very soon after, including thirteen cantons) was recognized by the Peace of Bâle in 1501.

In the meantime Switzerland had been also active in the rôle of conqueror. Her Italian campaigns resulted in the acquisition of the present Italian-speaking districts of the Confederation. Various other parts of what is now Switzerland were added either by alliance

or by absorption. The defeat of Marignano (1515), however, when the Swiss offered a desperate but unavailing resistance to the French and Venetians, forced them out of Milan and put an heroic end to the heroic age. Many visitors to Switzerland must have been reminded of this by the striking cartoons of Ferdinand Hodler. Marignano meant the abdication of Switzerland as a Great Power.

After the Peace of Bâle Switzerland occupied a singularly strong position as a small but compact and united country surrounded by the more or less loosely articulated realms of France, Germany, and Italy.[1] But internal troubles prevented a full development of this promising situation. Up to 1501 the Confederation was purely German-speaking, but some of her new allies (not as yet formal members of the Confederation) spoke French, Italian, or Romonsh. To differences of language was added difference of religion, for the Reformation split the country into two camps. Hence divisions and local wars. The Protestant cantons, of which Berne and Zurich were the chief, allied themselves with France ; the Catholic cantons, of which Lucerne was the largest, were upheld by Austria and Spain. Disunited in this way, the utmost the Confederation could do was to observe neutrality and preserve its boundaries ; expansion was out of the question. During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the Confederation enjoyed external peace, but there were many internal squabbles, though there was no actual civil war after 1712. Perhaps the outstanding feature of this period was the growth of the democratic feeling against the " Patrician " government of the subject districts.

Towards the end of the eighteenth century came the French Revolution, followed by the rise of Napoleon. France seized an opportunity to interfere in Swiss affairs, and a French army marched on Berne and overbore a desperate resistance by sheer force of numbers. The very

[1] Switzerland is only half as large as Scotland and about twice the size of Wales or Massachusetts.

" un-Swiss " Helvetic Republic was set up in 1798, and subsisted for five years. In 1803 Napoleon replaced this by the so-called Act of Mediation. Six new cantons were added, and the name of the country became officially " Die Schweiz ", which replaced the old formal title of " Upper League of High Germany ".

The fall of Napoleon restored liberty to Switzerland, and in 1815 its neutrality and independence were guaranteed by the Great Powers. The number of cantons became (and has since remained) twenty-two. The peace, however, was disturbed in 1847 by the contest with the Sonderbund of the Catholic cantons, sometimes rather magniloquently described as the " Swiss War of Secession ". The almost bloodless success of the Protestants under General Dufour and the good will of Great Britain tided over the crisis. The new Constitution of 1848 (revised in 1874) was distinctly democratic. In the Great War Switzerland suffered almost as much economically as if she had been a combatant; but the dark days appear to have more or less passed, and the future for Switzerland seems at least as bright as for any other European Power.

The relations of Great Britain and Switzerland have always been especially friendly; and when the poet, Carl Spitteler, in his famous address on the attitude of Switzerland, delivered on 14th December, 1914, said, " England is not the only friend of Switzerland, but she is the most trustworthy ", he was repeating a commonplace with which practically all Switzers would agree. The diplomatic friendship of the two countries goes back at least to the time of Henry VIII. The sympathy of Cromwell, William III, and other British rulers with the Swiss struggles for independence was manifested in many ways. England's intervention was largely instrumental in settling the thorny question of the Neuchâtel succession in a sense favourable to Switzerland. Stratford Canning's rôle in helping forward the reorganization of the Swiss Confederation in 1814, and in securing a guarantee of its neutrality and independence

from the Congress of Vienna, was one of great importance. With Carl Spitteler's saying may be coupled that of the eminent Swiss historian, Wilhelm Oechsli, who wrote that "the service of free England to Switzerland cannot and will not be forgotten". The Great War demonstrated the importance of small States; and the case of Switzerland is, perhaps, the most significant example of this.

Switzerland is a *Bundesstaat* or Federated State, not a *Staatenbund* or Confederation of States; and yet each of its twenty-two cantons may be described as a small republic, with practically full control of all its internal affairs. It resembles the United States of America in having a States Council corresponding to the Senate and a Federal Tribunal like the Supreme Court, but the power of the President, who is elected annually, is much more restricted than that of the Chief American Executive, and he may be described as little more than *primus inter pares* of the seven members of the Federal Council, which is the ultimate executive power. The National Council, corresponding to the House of Representatives or the House of Commons, has one member for every 20,000 inhabitants, elected triennially by universal suffrage with proportional representation. The Initiative and the Referendum are also characteristic features of the Swiss Constitution.

From time immemorial Switzerland has been a haven of refuge for the oppressed of other countries; and the question of how to draw the line between legitimate and illegitimate refugees has more than once occasioned diplomatic heart-burnings. England has hardly been affected in this matter since the days of Ludlow and other exiles of the Restoration; but the names of such conspicuous refugees as Mazzini, Louis Philippe, Napoleon III, Emperor Charles of Austria, Lenin, and Mussolini are at least suggestive of very natural remonstrances from other Powers. Switzerland, however, has always remained loyal to her right of asylum. The wholesale hospitality she showed to the military refugees of the wars of 1870–71 and 1914–18

can never be spoken of without profound appreciation and gratitude.

One feature of Swiss history has so much of a differential character that a few words may be devoted to it. The story of the Swiss Mercenary Soldiers is one of the most interesting in history. But the implications of the word "mercenary" are hardly apposite in this connection, for the steadfast and even romantic loyalty of the Swiss soldiers to their employers goes far beyond anything that can be calculated in terms of cash. Louis XI had a small body of Swiss Guards (1476). A Swiss mercenary regiment was added to the French army by Henri IV in 1589 and incorporated with the Guards in 1615. Macaulay tells us of "the whiskered infantry of Switzerland" that attended William of Orange when he entered Exeter in 1688. In 1748 it was calculated that there were at least 75,000 Swiss soldiers in the service of France, Spain, Holland, and other countries. France at one time had a dozen Swiss regiments; and the "Colonel Général des Suisses" was always a Prince of the Blood. Freudenberger (eighteenth century) published his famous print, "Le Retour du Soldat Suisse", in three versions, showing the uniforms of three of the most prominent regiments. In more than one great battle there were bodies of Swiss in each army; and they fought each other as desperately as if they were not kith and kin. England occasionally employed Swiss soldiers, but always through private enlistment rather than by official arrangement.

Though, as already noted, the entertainment of foreigners is not of such paramount importance to the Swiss as is sometimes believed, it is of the highest significance to the traveller. So far as my experience goes, Switzerland still seems, on the whole, the country in which the reasonable needs of the tourist are catered for with most success. The electrification of the railways (now extended to nearly half the total mileage) makes travelling by train relatively clean, smooth, and quiet. This is due to its boundless treasure of

water-power, which is utilized to the extent of between 1½ and 2 million horse-power. The railway carriages (with their large and easily opened windows) are comfortable; and the destination of the trains is so clearly indicated that the wayfarer (even if, in the Biblical sense, a fool) can hardly go wrong. The fact that baggage may be expedited from any one Swiss point to any other (whether or no the traveller has a railway ticket for himself) is a convenience not nearly enough made use of by alien travellers, who too often prefer to choke up the compartment with suit-cases rather than disburse the few francs that would relieve them of this bother. The large motor diligences of the post office, with their powerful Saurer engines, are models both as cars and for the skill of their drivers. They make nearly all the great road passes easily accessible to ordinary travellers, and their speed is not too fast for enjoyment of the scenery and not so slow as to encourage boredom.

In spite of various rumours to the contrary, the rates of the Swiss hotels, though naturally considerably higher than in pre-war days, do not seem excessive in the light of what they give for the money; and seldom or never does one come upon a house, whether large or small, where the beds are unclean or the food insufficient. The service is generally adequate; and a special word of praise is still due to the "Saaltöchter", or waitresses, who combine neatness of appearance, modesty of demeanour, and absence of flirtatious familiarity in a way that would be very acceptable in other places of refreshment we wot of. And the Swiss hotel porter is a real traveller's friend, though I have met one or two rather churlish exceptions. Honesty, too, may be almost universally expected, though this term must not be extended to cover a philanthropic interest in the traveller's welfare rather than the landlord's.

Another point may be made about the Swiss hotels. If there are other countries where the hotel-keeper or manager (when he can spare a few minutes) is found to be one of the most delightful and cultured inmates of the house, I can

only say that it has not been my good fortune to visit them. And if there are other countries where the hotel-keepers hold high rank in the Army of the Reserve, or are often called on to fill important political or municipal functions, again I have not been privileged to know it. There are certainly many Swiss hôteliers who have more intrinsic merits than the "seventy carriages (twenty-four to hold twelve inside)", the "9600 pairs of sheets and blankets", and the rest of the inventory recited by Captain Bluntschli in Mr. G. B. Shaw's "Arms and the Man".

The national formulas that we are apt to use about the Swiss are distinctly insufficient. They are not merely a nation of hotel-keepers, guides, bourgeois, and peasants. First and foremost they are an independent and democratic people, fused by pressure from without into a compact unity that has absorbed the most heterogeneous constituents of race, language, and religion. In internal affairs the real formula or mission of Switzerland is the principle of federalism; in international affairs it is the principle of neutrality. Like most small nations, Switzerland contains a relatively high proportion of happy and prosperous citizens. Freedom and equality are, perhaps, more widespread than (say) in the Great Republic of the West. About nine out of every ten cultivators own the ground they till; the tyranny of the great capitalist individual or corporation is comparatively unknown; the soul-destroying chasm between enormous wealth and extreme poverty is here a relatively shallow valley. As a result the extreme political parties have little influence. The Capital Levy was overwhelmingly rejected by a referendum in which six out of seven voters stood to profit by the tax. In the election of 1925 only three Communist deputies were returned.

For those who look upon the Swiss as unmitigatedly bourgeois, it may be something of a revelation to learn that some of the Swiss "Patrician" or noble families have lineages of extraordinary antiquity. References through-

out the book to such names as those of De Salis, Planta, De Blonay, Tschudi, De Watteville, and many other Patrician families in Berne and Vaud will make this plain. The diplomatic profession is still largely recruited from these houses. It is interesting to note that some of the old Swiss families now have British as well as Swiss branches.

There have always been people ready to abuse the Swiss. Among them we find such names as Voltaire, Mme. de Staël, Victor Hugo, Dumas, Ruskin. But it is generally easy to detect the special and personal reasons of their diatribes; and, properly interpreted, they may even be added to the huge volume of credit amassed in other quarters. The Swiss are accused of parsimony; but, as in the case of the Scots, thrift has been made inevitable through the hardness of the struggle for existence, and both these nations are generous enough when the means of generosity are at hand. They are accused of a lack of the romantic and poetic quality. It is deemed strange that they do not show more articulate appreciation of their own wonderful scenery. But the Swiss *live* with the Alps and imbibe their beauty consciously and subconsciously all the time. A poet does not go on writing sonnets to his mistress's eyebrow after she has become his wife. And the call of the homeland is clearly enough shown in the *mal du pays* of the expatriated Swiss and their craving to get back to it. It is difficult to deny romance to the incident commemorated by the Lion of Lucerne; and in Carl Spitteler and Ferdinand Hodler modern Switzerland has produced at least two artists whose imaginative powers are of a very high order. We must, however, admit that the average or normal Switzer is not conspicuously endowed with charm or personal magnetism. The traveller notices this not obscurely when he crosses from the northern to the southern slopes of the Alps. But perhaps the same remark might be made of the average Briton. After all, charm is but a superficial veneer, and should not lead us to forget their admirable solid qualities. The Elder Brother of the

parable has always seemed to me a very badly treated individual, because it is assumed, since he has not the gay, insouciant charm of the Prodigal Son, that he finds no lure in the lighter side of life, and has no merit in overcoming its temptations. I take off my hat to the Swiss Elder Brother.

If this were a complete compendium of information on Switzerland, there are many other topics that would crowd through the open door. There is the whole story of its admirable Educational System, to which a few incidental references have been made. It is not accidental that Switzerland has 270 journals and periodicals for every million inhabitants, when even the United States comes short of this by twenty. And no one who knows (e.g.) the "Journal de Genève", the "Neue Zürcher Zeitung", the "Bund" of Berne, the "Basler Nachrichten", the "Gazette de Lausanne", or the "Vaterland" of Lucerne (to mention only half a dozen of several compeers), can deny quality as well as quantity to Swiss journalism. The Swiss Military System, which has produced an efficient and nation-wide army of defence without creating militaristic dementia is a tempting subject. The religious tolerance; the variety of tongues which have as yet led to no Babel-like confusion; the ocean of wildflowers that rises tide-like, month by month, from valley to snow-line—these are only a few of the subjects most inadequately treated in this volume. But perhaps enough has been done in this introductory chapter to provide the wayfarer with a rough framework or background into which to fit the details of his peregrination; and it may, at least, remind him of interesting features for which fuller information may be obtained elsewhere.

II

BÂLE

BÂLE (Basel) ranks with Zurich, Geneva, and Berne as one of the "Big Four" of Switzerland. Situated at the north-west corner of the country, where the course of the Rhine sweeps round from west to north, it is naturally a chief gateway of the Confederation. Built a few miles from the Roman Augusta Rauracorum, it inherited its ancient bishopric and has been a focus of central European life through practically the whole of the Christian era. To the visitor it presents itself as primarily a congeries of heaped and high-pitched red roofs, perhaps best viewed from the Pfalz, or terrace adjoining the Minster, whence we look across the light-green Rhine (dividing the town into Great and Little Bâle) to the heights of the Black Forest. As the Rhine rushes swiftly by, we may perchance see some local bathers enjoying their favourite pastime of swimming a mile or two down-stream, regaining their starting-point and their clothes by Heaven knows what painful labour of "revocation".[1] The current is utilized also for working the curious rope ferries which interest every stranger. The construction of a large river-harbour and the canalization of the stream between Bâle and Strassburg give ground for believing that, at no distant date, the neutralized Rhine will be a highway for traffic all the way to the North Sea and that London will be brought into unbroken communication with this "Swiss port".

Bâle's transit trade and her manufactures of dyes and

[1] This Bâle custom is described by Trollope in his "Can You Forgive Her?"

silk ribbons made her, and has kept her, one of the richest of Swiss towns—a position signed and sealed by the opening of the St. Gotthard Tunnel in 1882. Important modern developments are engine-building and electrical apparatus. Her golden age was at the beginning of the sixteenth century, when Erasmus (who called it "the home of the Muses"), Holbein, Frobenius the printer, Matthew Merian the engraver, Grynæus, Œcolampadius, and other distinguished men were numbered among her citizens. A century before Bâle had been the scene of one of the great Œcumenical Councils of the Church; and in 1460 the literary Pope, Pius II., who had been a member of the Council, established its University, the continued importance of which is largely due to the enlightened liberality of the Bâle merchants. A new efflorescence in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries is signalized by such names as those of the Bernoullis (the mathematicians), Leonard Euler (the physicist), Iselin (the historian; now represented by leading citizens of New York, as well as of Bâle), and Hebel (the poet). And almost in our own time we find here Jacob Burckhardt writing his invaluable "Cicerone", Friedrich Nietzsche filling a chair in the University, and Arnold Böcklin making Swiss art popular and familiar throughout Europe. Long one of the seven Free Imperial Towns, Bâle threw off the yoke of her bishops in 1501 and joined the Swiss Confederation. Zwingli received part of his early training here, and the Reformation made its entry in 1529. The oligarchic rule of the Trade Guilds led to the revolt of the rural part of the canton in 1831, and since then there have existed the two half-cantons of Urban and Rural Bâle. Its 150,000 inhabitants are mainly Protestant, and it is now regarded as the Swiss centre of Methodism and missionary enterprise.

When, however, all is said, it is the temporary residence of a foreigner that has shed the chief lustre on Bâle; and the first step of the tourist is to visit the Holbeins in the picture gallery. No city in the world could fail to be

proud of possessing a couple of dozen important paintings by the younger Holbein, besides innumerable studies, woodcuts, engravings, and drawings ; and this is the proud position of Bâle. Holbein first came to Bâle in 1515 as a young man sadly in need of employment, and he was long engaged in illustrating books for Frobenius and other publishers. A curious schoolmaster's sign in the Museum is one of the makeshift productions of this period. On the other hand, the portraits of Burgomaster Meyer and his wife, said to have been made by him at the age of nineteen, are of an extremely finished style. Three years later he was asked to paint the frescoes for the town hall ; but these, alas ! like all his other large decorative works, can now be judged from fragments and copies only. Perhaps the chief treasure of the Bâle collection is the group of his wife and children, painted in 1528 after his return from England. Here we see the master at the height of his power and truthfulness. His portraits of Erasmus and the studies of Jacob Meyer and his wife and daughter (made for the famous Darmstadt Madonna) are also admirable. English visitors will be interested by the pen-and-ink sketch of the family of Sir Thomas More—a study for a lost masterpiece. This sketch came to Bâle as a present from More to Erasmus. Holbein's own portrait (so called) ranks among his best drawings. The Museum also possesses the copy of Erasmus's " Praise of Folly " with Holbein's marginal drawings. Much of Holbein's work here lends credibility to the theory that he paid a visit to Italy some time during his residence in Bâle. Though Bâle was at first somewhat of a niggardly stepmother to Holbein, she learned to appreciate him more highly after his return from England, commissioning the frescoes for the town hall and voting him an allowance as titular town painter. She has thus a fair claim to the position she now occupies as one of the inevitable shrines for every admirer of this great master.

Another large room at the Museum is devoted to works

by Arnold Böcklin, a native of Bâle, whose name is perhaps better known to the world at large than that of any other Swiss painter. Everyone has seen his mysterious "Island of the Dead" (at least in reproduction of the version in Leipsic); and many of us have, I dare say, heard mutters about sensationalism and German sentimentality. But there is much more to Böcklin than that. His imagination is real, strong, and poetic, even if his handling of mythology borders on the fantastic and bizarre. His feeling for Nature was true and vital, though he translated his observation into a fanciful language of his own. Surely a catholic taste may find a place for Böcklin's "Battle of the Centaurs", "Diana Hunting", the "Island of the Dead" (based apparently on a rocky islet near Ischia), the "Sacred Grove", and the "Vita Somnium Breve", all exhibited in this gallery.

Among other pictures in the gallery are two or three by Conrad Witz (p. 67). These include a charming meeting of Joachim and Anna, with quaint dwarf-like figures in sage-green and red garments.

The fragments of the "Dance of Death" in the Historical Museum were long ascribed to Holbein, and at any rate show a vigour, versatility, and expressiveness that would hardly be unworthy of him. And the visitor will find much else of interest in this collection. The painting may very probably have been an echo of the terrible visitation of the Black Death in 1348; and the impression on the popular mind is still evidenced in the name of a frequented restaurant, neighboured (as it ghastfully happens) by a "Sarg-Magazin" or undertaker's shop!

The dark-red Bâle Minster, standing finely above the river, is an interesting building, though somehow, like all the converted Swiss cathedrals, it seems (at least as far as the interior goes) a little bleak in its Protestant bareness. In England the Church passed through the Reformation without conspicuous change of dress, and tricked herself out with her old ornaments for her new lord. In Switzerland the

BÀLE

habiliments of the Scarlet Woman have been rigorously abjured. Outside, however, we can admire the crocketed spires, the gay roofs (not unpleasing, in spite of their bead-mat pattern), the grand late-Romanesque porch of St. Gallus, and the quaint mounted figures of St. George and St. Martin. Inside we visit the Chapter House, used by the committees of the Œcumenical Council, and compare it mentally with the rooms now used by the commissions of the League of Nations at Geneva. The cloisters to the south of the Minster are interesting in various ways—perhaps not least from the fact that they are a public thoroughfare, where bicyclists take the place of cowled monks.

Not far from the cathedral is the picturesque market-place, with its flower-sellers busy under gaily striped umbrellas. On one side of this rises the Rathhaus, or Town Hall, a late-Gothic edifice, whose somewhat over-powering red decoration is said to be prescribed by an ancient document.

Lovers of the olden times will find many other magnets in Bâle, such as the Spalentor, a town gate dating in part from the thirteenth century, and the Holbein and other fountains. That many highly interesting patrician dwelling-houses still stand in Bâle is a natural consequence of the history of the town. One of these, the Bachofen-Burckhardt House, near the Minster, is now occupied by a collection of paintings. Not far off, side by side in the Martinsgasse, are the so-called Blue and White Houses, two baroque buildings, the former with an exquisite iron gate admitting to its courtyard. The Hiss House, in the Peters-Platz, is a stately eighteenth-century edifice flanked by two portals. The interior of another historic house in the Hebelstrasse enshrines a wealth of sumptuous carpets and tapestry, a superb staircase, old-fashioned "drop" chandeliers, old musical instruments, huge tiled stoves (some of them with an ingle-nook seat forming part of the design), stucco ceilings, and "period" furniture.

The enormous cellars, reached by a trap-door, could accommodate a regiment.

Before leaving the town the visitor should toast its prosperity in a glass of "Schweizerblut", or Swiss blood. For the wine of this name grows in vineyards on the battlefield of St. Jacob on the Birs, where 1500 Swiss (few of whom survived) withstood for twelve heroic hours a French army of 30,000 men (1444). If the monument, at the south end of the town, does not reach the highest level of the plastic art, it must at least be looked upon with respect as a memorial of one of the bravest and most decisive battles in history, for it deprived Louis XI of all desire to continue his attempt to destroy the Swiss Confederation.

III

SOLEURE, LIESTAL, AND A POET

A PLEASANT railway journey of a couple of hours or so brings us from Bâle to Soleure, or Solothurn, a veritable little gem of the Middle Ages. For great part of the way we are accompanied by the Jura Mountains, with villages just at the right distance to make pretty pictures as their roofs climb up or stand out against the wooded hills.

Soleure is so complete in its modest mediævalism that one feels here farther removed from modernity than in almost any other Swiss town. There is but one Soleure! "Allemandes sont mes vieilles rues, françaises mes demeures patriciennes, italienne est ma cathédrale; et pourtant, je ne suis que Soleure" (G. de Reynold). And for 150 years Soleure was the official residence of the French ambassadors to the Swiss Confederation, who seem to have kept up here much more state and made themselves much more popular than their Austrian confrères at Baden.

Practically the only intrusion on its mediæval harmony is the church of St. Ursus, now the cathedral of the Bishop of Bâle, a really admirable example (outside and in) of the Italian late-Renaissance style. On its façade the name of Jahveh is conspicuous in great Hebrew letters. Enough has been left of the old gates and of the bastions and towers of the Vaubanesque fortifications to maintain the illusion of a walled town. The gabled, black-tiled Arsenal of 1610 contains a very characteristic collection of mediæval arms and armour, including an executioner's

sword which has (visibly or invisibly) more than a hundred notches on its edge. The Town Hall has been remodelled, but retains a fourteenth-century tower, with a curious winding stair. The narrow streets, with their coloured fountains and grated windows, are notable for the absence of any attempt at modern ostentation, and show that the simple life is still a reality in Soleure. Perhaps the most romantic single feature is the gaily coloured clock-tower of the thirteenth century, with mechanical figures and a Latin inscription claiming that, in the lands of the Celts, Trèves is the only town older than Soleure. Many of the houses are most satisfying in their unpretentious good taste, such as the Rennert House in the Gurzelngasse and the Gibelin House in the Biel-Strasse (both of the seventeenth century). Another house (Biel-Strasse 5) may claim our interest because Thaddeus Kosciuszko, the Polish patriot, died here in 1817. The Crown Hotel, with a history of 500 years, has a distinct olden-time cachet that is not incompatible with modern comfort, and its napery cupboards are genuine old relics.

One of the few modern buildings of any size is the Museum and Picture Gallery. The collection of paintings contains at least two gems—a wonderfully painted Virgin, with Saints Ursus and Nicholas, by Holbein, and the garnet-robed Madonna of the Strawberries, a primitive and charming Alsatian work of 1420, in which the Virgin (at first sight) seems to be consulting an early edition of Baedeker. The Holbein picture (dated 1522) vies in colouring with the Venetians, and shows how the artist's sense of the severity and dignity of religious painting need (at its best) fear no rival.

Above Soleure rises the Weissenstein, one of the loftier summits of the Jura (4245 feet), with a large summer hotel commanding a glorious panorama, seen across the wide intervening plain, of the Alps from Mont Blanc to the Säntis. This view, says Mr. Hilaire Belloc in "The Path to Rome", belongs to the category of things that

make a man stop breathing. "Thousands of feet below me was what seemed an illimitable plain, at the end of that world was an horizon, and the dim bluish sky that overhangs an horizon. . . . Right up—a belt in the empyrean—ran peak and field and needle of intense ice, remote, remote from the world. Sky beneath them and sky above them, a steadfast legion, they glittered as though with the armour of the immovable armies of Heaven." But this description should be read in its entirety in Mr. Belloc's book.

A near neighbour of Soleure is Selzach, interesting for the Passion Play that has been performed by the peasants here biennially since 1893. A special building was erected for the purpose, and on the summer Sundays of festival years (1927, 1929, 1931, etc.) this is filled with a devoutly appreciative audience of some 1600 souls. It is a curious fact that though peasant performances are common throughout the country (comp. pp. 82, 108), Switzerland has not yet succeeded in adding a really great drama to the world's literature.[1]

The small town of Schönenwerd (3000 inhabitants), also in the canton of Soleure, is the headquarters of the boot and shoe industry of Switzerland. The representative firm is Bally's Shoe Factories, Ltd., which produces 3½ million pairs of boots and shoes annually. It has manufacturing branches also in Lyons, Vienna, Cape Town, and New York.

About nine miles from Bâle, and passed on one of the routes to Soleure, lies Liestal, the chief town of the half-canton of Bâle-Campagne or Bâle-Land. I mention it here, not because of its intrinsic attractions (though these are not negligible), but because it was the birthplace of one of the greatest poets of his time, Carl Spitteler, who lived from 1845 to 1924. Though Spitteler received the Nobel Prize for literature in 1919 and has thousands

[1] It is said that the Oberammergau Passion Play can be traced to a Swiss origin.

of readers and admirers in Switzerland and Germany, his fame seems scarcely to have reached England. The French Academy crowned Spitteler on his seventieth birthday, and Romain Rolland (to mention one only of his French admirers) described him as the greatest European poet ("the only poet of the day to be mentioned alongside the great names of the past"), and apologized for having received the Nobel Prize before him.

The Nobel Prize was probably awarded mainly for Spitteler's "Olympischer Frühling", or "The Olympian Spring", a heroic epic of about 18,000 lines, and for his "Prometheus and Epimetheus", a somewhat shorter philosophic epic in majestic prose. The theme of the former is the accession to power of Zeus and his Olympians, after the overthrow of Kronos and the Titans; but, though Spitteler uses the Greek names, he has remoulded the whole of the old mythology and has produced an entirely new scenario of his own. Thus, Hera appears as the Queen of the Amazons, very loth indeed to accept the decree of Ananke (whom Spitteler makes masculine) that she must marry Zeus. Ajax is enrolled among the Olympians, and so on. It is no doubt possible to read into the "Olympian Spring" a certain measure of symbolism and satire; but on first acquaintance, at any rate, the reader should abandon himself to a purely naïve enjoyment of its sumptuous pageantry, its wonderful scenic descriptions, its human interest (for Spitteler's gods are really men to all intents and purposes), its felicity in the coining of words, its musical verse, its genial humour, and the extraordinary ingenuity and fascination of its episodes and machinery.

If this were the only work of Spitteler, I should hardly dare to incite to an attack on so formidable a fortress. But he also published some volumes of shorter poems, which anyone who reads German easily would find it well worth his while to look up. These are very varied in form and interest, and it is not easy to characterize them. In respect of a certain pithy and unexpected (often satirical)

intention within brief compass, they might recall the poems of Mr. Thomas Hardy; but in the style of their versification, in their musical qualities, and in many other ways they differ conspicuously from Mr. Hardy's work. They are seldom so grim. I doubt very much whether the charm of these poems can be reproduced in translation; but I venture to make the experiment here with two short poems, adding the originals for readers of German. The controlling reason for the selection of these particular poems is mainly that their simple "apologue" form makes them relatively easy to translate. They must not be regarded as representative of more than one aspect of Spitteler's many-sided muse, and that the more obvious, not its deeper philosophic or satiric side.

THE LITTLE BELL'S COMPLAINT.

The little bell once sadly
The organ thus addressed:
"Your pipes' rich store of changes
Wakes envy in my breast.
You've countless ways of telling
All that your soul can learn;
And what you learn, we feel it,
And when you feel, we yearn.
But I, though grief and pity
May rend my heart in twain,
Can only tinkle sweetly,
Again, and yet again.
My deepest self is longing
Once to ring out of tune.
Who'll teach me how to jangle?
That were a bitter boon."

GLÖCKLEINS KLAGE.

Ein junges Glöcklein klagte
der Orgel einst ihr Leid:
"Wie oft mit deinem Reichtum
erweckst du meinen Neid.
Kannst hundertfältig sagen,
was deine Seele spürt;

Und was du spürst, das fühlt man,
und was du fühlst, das rührt.
Ich, wenn vor Weh und Mitleid
mir schier das Herz zerspringt,
Ists stets der gleiche Wohllaut,
den meine Zunge singt.
Nach einem echten Missklang
ring ich aus tiefster Brust.
Wer leiht mir Kraft zum Schreien ?
es wär mir bittre Lust."

ADAM'S REST.

After assault on Eden's gate, with desperate hand,
The baffled Adam fled, at random, o'er the land.
Neither his helpmeet's tears, nor weary children's lagging
Could stay the wanderer's feet, or anywhere arrest him.
Onward strode he ever, with energy unflagging.
It was as though a hate of any home possessed him.

And so, when once at noontide, Adam sleeping lay,
Eve made her sacrifice to God, and thus did pray :
" Behold my off'ring's savour heavenward ascend !
Must my unhappy homelessness never have an end ?
Is there within the golden gates no strong and massy chain
To clog my husband's vagrom feet and make him rest again ? "

Her cry was heard by God ; He raised His fulgent hand,
And smote her firstborn son with wasting fever's brand.
No draught his thirst could slake, no holy priest could save ;
And seven days thereafter he lay in earth's first grave.

When Adam sped the faster, stung by his bitter pain,
His steps unconscious led him, circling, back again ;
Until at last he found him where he had laid his son ;
Built him a house and rested ; his wand'ring days were done.

ADAMSRUH.

Nachdem umsonst an Edens Tor mit grimmiger Hand
Adam gerüttelt, floh er unstät über Land.
Nicht seines Weibes Tränen, nicht der Kinder Klagen
Vermochten, das an einem Ort er dauernd raste.
Nur immer vorwärts stürmen, immer weiter jagen.
Es war, als ob er jeden festen Wohnsitz hasste.

Da opfert' eines Mittags, während Adam schlief,
Eva dem Herrn der Berge, betete und rief:
"Sieh meines Opfers Brodem himmelwärts sich winden.
Wann werd' ich Unglückselige eine Heimat finden?
Ist denn im Hause des Allmächtigen keine Kette,
Die meinen flüchtigen Gatten fesselt an die Stätte?"

Der Herr vernahm das Wort, erhob die Feuerhand
Und schlug den Erstgebornen ihr mit Fieberbrand.
Kein Priester konnt' ihn heilen und kein Tränklein laben—
Nach sieben Tagen ward er auf dem Feld begraben.

Und als nun Adam trauernd weiter trieb die Reise,
Da bog sich heimlich seiner Füsse Spur im Kreise.
Näher und näher kehrt' er zu dem Felde wieder,
Stach einen Graben, steckt' ein Haus und liess sich nieder.

(For permission to reproduce these poems, I have to thank Herr Eugen Diederichs of Jena ("The Bell") and Herr Albert Müller of Zurich ("Adam"). The form of the translations owes much to the collaboration of Miss E. C. Mayne.)

Spitteler's life was retired and inconspicuous, and his genius did not obtain adequate recognition until after half of it was spent. Of his early years at Liestal he has left an account in a little prose volume entitled "Meine frühesten Erlebnisse". This leaves off when he was five years old; but surely there was never so marvellous a reproduction of the real outlook and atmosphere of a child of that age. It is curious to find that a visit to Soleure, when he was four years old, made the strongest and most permanent single impression on him. From that day on Soleure remained the golden city of faërie, haunting his dreams as the home of his heart's desire. Later, while attending the university of Bâle, he was introduced through Jacob Burckhardt to the "Orlando Furioso", the influence of which probably fixed his ambitions and his career. His "Prometheus" was published in 1881, and undoubtedly exercised a great influence on the form of Nietzsche's

" Zarathustra " ; indeed, Nietzsche called him the greatest of German æsthetic writers. At the very end of his life Spitteler, reverting (in an interesting parallelism with Goethe and " Faust ") to his early philosophizing of the human problem, published " Prometheus der Dulder " (" The Endurer "), an epic in verse, forming a completion, or maturer statement, of the theme of " Prometheus and Epimetheus ". Spitteler also wrote essays and novels, two at least of the latter (" Conrad der Leutnant " and " Imago ") attaining great vogue in Switzerland.

But the only other prose work that we need note here is the eloquent protest (" Unser Schweizer Standpunkt ") he published in 1914 in reply to the pronunciamento of the German professors. This led to great temporary unpopularity in Germany ; but he was too big a force for permanent boycott, and I understand his German-reading public is now as large as ever.

IV

BERNE, THE CONFEDERATE CAPITAL

"I WAS very much struck on my entrance into Berne with its singular neatness and beauty. The principal streets are broad and long, not straight, but gently curved; the houses are mostly uniform, built of a greyish stone upon arcades. Several fountains are not less ornamental to the place than beneficial to the inhabitants. The River Aar almost surrounds the town, winding its course over a rocky bed much below the level of the streets; and for a considerable way forming by its steep and craggy banks a kind of natural rampart. The adjacent country is richly cultivated, and agreeably diversified with hills, lawns, wood, and water; the river flows rapidly below, and an abrupt chain of rugged and snow-capped Alps bounds the distant horizon. Such an assemblage of wild and beautiful objects would in any place present a most striking prospect; but its effect becomes greatly heightened when seen from the midst of a large town."

So Archdeacon Coxe, in 1776. And so, to this day, if we ignore the modern suburbs beyond the river, looks the quaint old city of Berne. Addison, who had been there seventy years earlier, was greatly impressed by the elevated public walks and by the "full view of a huge range of mountains that lie in the country of the Grisons (*sic!*) and are buried in snow". Goethe found it "die schönste (Stadt) die wir gesehen haben"; and the French Montaigne was equally enthusiastic. For Berne has preserved its old-world charm to an extraordinary extent; and the

view (say from the Minster Terrace) of the Eiger, Mönch, Jungfrau, and their long array of dazzling sisters, is one of the rare instances where (to use Emerson's phrase) the scenery emphatically " comes up to the brag ".

Berne, " youngest and haughtiest of the famous towns of the Swiss ", may stand almost for an epitome of Switzerland. It lies not far from the middle of the great Mulde or plateau between the Jura and the Alps. It is near the dividing line of the French and German-speaking districts, and even its own " Bärndütsch " dialect (best described by its own term " heimelig ") shows a tincture of French. Historically Berne plays an important rôle as the cradle of French-Swiss Protestantism and as the head of the Protestant cantons. Founded, in 1191, as a military post between the Alemannians and the Burgundians, it became one of the free cities that counterpoised the Swiss feudal nobles; and as the protagonist of resistance to Imperial encroachments it amply justified the proverbial saying of " No Berne, no Switzerland ".

Though it was the champion of national independence, its own government was aristocratic; and its patricians, " Leurs Excellences les Messieurs de Berne ", exercised an oligarchic sway over the wide districts subject to them—at one time extending practically from the Rhine to the Rhone and including the whole of the present canton of Vaud. At the height of its power Berne ruled over fifty-two bailiwicks, each under a " patrician " bailiff. Various efforts to curtail the power of the patrician families proved futile, and it was not till 1831 that Berne became definitely democratic. Since 1848 Berne has been the political capital (" Bundesstadt ") of the Swiss Confederation, though it is inferior in population to Zurich, Bâle, and Geneva.

The public service of the patricians has been so exemplary that it is comparatively easy to forgive their arrogance. It was a Von Erlach of Berne who led the Swiss at the battle of Laupen in 1339, when, as the happy

BERNE

victors declared, "God became a citizen of Berne"; it was another Von Erlach who led the desperate resistance to the French in 1798. When a De Mulinen of Berne, asked by Henri III of France whether there were any gentlemen in Switzerland, replied, "Sire, j'en connais deux —l'Empereur et moi", he spoke with a full consciousness of the responsibilities of his claim. Incidentally this noble gentleman had two wives and twenty-seven children. It was a Bubenberg of Berne, with Erlach blood in his veins, who took time by the forelock and engraved the epitaph on his own tombstone, leaving the date as 16... In 1699 someone pointed out that he would have to change "6" to "7"; but the proud noble had given his word, and replied: "No, I shall die before the year is out"—and he did! No doubt similar tales could be told of the De Wattevilles and many other families, some of whose houses still stand in the Street of the Gentry (Junkerngasse). The number of families eligible for the high offices of State steadily diminished from one hundred and fifty at the beginning of the seventeenth century to between sixty and seventy at the close of the eighteenth.

The most prominent building in Berne is the Bundeshaus or Federal Palace, a huge and handsome Renaissance structure, in a magnificent situation; but we cannot help regretting that it speaks a tongue foreign to the real architectural character of the town. Next to this comes the Minster (which is *not* a cathedral), a flamboyant Gothic edifice of considerable merit. Some of its details (e.g. the west entrance) deserve warmer praise than this. The real points of artistic interest are the quaint old fountains of the sixteenth century; the old gate-tower, with the curious clock ("Zytglogge") and mechanical puppets; the Lauben, or arcaded streets, like the Chester "Rows"; the Kornhaus Cellar; and the sixteenth to eighteenth century houses. The University, with its 1800 students, is practically equal first with Zurich.

Whatever may be the etymological or historical con-

nection of "Berne" and "Bear", there is no question that Bruin has become accepted as the heraldic emblem of the town and one of its most familiar figures. A visit to the Bear Pit, where bears have been kept at the public expense (helped by legacies from philozoic ladies) for hundreds of years, is a quite inevitable item of a sojourn in the Swiss capital. There is a terrible story attached to it of a young military attaché, who, after a lively evening, lost his balance, fell over the railing, and was torn to pieces before he could be rescued. For many years a chief attraction of the Berne Natural History Museum was a stuffed figure of "the bear that ate the Englishman" (though the unfortunate diplomat was *not* English); but this has long since disappeared, and we have perforce to rest content with a similar representation of Barry, a St. Bernard dog that saved fifteen lives. Perhaps more interest may be taken in the relics of Captain Cook's third voyage, displayed in the Berne Historical Museum, a collection well worth a visit for many other reasons.

Berne ranks with Bâle, Geneva, Lausanne, and Zurich as one of the hearths, historically and actually, of Swiss art. Hence we must not overlook its Art Museum. Among the Berne primitives were the so-called "Master of the Carnation" (late fifteenth century; probably identical with Paul Löwensprung), represented here by scenes from the life of the Baptist, and Nicolas Manuel (1484–1530), who was much influenced by Dürer and is marked by a "sensitive personality, in which the swordsman, the diplomat, and the poet are combined" (Daniel Baud-Bovy). It was Manuel's great "Dance of Death" at the Dominican monastery at Berne (no longer extant) that stimulated Holbein to his cognate representations. Later, Swiss art suffered an eclipse, largely through the effects of the Reformation. In the seventeenth century, however, Joseph Werner of Berne produced some good work, examples of which may be seen in the Museum, including an attractively grouped allegory of Justice. He

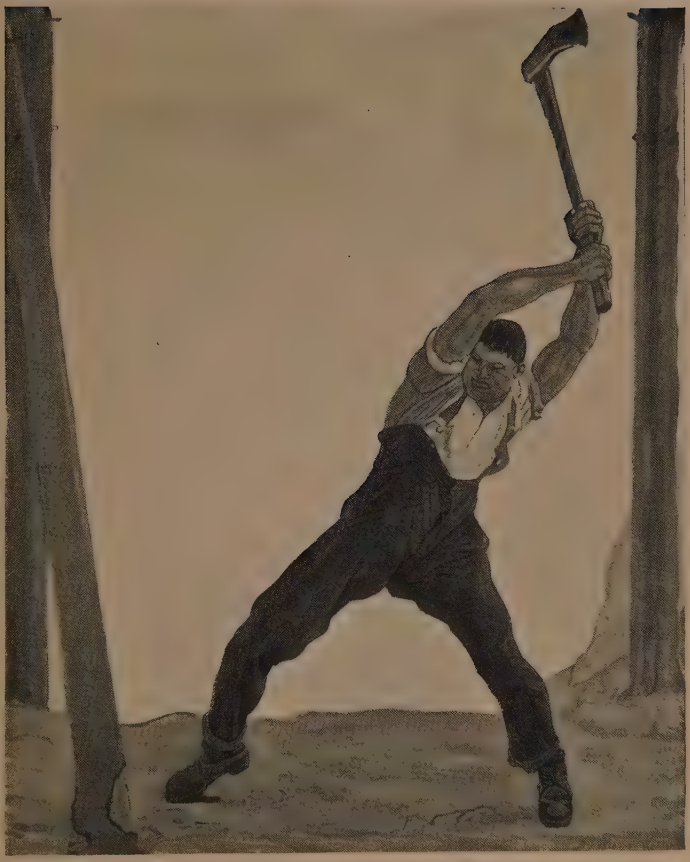
excelled as a painter of miniatures. Karl Stauffer-Bern (1857–91) is another meritorious local artist, to whom a room is devoted. He died prematurely. Other artists represented that will repay at least a passing inspection are Cuno Amiet, Eduard Boss, Giacometti, Max Buri (Bernese rural life), Emmanuel Hardmann, Albert Anker (village scenes), and E. Burnand (an excellent animal painter). In the eighteenth century Berne was, perhaps, the chief centre of artistic attraction in Switzerland. It was at Berne that the Hubers of Bâle, the leading portrait painters of the day, set up their studios; and it was also the headquarters of J. L. Aberli, whose coloured etchings of Swiss scenery are valued by all to whom poetic charm and delicacy of execution appeal. His friend Freudenberger, a born Bernois and a pupil of Boucher and Greuze, is equally delightful for his coloured engravings of genre scenes, mainly of humble life treated in an elegant "rococo" manner. His "Departure" and "Return" of the Swiss soldier must be familiar to thousands who otherwise know little of Swiss art. This kind of work was typical of the Bernese school of the eighteenth century, and modest though it may seem, the precision of line and soft transparency of tint in these coloured engravings achieve a special effect that gives them a definite place in the general as well as the local history of art.

"It may be of interest to call attention to the difference between the fine French aquatint and the Swiss aquatint. In the former all the colours are obtained from the plate, but in the latter frequently only a few colours or only the black impression is from the plate, most or all of the colours being added by hand. This explains the curious little differences one so often notices between one print and another according to the fancy of the colourist" (R. W. Lloyd).

Though Ferdinand Hodler did most of his work at Geneva and died there in 1918, yet the fact that he was born at Berne (1853) and remained throughout his life a genuine German Switzer (he acquired French as a foreign

language) seems to make this the proper place for a few remarks on him. Sprung from parents in humble life, he made his first acquaintance with art as assistant to his stepfather, described as a "decorative artist". He advanced far enough to support himself by selling sketches of a sort when he went to Geneva as a lad of eighteen to pursue his studies. In 1871 he became a pupil of Barthélemy Menn, and soon learned how far from real art his previous efforts had been. For the next twenty or twenty-five years he worked on doggedly at Geneva, occasionally winning a prize in a competition, but unmercifully criticized by the Press, acquiring no popular favour, and barely making two ends meet. In 1891 his "Night" was favourably received in Paris. In 1901 the Berne Museum bought a collection of his paintings. But perhaps the real turning-point in his career was in 1904, at the age of fifty, when the works he sent to the exhibition of the Vienna Secession aroused a furore of appreciation, many of them being bought by collectors in that city. He repeated this success in Berlin, and important commissions came to him from Germany. Thenceforth his footing in his own country was assured; and now no collection of any importance considers itself complete without a group of Hodlers. The Zurich Art Gallery, which gave Hodler his first important Swiss commission (mural painting of the "Retreat from Marignano"), alone possesses about eighty of his works. He has also been acclaimed in other European countries; but England, so far, seems to have taken little notice of him. A few of his works were shown in the Burlington House Exhibition of the Society of International Artists in 1925, and elicited an acknowledgment from "The Times" that they helped to explain why Hodler was held by some to be the most important painter of modern times.

For an adequate idea of Hodler's place in art I must refer my readers first to his works themselves, and, in the second place, to the numerous appreciations of him written



WOODCUTTER
By Ferd. Hodler
THIS FIGURE APPEARS ON THE SWISS FIFTY-FRANC NOTE

by Swiss, German, French, and other foreign experts. Here, speaking as the veriest amateur, I set down briefly the chief points of my own enjoyment of his work. In the first place, his strikes me as an intrinsically original talent, going his own way and not to be ranked as belonging exclusively to any one school. Next, his enormous vitality, force, and energy, even if the muscular development of his figures may sometimes seem overdone, is very impressive. The accuracy, firmness, and sureness of the drawing shows the hand of a master. What (for want of a better word) I must call the "decorative" effect of his large cartoons is extraordinary. His "Unanimity" (e.g.) is nothing but a group of about fifty men all holding up their right hands in the same gesture; yet we get no sense of monotony or mere repetition, but rather the sense of a singularly adequate concrete representation of an abstract idea, as well as of large space most satisfactorily filled. His allegorical works ("Day", "Night", the "Elect", the "Weary of Life", the "Disillusioned", "Glimpse of the Endless", "Eurythmia", and so on) make a strong mystical appeal, though I do not pretend to find all the female figures attractive. His portraits are always significant, even when in constrained and somewhat unpleasing attitudes. His Alpine landscapes seem to me to represent the true spirit of the mountain better than those of any other Swiss painter, attaining the happy mean between the classical realism of Diday or Calame and the unintelligible impressionism or cubism of the latest schools. His other landscapes are also charming. In some of his smallest works, this Titanic, rude, muscular cartoonist shows great delicacy and intimacy of touch. What has just been stated shows at least that he has the merit of most unusual versatility. And it should be noted that he painted in very different ways at different periods of his life. Many of his admirers are not quite at ease with his later colouring. Several of his chief subjects exist in various versions. If, finally, the visitor to Switzerland

cannot acquire a taste for Hodler, he may appeal to the artist himself as a backer. For Hodler, once asking an acquaintance how he liked his work and receiving the reply " I don't like it ", rejoined, " Well, to tell the truth, neither do I ".

It is a striking fact that in 1914 the German-Swiss Hodler, like Carl Spitteler (p. 21), offended his German admirers by a declaration condemning Germany's destruction of Rheims Cathedral.

The most conspicuous figure in the intellectual history of Berne is probably Albrecht von Haller (1709–77), anatomist, physiologist, botanist, poet, and romancer, called by Goethe " the father of national poetry ". With Haller may be linked the name of Charles Bonstetten (1745–1832), the philosopher, friend of Mme. de Staël, Frederika Brun, and Thomas Gray. J. D. Wyss (1743–1818), author of the " Swiss Family Robinson ", seems to have been a Bernois. He was father of Johann Rudolf Wyss (1781–1830), author of the Swiss National Anthem (" Rufst du, mein Vaterland ? ") and of the song " Herz, myn Herz, warum so trurig ? "

But the most famous native of Berne, if familiarity to the crowd is fame, is a surprise ! Here, in 1760, the wife of an army officer named Joseph Grosholtz presented her husband with a daughter. At the age of six this child was taken to Paris by her uncle, Christopher Curtius (a sculptor of real talent), and instructed in the art of modelling in wax. After 1789 Marie Grosholtz (like Mrs. Sheridan in Bolshevist Russia) modelled the heads of many leaders and victims of the French Revolution. In 1794 she became Mme Tussaud, and in 1802 she migrated to London, with the nucleus of what was to become one of the best-known exhibitions in the world till its destruction in 1925. Berne shows little sign of knowing much of her " greatest " woman ; but probably, if a questionnaire were submitted to English-speakers, the item " Tussaud " would draw fewer blanks than the item " Berne " !

About 12 miles south-west of Berne is the small town of Laupen, where in 1339 the Bernese defeated the Burgundians and achieved their independence. It was after this victory that the triumphant conquerors declared " God is become a citizen of Berne ". It is said that each of the Bernese bore a white cross as badge, and that thus originated the emblem on the Swiss flag.

V

THE BERNESE OBERLAND

DISMISSING the Chamonix district and Mont Blanc as French, we find three Swiss districts competing for the title of *the* Playground of Europe—the Grisons (with the Engadine), Zermatt and the Matterhorn, the Bernese Oberland. The vogue of the Engadine has come since the coinage of the phrase. The Matterhorn, from its arresting shape, is familiar to many thousands of persons who have never set foot in the country. But we imagine that, on the whole, a plebiscite on the matter, including old and new, would result decidedly in favour of the district that includes the Jungfrau and Interlaken, Thun and its lake, Grindelwald and Lauterbrunnen, Mürren and Meiringen, Adelboden and Kandersteg, the Aletsch glacier, the Furka, Gemmi, Grimsel, and Brünig passes. Lucerne and its lake suggest themselves as a fourth competitor. But this is comparatively limited in area, whereas the Bernese Oberland, in common speech, includes much that is not in Berne, and indeed extends all the way from the Lake of Geneva to the Lake of Lucerne.

The warm little town "between the lakes", with its endless procession of omnibuses from hotel to railway station and back again, has been unkindly described as the Clapham Junction of Switzerland; but, after all, this is merely a ribald way of saying that Interlaken is a convenient starting-point for many of the loveliest excursions that most of us poor mortals can ever hope to make. There are places, as well as persons, whose exquisite

variety can never be staled. The pale-gleaming Jungfrau, so symmetrically filling the gap between the advancing foot-hills, is not less lovely because the curtain rises (with the moon) before a well-filled auditorium. If we object to being "lifted" to the viewy tops of the Harder, the Heimwehfluh, and the Schynnige Platte, there is nothing to prevent us choosing the footpath way, which is never (so far as I know) indecorously crowded. Interlaken is a good starting-point for the Faulhorn, an easily climbed mountain which offers a panorama of the utmost magnificence. The abbey of the Austin Canons, with its secular buildings and château, is not unworthy of a little attention from the student of architecture.

As of many other places in Switzerland, it can be truly said of Interlaken, without any intended slight to its intrinsic charms, that nothing becomes it better than the leaving of it. Because, after the Interlaken orange has been squeezed, we cannot quit it in any direction without finding ourselves face to face with new and equivalent beauties.

If we go west, we have the inimitable lake of Thun, with its craggy and wooded shores and red-roofed villages, backed by all the sublimity of the Bernese Alps. And as our steamer ploughs along, we have on one side the "Bernese Riviera", with such charming resorts as Beatenbuch (with the caves of the Irish saint, Beatus), Merligen, Oberhofen, and Hilterfingen, and on the opposite bank (to say nothing of other points) we have Spiez, charmingly situated between the knobbed Stockhorn and the pyramidal Niesen, and rejoicing in a model château, church, and parsonage. And Spiez, as we shall see later, is the starting-point of two exquisite railway journeys. At the west end of the lake, at the exit of the blue-clear Aar, lies the town of Thun, the castle (another seat of the powerful Zähringen family), church, and houses of which group themselves so as to form the ideal Swiss town of picture and post-card. Like Berne, it has its arcades, a joy to all. Tablets on the houses

indicate the homes of Napoleon III and his mother, for the historically minded; of Brahms, for the musical; and of Kleist and Scheffel, for the literary. For the shopper there are the art-pots made at the adjoining villages of Heimberg and Steffisburg. For the soldier there is the fact that Thun is one of the chief military centres of Switzerland, with barracks, drill grounds, war college, remount dépôt, and (from time to time) witching displays of noble horsemanship.

In leaving Interlaken on the east, we find ourselves at once on the twin lake of Brienz, among the less imposing of Swiss lakes, but not without charm of a quieter nature. Its star feature is the Giessbach Falls, some of the seven leaps of which are seen from the steamer, but demanding a fuller and nearer examination from terra firma. The setting of the falls is park-like rather than savage. The village of Iseltwald, half-way down the lake, is all that a Swiss village ought to be. The quaint little town of Brienz, at the end of the lake, is notable for its wood-carving, the fruited canopies of its house-walls, and its long-haired, romantic-looking men.

From Brienz we may go on (still well within the wider sense of Bernese Oberland) to Meiringen, in the Hasli valley, an excellent centre for almost all kinds of visitors to Switzerland. The church has a Romanesque crypt and interesting fourteenth-century frescoes. The Museum contains a collection of the very quaint and characteristic costumes of the district. The short walks to the narrow, rocky chasm of the Aar and the Reichenbach Falls are models of their class; and the falls add to their intrinsic merit the romantic feature that visitors may stand on the very spot where Sherlock Holmes was seen for the last time before toppling over into their giddy abyss.

From Meiringen we may quit the Bernese Oberland by traversing the wooded Brünig Pass to Lucerne, or by the Susten Pass to Wassen, or by the Joch Pass to Engelberg. Or, keeping well within the more liberal interpretation of

the Oberland, we may make for the Rhone Glacier by the Grimsel Pass (7160 feet), one of the oldest, most used, and grandest of Alpine highways. The road, a wonderful piece of engineering, is regularly traversed by the cars of the Swiss Postal Motor Service; but walkers may still follow long stretches of the paved mule-path, the history of which goes back to the early thirteenth century. The romance of the Grimsel Hospice has been replaced by the comforts of a very decent hotel.

The southern exits from Interlaken are, perhaps, the most important of all. Whether we make for Lauterbrunnen or for Grindelwald, we find ourselves among some of the best-known scenery in Switzerland. Both these centres may be reached by road, but the little railways by which they are generally approached are so emphatically lines of pleasure that no one need repine if he does not own a motor-car. As far as Zweilütschinen both lines follow the delightfully brawling lower or completed Lütschine, here formed by the union of its "black" and "white" branches. For Grindelwald we select the "black", perhaps the more romantic of the two; and the ascent is so rapid that our train has once or twice to be put upon the "rack".

From the pleasure-visitor's point of view, Grindelwald is one of the places that may be described as a microcosm of Switzerland. It has majestic mountains and two large and celebrated glaciers. It is traversed by an ideal mountain torrent. In spite of its comparatively low altitude (3500 feet), its vast expanses of snow delight the heart of ski-runners; and when the snow-carpet is lifted in summer, the whole valley is gay with wildflowers. Its toboggan and bob-sleigh runs and its skating rinks are excellent. At least a hundred guides have their quarters here, many of them experts of the highest rank. No wonder, then, that for considerably more than a century Grindelwald has been a goal of visitors from abroad. In 1779 Goethe stayed here at an inn kept by Christian Bohren, still a

common name among Grindelwald guides; and since then practically no traveller has felt his visit to Switzerland complete unless it included Grindelwald.

Grindelwald was long the home of Dr. W. A. B. Coolidge, the "Bryce of Switzerland", justly described by Sir Martin Conway as "the most learned expert in Alpine topography that has ever lived". He died here in May, 1926. The writer of this little volume is glad to take an opportunity of expressing his obligation to Dr. Coolidge's "The Alps in Nature and History", which every lover of Switzerland should study.

The Grindelwald glaciers are offshoots of the huge sea of ice that occupies the plateau and upland valleys of the Bernese Oberland. Both are easily accessible. The Lower Glacier, 6¼ miles long, has receded so much and has been so disfigured by falls of débris that Leslie Stephen was reminded of "a wretched whale, stranded on a beach, dissolving into masses of blubber and hacked by remorseless fishermen". Some travellers may therefore content themselves with a distant view of it and confine themselves to a visit to the less sullied Upper Glacier. Dr. Coolidge advises us not to miss a visit to the Eismeer, or level part of the Lower Glacier—"one of the pleasantest excursions on the Alps"—but this is a route with "ladders" in it. The Lower Glacier is embedded between the Eiger and the Mettenberg; and the Martinsdruck and the Martinsloch bear witness to the way in which room for it was made by the Giant Martin, who sat down on one side of the valley and shoved with his staff against the other.

After the glaciers, the chief lion at Grindelwald is the narrow gorge carved out by the Lütschine. Those who do not mind damp and chilly blasts in the pursuit of romantic beauty should follow the wooden gangway hung from the wall of this slit in the rock. The most popular ascent from Grindelwald is that of the Faulhorn (p. 37). The mountain monarch of the scene is the Wetterhorn, or "Peak of Storms", raising its majestic knife-edged peaks

to a height of nearly two miles above the upper glacier. Another famous Grindelwald peak is the Schreckhorn, indissolubly associated with Sir Leslie Stephen, who (as Mr. Thomas Hardy reminds us) :

> Scaled its horn with ventured life and limb,
> Drawn on by vague imaginings, maybe,
> Of semblance to his personality
> In its quaint glooms, keen lights, and rugged trim.

Lauterbrunnen may be reached from Grindelwald by a not too arduous walk of 5–6 hours, but comfortable travellers will not regret having to return to Zweilütschinen and make a fresh start thence. This time we follow the white Lütschine, little (if at all) inferior to its black brother.

Lauterbrunnen lies in such a narrow valley, and is so distinctly rationed in the matter of sunshine, that it must be regarded more as a house of call than as an abiding-place. It owes its name, meaning " nothing but streams ", to the " wreaths of dangling water-smoke " that hang over the rocky walls of the valley. The most famous of these is the Staubbach (" dust-stream "), broken into spray long before completing its 1000-foot leap. This fall has been so persistently described and besung by Goethe, Byron, Wordsworth, and a host of minor enthusiasts that some visitors may be disappointed in it, unless they see it in perfect conditions of fullness, sunshine, and so on. But no one can be disappointed with the Trümmelbach Falls, which, pent up as they are within a cavernous gorge, produce an impression of force that is absolutely overwhelming. Americans will understand what I mean when I say it reminds one of the Eblis-like hall of the great power-house of Niagara. One feels as if in touch with the natural forces that run the earth. The Schmadribach Falls, still higher up the valley, are also impressive.

From Lauterbrunnen a cable railway, more exasperatingly deliberate than the slowest lift and almost vertical, takes us up to the Grütsch Alp, on the rim of the valley

rampart, 2200 feet above. "The mountain view from the Grütsch Alp is one of the grandest in Switzerland, and every change in the grouping of the peaks as we proceed (towards Mürren) seems only to add to its charm. The Staubbach is conspicuous as we start, with the Lauterbrunnen valley at our feet and the snowy crests of the Eiger, Mönch, Jungfrau, and Silberhorn marshalled to the east. As we near Mürren the Jungfrau vanishes behind the dark precipices of the Schwarz Mönch, but the Gletscherhorn, Ebnefluh, Mittaghorn, Grosshorn, Breithorn, Tschingelhorn, and Gespaltenhorn carry on the dazzling procession" ("Blue Guide"). "Mürren is just the right height to get the double effect of depth and height, the valley below so near and so deep, and the giants opposite so close and precipitous" (Arnold Lunn).

The chief ascent from Mürren is that of the Schilthorn (9754 feet), a monument on which commemorates one of the most pathetic stories in Swiss mountain-climbing. In 1865 Major Arbuthnot, travelling on his honeymoon, left his wife seated on a rock on the mountain-side while he and his guide pushed on to the summit. Meanwhile a thunder-storm came on; and when Arbuthnot regained the spot where he had quitted his wife, he found her lying dead—struck by lightning. The slab of rock now covers her grave in the Monbijou Cemetery at Berne.

Mürren has long been a favourite resort of English visitors, both in summer and winter. Mainly through the activities of such well-known fuglemen as Mr. Vivian Caulfeild and Mr. Arnold Lunn, its name occupies a conspicuous place in the story of the development of winter sport in Switzerland (especially ski-ing). But heads are catered for as well as legs, and the summer meetings of the Mürren Lecture Society are much appreciated by British and other visitors who wish to know more of the country they are in.

The guidebook will tell us of passes (Tschingel, Hohtürli, Laui Tor, etc.) leading from Mürren or Lauterbrunnen to

various other points in the Bernese Oberland; but this volume cannot pretend to deal with routes where the service of a human guide is necessary. Harking back, therefore, from Mürren to Lauterbrunnen, we mount the miniature train which takes us up gently, over flower-carpeted slopes, to two other delightful resorts on the opposite side of the valley—Wengen and Wengern Alp. Every curve of this line means a new angle of beauty. Walkers may avoid the steepest pull by using it as far as Wengen. The Wengern Alp, commanding a wonderful "close-up" of the Jungfrau, is said to be the place where Byron planned "Manfred". Both Wengen and the Wengern Alp are in the first rank of winter sport resorts.

Going on with our railway, we reach its highest point at the Little Scheidegg (6770 feet), where, if we are in sympathy with our old friend the Archdeacon, we shall be so impressed with the wildness and horror of the scene that we shall exclaim: "This is indeed the Schreckhorn, or Peak of Terror". And indeed the view is wild and grand in the extreme—a new grouping of the giants we have recently learned to know. On the other side of the col the railway descends, by a route which friend Coxe somewhat unkindly describes as "gentle but tedious", to Grindelwald.

But those whose banner bears the word "Excelsior" need not descend from Scheidegg—at least, not yet—for here begins one of the great marvels of Switzerland, the Jungfrau Mountain Railway, which climbs, if not to the top of the Maiden Peak as was intended, yet to her shoulder, the Jungfraujoch, at a height of over 11,000 feet above the sea and only about 2000 feet below the extreme peak. This is the highest point attained by any railway in Europe. The railway was constructed in 1896–1912, and cost nearly half-a-million sterling. Its great feature is the tunnel, $4\frac{3}{4}$ miles long, piercing the rocky bowels of the Eiger, Mönch, and Jungfrau. To many travellers the transit of the long tunnel, taking fully half an hour, may

recall too vividly a slow and imperfectly lighted Tube train. They must remember, however, that there are intermediate stations where they alight for a few minutes to enjoy wonderful peeps of the world of ice and snow through windows cut in the solid rock. One of these views embraces most of northern Switzerland. It is well to be as sure as possible that the view from the top will be clear. As, however, there is now a comfortable hotel on the Joch, we may spend the night and get two chances. None but the most seasoned climber, in good condition, should essay the ascent of the Jungfrau from the railway terminus. It is much better to begin lower down and become gradually accustomed to the increasing height. The summit view is, of course, grand beyond description. Perhaps its two great characteristics are its immeasurable scope and the striking contrast between dazzling white glaciers and the green of the woods and pastures below. It includes the peaks of the Oberland, the Valais Alps, and Mont Blanc. A huge telescope awaits the gazer. The railway brings the man who cannot climb into the region hitherto monopolized by the mountaineering expert. The Jungfrau lost its claim to be a " virgin " peak in 1811, when two members of the rich Aarau merchant family of Meyer, accompanied by some chamois-hunters and porters, succeeded in scaling the highest summit. Archdeacon Coxe, writing twenty-five years before, simply says : " The Jungfrau is so called because its top is inaccessible ". Another tunnel is being driven from the Jungfraujoch through the Sphinx to the Mönch.

The exit from Interlaken towards the north and north-west cannot vie in grandeur with the districts just described, but the Emmental and Entlebuch are two valleys forming a district which has not had the attention it deserves. This is especially true for visitors in search of economy and quiet, who will find much to interest them in the prosperous pastoral country round Langnau, Escholzmatt, Schüpfheim, Entlebuch, Zofingen, Burgdorf, Langenthal,

and other pleasant little towns and villages of the same genre. The character, manners, and customs of the inhabitants have also much that is peculiar and interesting. Emmenthal cheese is famous, and the wine at its inns is genuine and unadulterated, if hardly of " vintage " quality. Nowhere can the famous wrestling matches (" Schwingfeste ") of the Swiss be better seen than in the Entlebuch. And in the Bernese part of the district (for it is divided between Berne and Lucerne) the national game of Hornussen, or the " Hornets " (see p. 211), is actively practised. Burgdorf, indeed, is said to be its birthplace, just as the Hampshire Hambledon was of cricket. Burgdorf has also intimate associations with Pestalozzi (p. 132) and with Albrecht Bitzius (" Jeremias Gotthelf "), one of the first and best writers of peasant romances really smacking of the soil.

The south-west part of the Bernese Oberland still awaits us, and this is traversed by two convenient railways, both beginning at Spiez (p. 37). The Lötschbergbahn or Lötschberg Railway, taking us to Kandersteg and other delectable spots, is a link in the direct through-line from France to Italy, joining the great Simplon route at Brig. It passes through scenery of the highest order, but the engineering obstacles have necessitated so many tunnels that there is little wonder that Germans have called it the Tantalusbahn. We can even sympathize with the exasperated Briton who, entering his eighth tunnel, dubbed it the " Damn-it-all-Here's-Another Railway ". In spite of the tunnels, which occupy a third of its 46 miles (one alone burrowing for 9 miles), views enough are left to make this an entertaining ride, the reel as it unrolls disclosing fertile green pastures, beautiful woods, vistas of side-valleys, mountain streams, transparent cobalt-blue tarns, ruined castles, Noah's Ark villages, fantastic rock formations, and glistening glaciers descending from huge peaks of snow. The views vary from the most intimately vertical to long horizontal sweeps, and

end (as we approach Brig) with a free outlook over the Rhone valley. And indeed the engineering difficulties really add an additional charm, so bizarre and unexpected are the effects produced by complete loss of direction in the spiral tunnels and the views of, as well as from, the towering viaducts. One of the tunnels is named after Queen Victoria; but Nature, when she carved the rocky profile that suggested the name, must have been working in the Puckish spirit of Mr. Lytton Strachey rather than that of a more orthodox and respectful biographer. Kandersteg, at the north end of the great Lötschberg Tunnel, has long been a favourite resort. Its opportunities for winter sports and mountain climbs are excellent, and it has the special qualification of being also an admirable centre for walkers who use neither ski not alpenstock. Within very easy access is the Oeschinen-See, that pearl among Swiss mountain lakes; and the ancient and flowery Gemmi Pass, though robbed of its practical importance by the railway, offers a gorgeous route for decent walkers, and, moreover, does not necessitate a guide. The route to Lauterbrunnen over the Tschingel Pass might be followed as far as (two hours or so) the chalets of Gasteren or Selden, where the oldest inhabitant proudly shows an ancient Bible, with parish notes written in by the pastors from 1696 to the present day. No one should quit Kandersteg without a look at the Ruedi House, a chalet with an elaborately decorated façade.

One of the finest ski-routes from Kandersteg is that over the Bonderkrinden to Adelboden, but ordinary mortals will prefer to reach that formidable rival of Kandersteg by the motor-omnibus running to it from the railway station of Frutigen. Frutigen lies at the fork of the Y formed by the Kander and the Engstligenbach as they unite in the lower Kandertal, a valley famed for its cattle.

Adelboden lies high up (4450 feet) on the west side of the Engstligen valley, looking over the chalet-strewn Boden

QUEEN VICTORIA CRAG

towards the finely formed Wildstrubel, crowned by a snow cornice and with the exquisite Engstligen falls in its lap. The foot of these falls may be reached by anyone, and it takes only a moderately steady head to continue the walk to the Engstligen Alp (6360 feet), as the dizzy places on the path are all railed in. Other charming and quite accessible points are the Bütschegg, the Pochtenkessel, and the Hahnenmoos Pass. The Cholerenschlucht is something of a scramble. When we add to these the various interesting peaks that may be ascended, the dry and sunny climate, and the unrivalled opportunities of both summer and winter sports, enough has been said to show that Adelboden is emphatically " noble ground " for all visitors to Switzerland. For one visitor, at any rate, it is among the enchanted spots of an enchanting country.

VI

NEUCHÂTEL AND ABOUT THERE

IT is a little strange that Neuchâtel is visited by relatively so few tourists when we consider the attractions of the region. It is true that the Lake of Neuchâtel has no such grandiose scenery to offer as the lakes of Geneva, Thun, and Lucerne; but not only is it the largest purely Swiss lake, but its charms are such as would be distinctly magnetic in any country with less formidable competitors. The town of Neuchâtel is delightfully situated near the north end of the lake, and possesses a picturesque sixteenth-century castle (with some much earlier details) and a dignified church of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, the somewhat gloomy interior of which contains a series of highly interesting effigies of the Counts of Neuchâtel. The castle and the church rise in a certain isolation above the roofs of the town, many of the streets in which are quaint and narrow and many of the houses attractive. And the easily reached summit of the Chaumont, the hill up the lower slopes of which the town climbs, offers a distant view of Mont Blanc and the Bernese Alps over a wide and lake-dotted foreground—a kind of prospect that to some observers is almost the most appealing of all. The museum is one of the best places to study the prehistoric lake-villages, several characteristic examples of which have been found in this region; and other tastes are catered for by such objects as the wonderful automata (still to be seen in action) constructed by Pierre Jaquet-Droz in the eighteenth century. Neuchâtel is now as of yore an educational

centre of considerable importance; and many foreign students and school-children still flock hither, attracted in part at least by the excellent French in which the instruction is imparted. Lovers of art should certainly make interest to see the collection of M. Willy Russ-Scholten, where the great Swiss painter, Ferdinand Hodler (comp. p. 31), is admirably represented in every one of his phases except the decorative cartoons, which are too large for a private house.

Within easy reach of Neuchâtel are many places of historic, romantic, or industrial significance, a few of which are briefly noticed below.

The history of Neuchâtel has been interesting throughout, but probably the most critical point was reached in 1856. Since 1707 the King of Prussia had been nominal overlord of the principality of Neuchâtel, though practically interfering not at all in its internal affairs. The rising of 1848 put an end to what rights of his were left; and in 1856 the ultra-Royalists of Neuchâtel were ill-advised enough to attempt a counter-revolution. This was unsuccessful, and the ultimate result was that the King of Prussia formally renounced his sovereignty. It is not uninteresting to speculate what would have happened in the war of 1870–71 if William I had retained any foothold in Switzerland. Emperor William II, when he attended the Swiss manœuvres in 1912, wore the uniform of the battalion of guards that formerly consisted wholly of recruits from Neuchâtel.

Westwards and north-westwards from Neuchâtel stretches a busy industrial district, which it would be unjust to call the "Black Country" of Switzerland, but which has certain features of bleakness and climatic severity that seem to explain why the inhabitants have devoted themselves to mechanical employments. Neuchâtel itself, besides the "Chocolat Suchard" of the suburb of Serrières and a limited amount of horology, finds its main dependence on asphalt. The supplies of this come from the

Val de Travers, a not unattractive valley about 20 miles off. But the predominant industry of the district is the making of watches and chronometers. The chief seat of this is La Chaux-de-Fonds, taking, with its 35,000 or 40,000 inhabitants, the ninth place among Swiss towns and long known as "the largest village in Europe". This lies nearly a score of miles north-west of Neuchâtel, at a height of over 3200 feet above the sea, and is well and regularly built. It is responsible for about half of the total exportation from Switzerland of clocks, watches, and watch-movements. This industry, after passing through a very unhappy period in the years immediately following the war, has regained most of its former importance; and in 1925 the value of its exports amounted to 284 million francs (say £11,600,000).

Swiss watch-making actually began in 1587, when a French refugee introduced it at Geneva; but its real importance dates from a century later, when Daniel Jean Richard, a locksmith of Neuchâtel, repaired an English watch that came into his hands, and at once set to work to manufacture proper tools for himself, with which he made the first Neuchâtel watch. He, however, settled at Le Locle about 1700, and there taught the art to his five sons, so that Le Locle, which is about 5 miles from La Chaux-de-Fonds, is really the oldest regular seat of Swiss watch-making. Of the 60,000 Swiss engaged in the watch-making industry, nearly one-third work in their own homes.

Watch-making is third in rank among the Swiss export industries; and Switzerland is still the greatest purveyor of watches and chronometers for the world. The United States of America is its nearest competitor, but absorbs nearly the whole of its production in the home market. The reputation of the Swiss watch industry is due not only to its volume, but to the quality and variety of its products, ranging from marine chronometers of the highest precision to the tiniest bracelet-watches. The excellence attained

is due in large part to the watch-making schools established at Geneva, Le Locle, La Chaux-de-Fonds, and elsewhere, and to the careful testing at the observatories of Geneva and Neuchâtel. And the tests at the observatories of Teddington and Washington place Swiss chronometers and watches in the highest rank.

In justice to the scenery of a district I may have unwittingly maligned, I should say that La Chaux-de-Fonds is only a few miles from the Saut-du-Doubs, a really fine waterfall, 90 feet high, in a deep-cut limestone ravine. But one side of the River Doubs, and consequently one-half of the waterfall, is in France.

To the north of Lake Neuchâtel, and connected with it by the River Thièle, is the small lake of Biel or Bienne. At the far end of this is the town of Biel, rivalling La Chaux-de-Fonds in population, and really belonging to the watch-making district just described, though actually in the canton of Berne. The chief interest of the lake of Bienne lies in Île St. Pierre, an islet carpeted with mossy grass and fringed with solemn poplars, where Rousseau took refuge for two or three months in 1765. He has given a singularly charming description of his life here in one of his Rêveries; and, unlike Faust, he was able to say of it, "je voudrais que cet instant durât toujours". The idyll, however, was not quite flawless, if we are to believe the evidence of the trap-door leading to the garret, whither he is said on occasion to have fled from unwelcome visitors, exclaiming "je ne suis pas ici dans une ménagerie". And eventually Jean Jacques and his Thérèse had to leave the island, at the behest of the Lords of Berne. Môtiers, the chief village in the Val de Travers (p. 50), was his somewhat troubled home for three years. Here he learned to make lace, as a useful accompaniment to "parlour conversation"; and here he used to go about in an Armenian costume, which was regarded by his neighbours with disapproval and suspicion. James Boswell paid him a visit at Môtiers, but has, alas! left no record of it.

Other interesting places more or less within the penumbra of Neuchâtel are La Tène, which has lent its name to a phase of the iron age (*circa* 500 B.C. to A.D. 100), on account of the important finds made here; Estavayer-le-Lac, an old walled town with an interesting history, château, and church; Payerne, with its abbey church, its reminiscences of Queen Bertha, and a modern source of interest dealt with in another chapter; and Cortaillod, which is the sponsor of one of the best of the numerous good wines produced in the canton of Neuchâtel, of which Southey said that they have "the flavour of Burgundy and the body of port". To these may be added Yverdon, Morat, Orbe, Avenches, Grandson, and Fribourg, all described in other pages.

VII

GENEVA, THE INTERNATIONAL CITY

IT would be hard to find another city of the size of Geneva that has played so prominent a part in modern international history. It is a city where no man is a stranger. It is not the largest town in Switzerland, but neither Zurich nor Bâle nor Berne is a household word in the same way as Geneva. No adjective derived from their names has the currency that "Geneva" has in connection (e.g.) with Bibles, Confessions, Catechisms, Gowns, and Bands. We have to go back to Athens for a parallel, and we can reduce Athens in its palmy days to the size of Geneva only by ignoring the servile part of its population. The size of the Geneva territory, of which Voltaire could say, "when I shake my wig, I powder the whole republic", is curiously out of proportion to the historical influence it has exercised.

Situated on one of the larger Swiss lakes fed by water descending from the regions of eternal snow and ice, the first impression it makes suggests neither Alpine heights, nor Calvin, nor mediævalism. It is just predominantly a gay and bright little place with streets and buildings in the French style, sweeping down on both sides to the pleasant boulevards bordering the lake. It is the capital of La Suisse Romande, or French Switzerland. Closer acquaintance with the town shows some quaint old buildings clustering round the cathedral and in other quarters; but in mediæval picturesqueness Geneva does not rival either Zurich or Berne. But no one who has enjoyed the

wonderful distant view of the isolated majesty of Mont Blanc from the lake-side or bridge, especially on a clear starlight night or in the sunset glow, when the misty curtain of the day has been suddenly withdrawn, can deny that Geneva is inseparably linked up with the Alpine scenery that is to most of us the characteristic feature of Switzerland. Never, too, can the use of a hackneyed quotation be more justified than in a reference to Byron's "blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone". The solid-liquid, translucent, deeply blue blocks of water hurling themselves over the weir at the Pont de la Machine have a fascination that is all their own. The marvellous colour of this miniature fall hypnotizes the observer. At the junction of the rivers at the lower end of the town, reached by the charming Willow Walk (Sentier des Saules), the blue stream of the Rhone and the muddy-grey glacier-water of the Arve flow side by side, without apparent mingling, for several hundred yards—suggestive one knows not what of struggling independence, destined ultimately to coalesce in an inextricable union of stronger and weaker. Other notable features of the town's *mise en scène* are the precipitous cliffs of the Salève, the remoter and markedly pyramidal Môle, and the softer, more rounded summits of the Jura.

The small canton of Geneva, one of the last (1814) to join the Swiss Confederation, contains 170,000 inhabitants, of which the city, including its suburbs, claims four-fifths. The canton as a whole appears in the Roman Catholic column, and it is a significant fact that the Protestants are now in a minority (albeit by a very tiny margin) in the "Protestant Rome" itself. Another significant fact is that 40 per cent of the citizens are of non-Swiss origin (chiefly, of course, French). Geneva is thus not only a microcosm of Switzerland, but of Europe. It is Roman Catholic and Protestant; it speaks French, German, Italian, quite a fair percentage of English, and not a little Esperanto; it runs international politics and innumerable tourist cars and steamers; it paints, makes music, publishes

reviews and newspapers read and quoted far beyond its own confines, writes poems (of a more limited circulation), and instructs foreigners as well as natives in its admirable university and schools; it has a fine theatre, casinos, pleasure parks, dancing halls, well-appointed hotels, and all the other appurtenances of the jazz-side of modern civilization—in fact, one is inclined to filch Goethe's praise of Leipsic and apply it to Geneva: "Es ist ein klein Paris und bildet seine Leute". It is as we choose to look at it, either "la plus petite des grandes villes" or "la plus grande des petites villes".

It is true that not all the remarks made about Geneva have been of a flattering nature. Sir Henry Wotton, clad in the armour of his honest thought, found Geneva "marvellous unpleasant". This was in 1593, when he lodged with the scholar, Isaac Casaubon, who found his last resting-place in Westminster Abbey, where his tablet bears a scratched monogram of Izaak Walton. Shelley reported that you could find "nothing in Geneva that can repay you the trouble of walking over its rough stones". Southey also was unappreciative.

But these cavillers are in an insignificant minority. It is easy to string together a long series of eulogies, showing that Geneva appealed to the foreign visitor from the earliest times. Passing over the Roman era (the remains left by which show that Geneva must have been a *vicus* of some importance) and the Burgundian period (when we hear little of it), we find it in the twelfth century just entering on the continued struggle for independence which makes the bulk of its history. It will doubtless depend on our political sympathies whether we take Pope Felix V's (early fifteenth century) description of the Genevese as, like the Athenians, *semper petentes aliquid novum*, for a compliment or the reverse. Later references are almost universally flattering. John Knox (and he would have been very ungrateful not to speak well of it) was "neither afraid nor ashamed" to describe Geneva as "the most

perfect school of Christ that ever was on the earth since the days of the apostles". The poet Gray was delighted with the "happy, lively countenances of its inhabitants", with "not a beggar and hardly a disconsolate face to be seen". John Howard (1776) was charmed with Geneva, where he found only five criminals in its prisons. Later admirers include George Eliot, Ruskin (who becomes lyrical in his praise of town and lake), Joseph de Maistre, Michelet, and many other eminent persons.

In its struggle for liberty, we find its bishops, from the twelfth century onwards, at constant feud with the Counts of Geneva and the Dukes of Savoy. When the bishops, more or less, went over to the foe, the citizens were able to assert themselves, and the Confederates or *Eidgenossen* (Eidgenots, Huguenots) allied themselves with the Swiss cantons of Fribourg and Berne and compelled Savoy to recognize their independence (1530). A little later the struggle between despotism and democracy became merged in that between Protestantism and Roman Catholicism. However rigidly the "Ordonnances" of Calvin (the "Blue Laws" of Geneva) interfered with the personal and domestic liberty of the citizens, Geneva remained a bulwark against any overlord nearer than deity, and became an asylum for the persecuted of all countries. For a short time Geneva lost its liberty under the all-compelling hand of Napoleon, but since his downfall and the adhesion of the canton to the Swiss Confederation in 1814, its history has been one of the steadily growing power of the Radicals, led by Fazy and others, at the expense of the aristocrats or patrician party.

An enumeration of the more illustrious refugees who received hospitality here is itself an epitome of the international quality of its history. We may begin our list with the young Picard Jean Calvin, who found at Geneva not only a refuge but a spiritual principality, and became the fusing spark of the various groups of Protestants. One of the paradoxes of his career was that, while forming

Geneva into a little cosmopolitan city of French, Italian, and English refugees, his intolerance made it an impossible abode for many of its old families, whose exile provided room for the newcomers.

We need not here give any account of Calvin's activities, but, after discounting his intolerance, his rigidity, and his cruelty to Servetus and others, we may agree with the eminent Swiss historian, William Oechsli, that his powerful influence "would be inexplicable had he not possessed that genuine piety and warmth of heart to which his letters and other writings bear abundant testimony. Above all, however, his intellectual greatness is incontestable; Calvin was a man of learning, a thinker, and a writer of the first rank". Through him Geneva became the religious Alma Mater of Scotland, Nonconformist England, Holland, Protestant France, and the Pilgrim Fathers. It was Voltaire who remarked that Calvin, in spite of his predecessors, gave his name to the new religion, just as Amerigo Vespucci supplanted his predecessor Columbus.

John Knox, who was a royal chaplain and had the offer of an English bishopric under Edward VI, found the skies had changed when Mary Tudor succeeded her brother, and he sought a new home in Geneva in 1554, where he prepared his "Blast" against "the Monstrous Regiment of Women". He acted as pastor of the English church here for several years. And he was only one of many prominent British ecclesiastical refugees.

No fewer than 2600 Waldenses took shelter at Geneva towards the end of the period of persecution which called forth Milton's well-known sonnet, and between 1682 and 1720 the town is stated to have spent 5 million gulden (the equivalent of, perhaps, £80,000) on their entertainment.

Geneva also took part in harbouring the Regicides after the Restoration of Charles II (e.g. Cawley and Lisle); but the interest of this wave of safety-seekers centres in Vevey (see p. 81).

In more recent days the refugees of Geneva have been

chiefly of the political order; and she was the chief Swiss home of the conspicuous visitors of this class mentioned in our introductory chapter.

A list as long as that of the refugees might be made of the distinguished foreigners who have visited or stayed at Geneva. In the seventeenth century it was by no means unusual for Englishmen making the "Grand Tour" to include Geneva in their itinerary. Sir Isaac Walton, a well-known diplomatist of the early seventeenth century, was one of the first Englishmen to come in touch with the learned Swiss Protestant divine, John Diodati, whose villa at Cologny, near Geneva, was destined a little later to show hospitality to a much more distinguished compatriot; for in June, 1639, John Milton spent a week or two in Geneva, forming many interesting acquaintances and colloguing daily with John Diodati, whose nephew Charles was already his friend.[1] Diodati kept a visitors' book (said to be now in America), in which Milton's entry was as follows:

If Vertue feeble were
Heaven itselfe would stoope to her
Cælum non animum muto dum trans mare curro
Junii 10, 1639 Joannes Miltonius, Anglus.

A few years later (1646) Diodati was called on by another Englishman, John Evelyn, the diarist—an interview which might have brought disastrous consequences on the hospitable pastor. For, just two days before, Evelyn (then aged twenty-six) arriving very wet and weary at Bouveret (p. 87), after a heavy day's tramping, either would not or could not understand the expostulations of the innkeeper, and insisted on occupying the bed from which

[1] Charles Diodati died young, in 1638. Professor Masson assures us that he was probably a dearer friend than Edward King, the subject of "Lycidas," and he considers Milton's Latin poem, "Epitaphium Damonis", an expression of keener personal grief than the English elegy.

the host's sick daughter had just been removed. Next day Evelyn sailed across the lake to Geneva, where he speedily came down with small-pox. He seems, however, to have been well taken care of, and recovered in due course.

Having just missed infecting the Rev. Mr. Diodati with small-pox, Evelyn had an opportunity to hear him "preach in French, and after the French mode, in a gowne with a cape and his hat on".

Addison spent several months at Geneva in 1701, waiting for a diplomatic appointment which never came, and seemed to like it. "Geneva is much politer than Switzerland, and is therefore looked upon as the Court of the Alps."

Adam Smith spent two months at Geneva in 1764, in his capacity of bear-leader to the young Duke of Buccleuch. His verdict, too, was complimentary. Many other scions of noble English houses also visited Geneva with their tutors (compare, e.g., pp. 71, 193). Perhaps the most enduring result of all these educational ventures was the "Travels in Switzerland", by Archdeacon Coxe, who had charge, at different times, of the sons of the Earl of Pembroke and the Duke of Marlborough. This book, published in 1789, has still high claims to be regarded as one of the very best books ever written by an Englishman about Switzerland. It might well be reproduced, with some condensation, as a cheap reprint. He was greatly impressed by the liberal and highly cultured atmosphere of Geneva, then (as he tells us) the most populous town in Switzerland, with its 24,000 inhabitants; and he gives a very interesting account of its constitution and government.

On Lord Byron's only visit to Switzerland he lived in a Villa Diodati, which he hired in the summer of 1816 from a descendant of "the ancient and illustrious Diodati". [This, however, was a later building than the one Milton knew, which still stands (unoccupied) hard by.] Shelley,

Mary Godwin, and Claire Clairmont were installed hard by in a villa known as the Campagne Montalègre. Byron, however, was not an acceptable figure in the eminently respectable society of Geneva, and hence his (as well as Shelley's) associations are mainly linked with other points of Lake Léman. Still, the Villa Diodati was the head-quarters of his Swiss excursions, and it was the scene of very considerable poetic activity, the results of which included the "Sonnet to Lake Léman" and Canto III of "Childe Harold". Monk Lewis ("an intolerable bore", says Byron), Hobhouse, and Scrope Davis visited Byron here; and Mary Godwin's "Frankenstein" was an out-come of a ghost-story evening at the villa. The house is now called "Villa Byron".

Thomas Moore, who turned up in Geneva soon after, looked at the Diodati home with interest on Byron's account. In 1827 he took Mrs. Shelley to see the "Panorama of Geneva" in London, pointing out to her the Villa Diodati. The existence of this panorama helps to show how largely Geneva bulked in England's eye at that date.

George Eliot lived at Geneva from July, 1849, till March, 1850, at first in a "gleaming white house" at Campagne Plongeon, "like a bird-cage set down in a garden", but mainly *en pension* with the painter D'Albert-Durade. The house is still standing, not far from the Hôtel de Ville, but in the interim it has ceased to be "107 Rue des Chanoines" and is now "18 Rue de la Pélisserie". Her letters showed that she felt very much at home in Geneva, and the fact that a portrait of her is preserved in the Public Library seems to indicate that she was looked upon with favour by the Genevese. Durade, a man of real culture, not only painted this portrait, but translated several of her novels into French.

Arminius, the Rev. Robert Haldane (founder of the S.P.G.), Longfellow (who wrote a very passable sonnet on the Rhone), Matthew Arnold (who warmly approved of

the Swiss form of education), Liszt (memorial tablet in Rue Etienne Dumont), Wagner (who occupied the Villa des Artichauts in Montbrillant), and Henry James (who found Geneva a city to respect) were among other famous visitors to Geneva.

So far we have been dealing with Geneva as it mirrors itself to the foreign visitor rather than as an intrinsic entity, with a past, a present, and a future of no little moment. Let us now consider a few of its most interesting citizens, institutions, and experiences, strung (for convenience) on a topographical thread. We shall let the building suggest the man or the event.

As has already been indicated, Geneva is to the casual view a modern town, the beauty of which is due to the natural features of its environment rather than to any considerable survival of mediæval picturesqueness. Most of the Old Town lay on the left bank of the Rhone, where the highest point, hardly 100 feet above the lake, is crowned by the Cathedral of St. Pierre, which we may take as our starting-point. The main part of the building, a good enough example of a small cathedral of its epoch, is in the transitional Gothic style of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, with one exquisite little chapel of 1406. It has an eighteenth-century portico, added, as someone wittily remarked, " as if it had been deemed necessary to furnish a rational and classical approach to the Christian mysteries ". Just south of the cathedral is the modernized Salle de l'Auditoire, where John Knox used to preach to the English community of Geneva.

To the south-west of the cathedral is the Hôtel de Ville, a Renaissance building of which the inclined plane (sixteenth century) taking the place of a staircase is the most interesting architectural feature. Inside we must look at the curious fifteenth-century frescoes in the Salle du Conseil d'Etat, in which the judges are represented as handless, to show that the standard of Swiss justice was so high that its administrators not only *did* not accept bribes, but

actually *could* not! Or may we interpret it as proving that this very broad hint was peculiarly necessary in Switzerland? The Salle de l'Alabama, so called because here the Arbitration Court (the members, of course, all with their arms, allegorically speaking, ending at the wrist) decided that Great Britain must pay the United States 15½ million dollars for the ravages of Captain Semmes and his gallant ship. The room contains a small facsimile of the "Liberty Bell" at Independence Hall, a (now, alas! too ironical) plough beaten out of sword-blades, and various relics. If this room, however, commemorates the failure of the Arbitration bulb to blossom as freely as was hoped, it also connotes a more successful piece of planting, for here were signed the First and Second Conventions of the Red Cross in 1864 and 1906.

In 1762 the street in front of the Town Hall witnessed the burning of Rousseau's "Emile" by the Public Executioner for its irreligious tendency. Curiously enough, Voltaire was in sympathy with this action. Close by, in the Grande Rue (No. 40), is the house in which Jean Jacques was born.

Many other parts of this old quarter of the town repay exploration. No. 8 in the Rue de l'Hôtel de Ville is the Maison Turrettini, a good example of an early seventeenth-century town house. On the east this street ends at the romantic Bourg de Four. Calvin lived at No. 13 Rue Calvin (north-west of the Town Hall), though the house has been rebuilt. Close by, in the Rue du Puits-St. Pierre, is the Maison Tavel, with its fifteenth-century turret and courtyard. In the Rue Verdaine, descending to the north-east from the Bourg du Four, is the house (No. 15) where died Henri Fréderic Amiel, whose "Journal Intime", published after his death, secured him a posthumous reputation. The house, now a warehouse, faces Les Degrés de Poule, or "Chicken Stair", a stepped lane as picturesque as its name.

Amiel was wont to take the air on the Treille, a shady

promenade laid out on the old ramparts to the west of the Town Hall. It affords a delightful view of Geneva and the country to the south of it, and Sir Frederick Treves tells us that the bench that runs from one end of it to the other is the longest in the world.

On the river, near the so-called Île, is the Fontaine de l'Escalade, recalling one of the most picturesque incidents in Geneva's history. In 1602 the Duke of Savoy, determined not to surrender Geneva to Protestantism without a struggle, made a last violent effort to take the town by assault, using scaling ladders, axes, and petards. Fortunately the townsmen were alarmed just in time and were prepared for their assailants. The struggle was severe, but comparatively brief. A skilful or lucky shot from a cannon swept off many of the storming ladders, and the Savoyards who succeeded in entering were disposed of in hand-to-hand fighting. One of the outstanding incidents in the resistance was the action of an old lady, Mère Royaume, who, after the manner in which Jenny Dennison discomfited Cuddie Headrigg with the kail-brose, discharged an iron pot of scalding broth on the assailants. This occasion is annually celebrated on 11 December with processions, merry-making, and the distribution of little "marmites" (saucepans) of chocolate and the like, just as we distribute Easter eggs. The genial and saintly Beza called on the congregation in the cathedral to testify their gratitude for their escape by singing the 124th Psalm ("If it had not been the Lord who was on our side"), and this, too, has become a sacred custom. The "Trophée de l'Escalade", in the Art Museum (p. 65), is composed of ladders, arms, and implements actually used in the attack. It is interesting to know that a Scottish Jesuit, Alexander Hume, in the service of the Duke of Savoy, was called on to bless the scaling ladders and distribute amulets to the soldiers. But the "whiff of grapeshot" was too strong for him. The victims of the Escalade are also commemorated by a monument in the interesting

fifteenth-century church of St. Gervais, on the right bank, not far from the railway station.

The house of Mère Royaume was in the Corraterie, a street adjoining the ramparts at the west end of the High Town. The modern street of this name, skirting the steep scarp that formed part of the defence, ends near the Promenade des Bastions, the most notable feature of which is the new International Monument of the Reformation, a memorial that is perhaps unique in its design and execution. It consists of a stretch of rampart ("Le Mur de Genève"), about 300 feet in length, with a small moat in front of it and a series of statues and reliefs along its face. The central group, with its gowned figures of Calvin, Beza, Farel, and Knox, is curiously effective in spite of its monotony of pose and drapery. The other statues represent William of Brandenburg, William the Silent, Admiral Coligny, Roger Williams, Oliver Cromwell, and Stephen Bocksay—a list that sufficiently indicates the internationalism of the International City's monument to Protestantism. One of the reliefs depicts the signing of the Pilgrim's Compact on board the "Mayflower". The date 1536 refers to the formal acceptance of the Reformation; that of 1602 commemorates the final triumph in the Escalade.

While we are engaged with the earlier history of Geneva, we may visit the mid-stream "Isle", with its thirteenth-century Tour de l'Île. The mural tablet at the foot recalls the death in 1519 of Philibert Berthelier, one of the Eidgenots, who was executed by Duke Charles of Savoy on a charge of high treason. This proud-spirited "Enfant de Genève" refused to plead at his illegal trial, and wrote on his prison-wall "non moriar, sed vivam et narrabo opera domini". His friend Bonivard (p. 86) escaped for the nonce by flight in disguise. These were only two of many Genevese martyrs in the cause of liberty.

As a centre of art, science, literature, and education, Geneva takes one of the highest places among Swiss towns.

BEDROOM IN THE VAL LEVENTINA

The most conspicuous external manifestation of this is the Art Museum (Musée d'Art et d'Histoire), a large modern building in the Louis Seize style, well situated not far from the cathedral.

It would be, perhaps, unsafe to assert that there is a definitely national Swiss art in anything like the sense in which we can speak of the Dutch and Flemish schools. The component parts of Switzerland are so diverse in the specifically national or racial features, and their historical fortunes have been so closely knit with their big French, German, Austrian, and Italian neighbours, that it is inevitable that their artistic and literary development should have been largely that of outlying provinces of these larger civilizations. It is naturally in the sphere of peasant art that we find the strongest reflections of national character, and it is equally natural that the physical configuration of the country should provide the dominant note in this. We all think at once of the chalet as a distinctively Swiss product, and we recognize that this is a form of dwelling determined by the presence of snow and ice, of mountain pasture, of steep passes, of coniferous forests, of extremes of heat and cold. Several types of chalet have been distinguished, and such features as the roofing—shingles, or slate (schist), or thatch—vary with the resources of the different districts. The contents and utensils of the chalet and the dress of its occupants come under the same influences. Hence for genuinely Swiss products we look to the rustic arts of furniture, wood-carving, pottery, lace-making and embroidery. All these may be studied in the Geneva Gallery.

In painting the case is different. Here we have Swiss subjects, it is true—peasant life, Alpine heights, and so on; but the manner may usually be classed as of the French, the German, or the Italian school. It is obvious (e.g.) that we cannot call Luini a Swiss master because he happened to be born in what is now the Swiss canton of Ticino. Perhaps a partial exception may be

made for coloured prints, an art which the Swiss have carried to great perfection. Nothing in their way can be more delightful than the genre aquatints of Freudenberger (influenced by Boucher and Greuze), the landscapes of Aberli, the costume pieces of König, Wocher, and Reinhard, the town and village views of Biedermann, and the peasant scenes of Lory. And there are certainly some Swiss artists whose obligations to other schools are no greater than the inevitable influences of predecessor and successor. Of Ferdinand Hodler we have already heard (p. 31), and we may note, in passing, that the freedom of the City of Geneva was conferred on him and that a street in Geneva has quite recently been named in his honour. There are other Swiss painters whose place is in the ranks of the army of progress in art, not with the mere camp-followers. Some at least of these are represented in the Geneva Gallery, and no one should leave the city without making their acquaintance. Thus Barthélemy Menn (1815–93), a leading Swiss master of the nineteenth century, can nowhere be studied to greater advantage. Of this painter Ingres spoke as "mon jeune élève et digne maître", and Corot called him "the master of us all". The character of his landscapes is indicated by the names of these admirers; but it was some time before his compatriots, accustomed to the calmer and classical canvases of Calame and Diday (both well represented at Geneva), appreciated fully the more emotional and spiritual nature of his work. "He was the representative in Switzerland of the Barbizon school, and imparted its healthy doctrines to his pupils" (D. Baud-Bovy); and this really brings him into line with the English Constable and Bonington, whose work so strongly influenced their younger French contemporaries. Another painter well illustrated at Geneva is J. L. Agasse (1767–1849), who has strong claims to a place among the best animal-painters of the world; and his extraordinarily sympathetic knowledge of animals enabled him to paint them without

any trace of the anthropomorphism that we meet with in Landseer. He is said (I know not with what truth) to have had Scottish ancestry, and he spent nearly fifty years of his life in England, painting hunting scenes, portraits of celebrated race-horses, and studies of the wild animals in "Cross's Menagerie" He died in London and is buried in the graveyard of St. John's Wood Chapel. Some of his works are preserved in English country houses; two (Giraffe and Gnus) are at Windsor Castle.

The Genevese School is supposed to have had its origin among the artisans of "La Fabrique", the industrial district on the right bank. Thus Jean Petitot (1608–91), the well-known enamel-painter, was the son of a wood-carver and was himself apprenticed to a goldsmith. Though most of his work was done in France and England, it seems natural to find some good examples of it in the gallery of the city where he was born and died. Horace Walpole considered his copy of Van Dyck's portrait of the Countess of Southampton (now at Chatsworth) the most remarkable piece of enamel-painting in the world. Walpole was also an admirer of another son of "La Fabrique"—Jean Etienne Liotard (1702–89), the pastel-painter. Liotard, too, spent most of his active life out of Switzerland, but he, too, ended his career in his native city. He is one of those unfortunate artists whose best work has acquired an artificial vogue by dissemination under unfavourable conditions, and the meretricious reproductions of the chocolate-box tend to make us forget how charming the little figure of the Chocolatière in the Dresden Gallery really is. In his own town we can study this graceful and delicate artist in his exquisite portrait of Mme d'Epinay, the almost equally successful Mme Sarasin-Liotard, and the humorous representation of the artist "making his beard".

One of the most interesting pictures in the Geneva Gallery is the altar-piece painted by Conrad Witz for the cathedral in 1444. Witz was a native of Constance,

and painted in the German style. The views on one of the wings of this altar-piece of the conical Môle, the Voirons, and the Salève, with Mont Blanc in the background, entitle him to be called " the first portraitist of the Alps ", and M. Baud-Bovy assures us that we had to wait three centuries before recovering his vigorous and truthful note in the painting of mountains.

Hodler (p. 31) is represented in Geneva by his characteristic cartoons of the Retreat of Marignano and the Battle of Morat, several striking single figures, landscapes, and groups (like the modernized version of the fable of the " Miller and his Ass ") where the artist's genial humour comes into play. Among other painters who deserve attention is Jean Huber, whose numerous pictures of Voltaire and Ferney induced the querulous philosopher to complain that the artist had made him ridiculous from one end of Europe to the other; Adam Toepffer, the landscapist, father of Rodolphe (see below); and Firmin Massot (portraits). In contemporary Swiss art there is no lack of modernity. Impressionists, Post-Impressionists, Cubists, Futurists, *et hoc genus omne*, are well in evidence. Perhaps the most impressive sculptures in the Gallery are the works of Niederhausern-Rodo and the groups of Past and Future, by J. Vibert, in which the influence of Rodin is perceptible.

Just outside the Art Gallery is a monument to Rodolphe Toepffer (1799–1846), a Genevese writer and artist, whose work won him cordial admiration from Goethe, Sainte-Beuve, and other good authorities. He has been compared (perhaps a little rashly) to Sterne, but his humorous caricatures of his Genevese compatriots certainly entitle him to be called the Swiss Leech. He was the first schoolmaster to take his pupils for walking tours in the Alps, and the pen and pencil records of the experiences of these " touristicules " make his " Voyages en Zigzag " very delightful volumes.

Of the distinguished natives of Geneva, Jean Jacques

Rousseau is easily first; it is incontestable that in him Geneva, the international city, produced a conspicuous international figure. When we think of his direct influence on French thinking and on the framers of the American Constitution, we may well ask ourselves whether any speculative philosopher ever produced more striking results in the practical sphere of history. Geneva has erected a statue to him on an islet in the Rhone, and a room in the Public Library is filled with interesting relics of him. The house in which he was born has been rebuilt (p. 62), but his close association with the Rue Platière, on the right bank, has been marked by its change of name to Rue Jean Jacques Rousseau, and a new quarter of the town has its streets named after his books. His international reputation, however, robbed his native city of his dust, for a wave of popular enthusiasm in 1794 swept his remains from the little spade-shaped Île Rousseau to the Pantheon at Paris.

The first place among eminent Genevese has caused us no hesitation; to assign the second place is not so easy. Theologians might suggest Merle d'Aubigné, seeing that neither Calvin nor Farel nor Beza were natives; politicians and those who visit the virtues of the children upon the fathers might select Necker, the financier and French Minister; men of science might vote for De Saussure (and here they would have the support of the Alpinists), De Candolle, Pictet de la Rive, De Luc, Marignac the chemist, Bonnet, or Plantamour; artists might whisper (with some diffidence) the names of Pradier, Diday, or Calame; literary men would think of Sismondi, the historian of the Italian republics, and Victor Cherbuliez, the critic and novelist, with Amiel, Édouard Rod, and Rodolphe Toepffer as proxime accessionists; medical men might feel their pulses stirred by the name of Dr. Theodore Tronchin (1709–91), who pursued part of his studies at Cambridge; soldiers and geographers would have a good deal to say for General Dufour, who put down the revolution of the

Catholic Cantons in 1847 and engineered the great survey that produced the admirable Dufour Map of Switzerland; and Americans might put up a pretty strong case for Albert Gallatin, a statesman of no mean order and certainly one of the foremost financiers of the United States. And even this very arbitrary list (possibly as fallacious in its omissions as in its inclusions) makes a very respectable showing for so small a place.

De Candolle, the botanist, and Pictet de la Rive, the palæontologist (interesting for his speculations on the transformation of species), are buried in the cemetery of Plainpalais. Here, too, is a small slab marked J. C. and supposed to cover Calvin's grave. English visitors will take an interest in the grave of Sir Humphry Davy (died 1829), who came to Geneva to die and was buried here in consonance with the directions of his will: "I wish to be buried where I die—*Natura curat suas reliquia*". Jean André de Luc settled in England, became a Fellow of the Royal Society and reader to Queen Charlotte, and died at Windsor in 1817. On the terrace overlooking the Corraterie (p. 64) is the dignified residence of Horace B. De Saussure, a many-sided man of science of whom more will be said in connection with Mont Blanc. He was primarily a geologist, whose researches bore special reference to the snow-clad upper portions of the Alps. There is a statue of General Dufour in the Place Neuve.

The arts of music and the drama are both adequately provided for at Geneva. The Grand Theatre, in the Place Neuve, is a building to make a Londoner's mouth water. It was paid for mainly with the bequest of the Duke of Brunswick, whose generosity to Geneva is commemorated by an elaborate monument on the Quai du Mont Blanc. The large Victoria Hall, for concerts and the like, is due to the liberality of another foreigner, Mr. David Barton, for some time British Consul at Geneva. He was an enthusiastic musician and philanthropist, and the hall cost him £120,000.

In the sphere of education Geneva has always played an important rôle, and nowhere is her "internationalism" more clearly demonstrated. There was a time (eighteenth century) when it was the correct thing for English boys of the upper classes to spend part of their school years in Geneva. Some of the warmest British friends of Switzerland imbibed their first love for the country in this way; and we should find that many of Rodolphe Toepffer's schoolboy tramps (see p. 68) bore English names. Perhaps an echo of this—an echo at any rate of British and Swiss sympathy—is found in the fact that English Christian names are popular among the Genevese (William instead of Guillaume, and so on).

The University of Geneva, founded by Calvin, has always had international relations. Among its early professors were two or three Scotsmen; and in later times several chairs have been filled by Americans. The 1200 students include many foreigners. The educational history of Geneva is, however, too many-sided and too important to be adequately discussed here.

A natural result of Geneva's place in international history, of her geographical position, and of Switzerland's neutrality, is that she has become pre-eminently a City of Institutions. As many as sixty international congresses and conventions have more than once been held in Geneva within the space of a single year; and she is now the headquarters of many institutions the *portée* of which extends far beyond Switzerland.

The first Genevan conference from which an institution of paramount international importance sprang was that of the Red Cross Convention, held in the Alabama Room of the City Hall in 1864. The actual founder of the Red Cross Society was Jean Henri Dunant of Geneva, whose compassion had been aroused by the unnecessary suffering, through lack of adequate surgical attention, of the wounded in the Battle of Solferino (1859); and his suggestion was formulated and developed by Gustave Moynier. This

convention neutralized all bodies taking care of the wounded in war; and, out of compliment to Switzerland, the Swiss flag reversed (red cross on white field) was adopted as its badge. Since then Geneva has been the seat of the International Red Cross Committee, the services of which to humanity, displayed on the most notable and gigantic scale in the War of 1914–18, need no record here.[1]

The culmination of Geneva's position as the City of International Institutions took place when (largely through the support of Great Britain and the United States) it was selected as the headquarters of the League of Nations. Here the Assembly of the League meets annually, its Council usually four times a year. Here, too, is the Secretariat, or permanent Civil Service of the League, presided over by Sir Eric Drummond. The Palais des Nations occupies a large building (once an hotel) on the Quai Woodrow Wilson (formerly the Quai du Mont Blanc); but a site has lately been acquired for a building of its own, planned for its special needs. In the meantime a spacious edifice, designed in an Italian style by M. Georges Epiteaux, has been erected at Sécheron for the International Labour Office, an important part of the League machinery (perhaps rather to be called a parallel organization), the main object of which is to improve the general standard of labour. The sculptures embellishing this building deserve a special word of praise. Any account of the activity of the League of Nations, which is now adhered to by fifty-five States (representing three-quarters of the population of the earth), would take a volume to itself. But no stranger in Switzerland should neglect an opportunity of attending at least one meeting of the Assembly in September, as the atmosphere he will find around him will go far to dispel any doubts he may entertain of the growing usefulness of the League. Even the confirmed sceptic could not fail to find the international

[1] Distinct from this is the League of Red Cross Societies, founded after the War and now having its seat in Paris.

activity prevailing in Geneva in Assembly Month a scene of extraordinary interest and stimulation.

Among the institutions of a lighter character that can fairly claim to be international is the School of Eurythmics carried on by M. Jacques Dalcroze. The numerous demonstrations given in England have made the important work of M. Dalcroze well known to Englishmen ; and that he is not without honour in his own country is shown by the fact that the freedom of the city of Geneva was conferred on him early in 1926. This Tyrtæus of Geneva well deserves the honour for his "Chansons Romandes" and other compositions, for his interpretation of the musical side of the Swiss, and for the significance of his educational work in eurythmics.

Esperanto is an international language, and it is therefore quite fitting that its inventor, Dr. Zamenhof, lived at Geneva (memorial tablet on No. 61 Rue du Vieux-Collège) and that it is taught (provisionally) in the primary schools of Geneva. Esperanto is in use by over a million people ; two thousand societies are engaged in promoting it ; and the Congress of Esperantists held at Geneva in 1925 was a striking manifestation of the practical value of the new auxiliary language.

VIII

LAUSANNE, GIBBON, AND THE LAKE OF GENEVA

THE encomiums of travellers on the Lac Léman, or Lake of Geneva, are innumerable. Let Sir Leslie Stephen, who found it equally incomparable as a prologue and as an epilogue to the Alps, speak for all when he says "its lovely grouping of rock and hanging meadow and distant snow and rich lowland and breadth of deep blue water strikes one as a masterpiece in some great gallery of exquisite landscapes". It is the largest lake with which Switzerland has to do (45 miles long, 9 at its widest), though, of course, the greater part of its south shore belongs to France. The Rhone enters its east end, delves a deep channel through it, and rushes out again at Geneva with an impetuosity that suggests an effort to drain its bed dry. Like the city of Geneva, its rôle has been something more than Swiss, and in the eighteenth century, with Mme de Staël at Coppet, Voltaire at Ferney, and Gibbon and Benjamin Constant at Lausanne, not to speak of Rousseau, it was a real centre of European letters.

I have associated Lausanne with the lake in the title of this chapter, because it lies fairly near the middle of the north or Swiss bank, and so may be used as a fixed centre for our visits to other Swiss points, all within easy access. All we have to do in this volume with regard to the French shore is to note the magnificent background furnished to our view by the Savoy Alps.

The Petit Lac, or west basin of the lake, separated from

EAST END OF LAKE OF GENEVA, WITH VEYTAUX AND DENTS DU MIDI

the Grand Lac, or main body, by the bar of Promenthoux, is, however, so intimately connected with Geneva as to form a sort of water-suburb. A round tour of it by steamer takes little more than three hours. Many of the little places on either bank are distinctly attractive. The one of the most general appeal is Coppet, about 8 miles from Geneva, for in the château here Mme de Staël held her court for many years.

Germaine, afterwards Mme de Staël, was the daughter of the French Finance Minister, Necker (born at Geneva), and his wife, Suzanne Curchod, Gibbon's early love (see p. 77). Familiar with Coppet from her youth, she became owner of its château in 1804, on her father's death, and spent here most of the ten years of her duel with Napoleon and exile from France. Within this period appeared her " Corinne " and her " De l'Allemagne ", much of both of which must have been written at Coppet. Though Napoleon looked very much askance at visitors to Coppet, this did not prevent her salon from becoming a brilliant intellectual centre, frequented by people like Mme Récamier, Sismondi, Montmorency, August Schlegel, Bonstetten, Byron, Ticknor, Middleton, Gibbon, and, of course, her lover, Benjamin Constant, who followed her into exile. Byron, who failed to make much impression on the Coppet circle, spoke of her as overwhelming—an avalanche that buried one in glittering nonsense, all snow and sophistry. Another guest, M. de Saugy, describes her as " very ugly and very red, but with infinite grace and great wit ". She used to carry a little green branch in lieu of a fan. Hostess and visitors alike devoted (or were supposed to devote) the morning to work ; but the rest of the day was spent in social intercourse, grave and gay. In 1811 Mme de Staël married Albert de Rocca, young enough to have been her son. In 1813 she took refuge in London, where she was much made of and was probably agreeably reminded of the " four months of happiness saved from the shipwreck of life ", as she described her residence at Mickleham in 1792–93. She died at Paris

in 1817; but, like her parents, she is buried at Coppet. The château contains relics, portraits, and contemporary furniture.

On the lake, a few miles beyond Coppet, is Nyon, a small town on Roman foundations (Noviodunum), with a sixteenth-century château. Just a little farther on is the château of Prangins, occupied by Voltaire for part of 1755 (before he bought Ferney), by Joseph Bonaparte in 1814, and by the ex-Emperor Charles of Austria in 1919–21. The last (like other refugees before him) abused the hospitality of Switzerland by fleeing from Prangins and joining in an attempt to recover the Hungarian throne.

Prangins lies just within the bar mentioned above, and the lake now expands. Rolle, the starting-point of our drive in Chapter IX, has a castle notable for a detached round tower and the De Sévery house, often visited by Gibbon. Above Rolle begin the vine-clad slopes producing the excellent brand of wine known as La Côte. Another square castle shows up at Morges, where we are about 30 miles from Geneva. Mont Blanc looks particularly well as seen from the lake-side here.

And now we are well within reach of Lausanne, or rather (if we are approaching by water) of its very inviting port, Ouchy.

To understand the position of Lausanne, the sixth city in Switzerland, we must realize that it was only at a comparatively recent period that she achieved her independence and attained the dignity of a capital. Most of the larger Swiss towns shook off the yoke of noble or bishop between the thirteenth and sixteenth centuries, but Lausanne simply exchanged episcopal rule for that of Berne in 1536 and remained a "bailiwick" of that enterprising city down to 1798. In 1803, however, Lausanne became the capital of the new canton of Vaud. Perhaps the most striking tribute to her modern importance is that she was chosen as the seat of the International Conference on the Near East in 1922–23.

Her internal or spiritual history has, however, been on a higher plane than her political. Its university dates, as an academy, from 1537, and it has long been an important educational centre in every way. Among its professors have been such men as Theodore Beza, Conrad Gesner, Alexandre Vinet, Charles Secrétan, Eugène Rambert, and the poet Juste Olivier. Another distinguished native was Benjamin Constant de Rebecque, pamphleteer, novelist, duellist, gambler, lover of Mme de Staël, friend of Mme Récamier, and Councillor of State under Napoleon. In the eighteenth century Lausanne rivalled Geneva as an intellectual centre, and the fascinating (if somewhat arbitrarily arranged) pages of General Meredith Read enable us to form a lively idea of the high level of culture attained by the Vaudois aristocrats who had their town-houses here.

It was therefore quite in harmony with the spirit of the place that Edward Gibbon found a congenial home at Lausanne, and is regarded as the greatest figure in the intellectual history of the town. He lived here from 1753 to 1758 as a youth of seventeen to twenty-two, deposited by an indignant father in the care of M. Pavilliard, a judicious Calvinist pastor, in the hope that he might re-convert the young Catholic convert. The hope was justified after two years at Lausanne ; and in the meantime the young Gibbon had mastered French and read voraciously in many languages. In the last year of his first stay at Lausanne he was introduced to Voltaire (though neither of them took to the other) and fell in love with Suzanne Curchod, afterwards wife of M. Necker and mother of Mme de Staël. Gibbon describes her as " learned without pedantry, lively in conversation, pure in sentiment, and elegant in manners ". On her side she tells us that he had " beautiful hair, pretty hands, and the look of a well-bred man. His face is so singular and so full of mind that I know no one who is like him. His manners are easy without being too familiar. He dances moderately well. In a word, I find that he has few of those mannerisms which are the appanage

of the fop" (General Read's translation). But, alas! on his return to England in 1758, he found his father implacably opposed to this engagement, and so, in his own somewhat pompous phraseology, "he sighed as a lover and obeyed as a son". A more lasting result of his early sojourn at Lausanne is indicated in his own words: "In the society of the natives, who considered me as their fellow-citizen, I insensibly lost the prejudices of an Englishman".

When he visited Lausanne for the second time (1763–64), he was a young man of twenty-six, making the Grand Tour, in which Switzerland was merely an episode. But it was at this time that he wrote sixty pages of a history of Switzerland, a scheme which he carried no farther. His third and most important visit lasted from 1783 to 1793, when, of mature age, he had become a man of distinction, sure of a welcome in any city and any society. He lived in the house of his early friend, George Deyverdun, a descendant of the famous Grandson family, and his salon here became almost as brilliant as that of Voltaire at Ferney. Here he wrote the last three volumes of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire". The oft-quoted words in which he has told us of the end of his great task must make one more inevitable appearance here: "It was on the day, or rather the night, of the 27th of June, 1787, between the hours of 11 and 12, that I wrote the last line of the last page in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a berceau, or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waves, and all Nature was silent". Mr. Thomas Hardy added another literary association by writing a poem in it, at the same hour, on the 110th anniversary of the completion of Gibbon's task. With him we may still ask the shade of the Great Historian how the truth fares now. "Do scribes aver the Comic to be Reverend still?"

Unfortunately none of the buildings associated with Gibbon now exist. The site of La Grotte, the house of M. Deyverdun, is now occupied by the Post Office. Most of the garden, with the summer-house in which the last words of the "Decline and Fall" were penned, lies below the new Banque Suisse. The house of M. Pavilliard has also disappeared. But no material link is necessary to demonstrate the indissoluble and unforgettable association of the English historian and the Swiss town.

The cathedral is the finest mediæval church in Switzerland, which even the Protestant bareness of the interior cannot deprive of its impressive beauty. Here was held the famous Disputation of 1536, attended by Calvin, Viret, and Farel, which marked the beginning of Vaudois Protestantism. The most interesting monuments in the interior are those to Otho, Baron Grandson, the troubadour, whose "Compleynt of Venus" was translated by Chaucer; to Amadeus, Duke of Savoy, and afterwards Pope Felix V; to Major Davel, Vaud's national hero, an impetuous patriot who paid the last penalty for an attempt to free Vaud from the overlordship of Berne; and to Harriet, first wife of Stratford Canning, who died in 1818 in Switzerland (where her husband was British Minister), after a very brief period of wedded bliss. Near the cathedral is the old château of the bishops and bailiffs, on the south façade of which is a statue of Davel. Hard by is the Musée, in the extensive Palais de Rumine, containing very representative collections of Swiss art and archæology. Here, too, the university has its seat.

There is a school of young writers in La Suisse Romande, who (like similar groups in Ireland and the United States) wish to throw off the yoke of foreign influences and develop a truly national literature. Some critics might substitute "provincial" for "national". It is argued (e.g.) that the famous Swiss novelists, Victor Cherbuliez and Édouard Rod, though natives of Switzerland, became, to all intents and purposes, French or Parisian authors, and that their proper

place is in the history of French literature The Young Swiss group, however, set themselves to the task of being as purely Swiss as possible : in subject, atmosphere, spirit, sympathy, diction, and style. The novelist C. F. Ramuz, who received the Prix Rambert in 1923, and lives at Lausanne, may be taken as representative of the group. Readers (foreigners especially) may find the plots of such books as " Présence de la Mort " and " La Guérison des Malades " obscure and incoherent ; they may find the text vague and mystical, the French far from elegant, the Swiss locutions crude and clumsy, the whole conception uncertain and unsubstantial ; but the fact remains that these books produce their effect, and a student of Swiss character will miss much if he does not take them into account with others of their class. Other recent French-Swiss writers of note, named here with true wayfaring arbitrariness, are Robert de Traz, Jacques Chenevière, and Gonzague de Reynold ; but the Wayfarer does not suggest that his enjoyment of these bears any relation to the above remarks on M. Ramuz.

Lausanne is situated on the ravine-cleft slopes of Mont Jorat ; and its two main portions are connected by the imposing Grand Pont, passing high above the lower town. On the lake-shore, 500 feet below the higher part of Lausanne, is its charming port, Ouchy, a favourite resort during the greater part of the year. The Hôtel du Château here was the actual seat of the Lausanne Conference of 1922–23 (p. 76) ; the Hôtel d'Angleterre is the modernized successor of the Ancre Inn, in which Byron wrote the " Prisoner of Chillon " in two days of 1816 ; and the finely situated Beau Rivage Hotel has an unusually long list of distinguished visitors of every nationality.

To the east of Lausanne, beyond the picturesquely " condensed " villages of Lutry (château with fine gateway of 1642) and Cully, we reach (only a dozen miles from Lausanne) the small town of Vevey, one of the most familiar Swiss names to English ears. The Swiss Riviera, as the

shore of the Lake of Geneva from Vevey to Chillon has been often called, has long, owing to the shelter of its inland barrier of mountains, the beauty of the scenery, and the variety of its excursions and entertainments, been a haven for thousands of refugees from the fogs and chills of an English winter. Vevey (no longer remarkable for the "beautiful simplicity" Shelley found here) is the beginning of a practically continuous line of hotels, pensions, and villas, frequented at all seasons except the height of summer, and simply packed in late autumn and winter by sun-worshippers from all parts of Europe and America. It is enough here to say that their comfort and entertainment are catered for in the most efficient manner, and that many smaller places on the heights behind Vevey and Montreux afford, in normal winters, good opportunity for the usual winter sports. Of these the most notable, perhaps, is the plateau of Caux, easily reached by funicular railway. Les Avants must also be mentioned, not only for its bobsleighing and skating, but for the huge masses of narcissus that in May cover its slopes like snow-fields. Vevey's wonderful "Fête des Vignerons", held every fifteen years or so, is to be resumed in 1927.

But Vevey has other associations than those connected with villeggiatura. British travellers of historical sense will pay their first visit either to the old church of St. Martin, which contains the tombs of the regicides Edmund Ludlow, John Phelps,[1] and Andrew Broughton (who read out Charles's death-sentence), or to the memorial at the east end of the Quai Sina, marking the site of Ludlow's house, where the stout-hearted Puritan lived for thirty years, under the inscription, "Omne solum forti patria, quia Patris". For these two spots recall one of the innumerable instances of Swiss friendship for England, none the less significant or grateful because these particular beneficiaries had

[1] The tablet to Phelps was put up by his American descendants, W. W. Phelps, United States Minister at Vienna, and Charles A. Phelps, Speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives.

fled from their own Government. The only rival to these shrines, whether for English interest or Swiss humanity, is the little cemetery with the graves of many British soldiers who died here during internment in the Great War. Victor Hugo liked Vevey, and Thackeray wrote part of "The Newcomes" here.

To jump to a much more material sphere, we find that Vevey contains the headquarters of two of Switzerland's best-known industrial products: Nestlé's condensed milk and Peter's chocolate. Neither of these delicacies is actually made in Vevey, but as I visited two of their chief factories between breakfast and dinner at my Vevey hotel, other travellers may do the like and bring them, as I did, into direct contact with the north shore of the lake. My motor-trip to Payerne, favoured by magnificent weather and a well-informed companion, led me through a sunny and green country of vine and pasture, passing such places as Mézières (noted for the interesting dramatic performance of its peasants), Moudon, Lucens (two points brought by their interesting châteaux into another chapter), and Henniez, the mineral water of which soon becomes familiar to all visitors to this region. Moudon forms a suitable stepping-stone to Nestlé, as the site of the Cantonal School of "Cheesery" (Fromagerie). The roads were uniformly good, except for the stretches through the villages. My Automedon informed me that the reason of this was that, while the canton was responsible for the roads as a whole, each commune controlled its own little bit and *purposely kept it in bad order* as some check on the ruthless motorist.

Payerne is a small town, with a Cluniac abbey founded by Queen Bertha in the tenth century and containing an inscription to the memory of that "humilis regina". In the museum is the same good lady's saddle, fitted with a socket for the reception of her eternally active distaff.

On the outskirts of Payerne is one of the largest factories of the Nestlé and Anglo-Swiss Condensed Milk Company, a small town in itself of full and bustling life. The condensed

milk products of Switzerland amount to about 3 or 4 per cent of the total dairy products of the country, and yield 33,000 tons of solid food. As is well known, condensed or concentrated milk means milk whence most of the water has been removed, while all the nourishing elements have been retained. Condensed milk is either sugared or unsugared. In the latter case the durability is secured by sterilization, and the milk (reduced to one-third of its original bulk) may be kept indefinitely in any climate. A third form is that of sterilized milk in a liquid state, which is kept in hermetically sealed tins and is especially adapted for districts where the quality of the water is doubtful. Nestlé produces all three forms in enormous quantities. The first condensed milk was produced in America (1856). The Anglo-Swiss Co. was formed a few years later, in 1866, and its first modest factory was erected at Cham, on the Lake of Zug (p. 111). The Nestlé brand followed in 1875; and in 1905 the Nestlé and Anglo-Swiss companies were combined. Little would be gained by any attempt at a systematic account of the Nestlé process by a layman like myself. The tale begins with the lorries bringing the fresh milk, which must pass the most exacting tests of cleanliness and quality before acceptance. It is then weighed in a large copper vessel, for it is bought by weight, not by measure. Thence it passes into huge metal pans on an upper floor. Next come heating, pasteurizing, and (for the sweetened variety) the addition of sugar refined in special boilers. Now follows the actual process of condensation, the great feature of which for the onlooker is the cascades of milk, more or less of the consistency of custard, splashing into the huge condensers. When this is complete, the quantity of water in the milk has been reduced from 87 per cent to 24 per cent. The milk is cooled in tall cans immersed in tanks of cold water, and while cooling it is constantly stirred by large wooden paddles. Perhaps for the inexpert eye the most interesting process of all is the cutting, moulding, soldering, filling, and labelling of the familiar tins seen in

our shops. The machinery for all this is of the most ingenious and fascinating nature. The process of affixing the labels is so rapid as to elude the eye. The noisiest scene of all, but one that appeals irresistibly to anything of the child that is left in our blasé grown-up souls, is the torrent of cans chasing each other down an endless carrier in a way that no punning is needed to describe as a rollicking game of catch-as-catch-can.

After an excellent luncheon at the unpretending but comfortable inn at Payerne, we started out for our second goal, the Peter chocolate factory at Orbe. Our course at first lay westward, and very soon we found ourselves on the bank of the Lake of Neuchâtel (comp. p. 48), which we struck at the little walled town of Estavayer, with its interesting church and castle. Then up and down along the lake, passing Cheyres and Yvonand, to Yverdon, described at p. 93. Thence a short run, through a low-lying district of rivers and canals, brings us to Orbe, also mentioned, for the sake of its château, in Chapter IX. This time our business is with the milk-chocolate factory of Peter-Cailler-Kohler, which, with its sister-factories, has made the name of Peter (like Suchard) known throughout the sweet-toothed world. When we learn that the annual value of chocolate exported from Switzerland is £1,500,000 (still short of its War and pre-War record) we are hardly astonished to find that more than 8000 chocolate slot-machines distribute penny tablets all over England. The electrical plant was more wonderful than I could have conceived possible. The delicious fragrance that prevailed everywhere still flatters my nostrils. The great smooth, lolloping, brown billows of molten chocolate in the mixers were like nothing on earth so much as the heaving and regurgitating of the eerie geysers of boiling mud in the Yellowstone Park. The piles of almonds and cocoa beans, the cocoa butter, the cocoa shells, the infinite variety of chocolate temptations, the gay wrappers, the processes of stamping and packing—all lie at the back of my mind in one brilliant phantasma-

goria. The final blow to my bewilderment was the answer to a question I put about a row of very neat, not to say artistic, little buildings down one side of the enclosure: "These are the sties of 400 pigs, fed upon the waste products of the manufacture and famous throughout Switzerland for the delicate flavour of their hams and bacon".

And so back to Vevey, via Chavornay, Eclepens, Cossonay, and Lausanne, with vineyards, vineyards nearly all the way.

At the east end of Vevey's attractive lake-promenade is the mysterious Tour de Peilz, asserted by legend to have originally been roofed with skins ("peilz"). Rousseau's Mme de Warens spent much of her early life here. Then comes Clarens, the first of the series of small towns and villages covered in ordinary usage by the name Montreux. The Swiss census credits Montreux proper with a paltry population of 6000, but to all travellers Montreux means an "urban district" with at least 25,000 inhabitants, a number said to be doubled by the annual influx of strangers. Clarens is famous, above all, as the chief scene of Rousseau's "Nouvelle Héloise"; and whatever may now be thought of that once highly acclaimed romance, we cannot sneer at a work of which both George Eliot and Ralph Waldo Emerson affirmed—as Miss Bray informs us—that it had influenced them more than any other single book. Rousseau is still a name to conjure with, and there must be many who would like to identify the scenes of his romance, were it not that "the self-torturing sophist" himself informs us they were "grossièrement altérés". The red Château des Crêtes, often occupied by Léon Gambetta, is supposed to mark the site of the "Bosquet de Julie"; but here we have to pause. More tangible identifications are those of the house in which Byron lived in 1816 (50, Rue du Lac) and the grave of Henri Amiel, under a pyramid of grey stone in the cemetery. And the visitor should certainly re-read the stanzas of "Childe Harold" referring to this region.

Montreux may be described as Vevey, only more so. It

is a big, brisk, cheerful, lake-side watering-place, with no requirement of the amusement-loving visitor omitted, and offering every beauty that the nature-lover can desiderate except, perhaps, solitude and peace. The parish church and the narcissus fête in May are two notable features.

On, past Territet and Veytaux, we reach the Castle of Chillon, the countless representations of which have conspired with Byron's poem to make it almost the most familiar name in Switzerland. But it is really striking enough to stand the limelight fairly well. It owes its present form mainly to Peter, that stirring Count of Savoy whose intimate relations with England have left their trace in the name of a well-known London district. It must not be overlooked that Byron has placed Bonivard on a somewhat higher pedestal than he deserves. For Bonivard, "a man of the Renaissance who had strayed into the age of the Reformation", though a good anti-Savoyard patriot, was by no means a saintly religious martyr. We must not charge it against him that he had four wives, but in other respects his private character was anything but immaculate. There is some reason to believe that Byron's "only isle in view" did not come into existence until long after Bonivard's time.[1] The claim to be the very last prisoner of Chillon is disputed between Tartarin of the Alps and the members of the Salvation Army who were confined here some decades ago, though under conditions very different from those imagined by Byron for his hero.

Almost every resort in Switzerland has its special admirer, and Villeneuve, the old-fashioned little town at the east end of the Lake of Geneva and at the mouth of the Rhone valley, has found a very doughty champion in Henry James, who thought it the place of all others to "taste the charm, as distinguished from the grandeur, of Swiss landscape". It is easy to agree with him, and the garden of the Hôtel Byron is still a delightful spot to idle the summer away.

[1] General Meredith Read is my authority for this.

GRUYÈRES

At Le Bouveret, on the other side of the Rhone estuary, we are glad of the excuse, for reasons of churlish space, to say good-bye to the actual shores of Lake Léman. For Meillerie, just a little farther on, with its Rousseau, Byron, and Shelley associations, belongs to the "Wayfarer in France".

The little town of Gruyères, the cheese of which is almost its least attraction, does not lie upon the Lake of Geneva, but it is not more than 15 miles from it as the crow flies, and is generally reached from Lausanne, Vevey, or Montreux in 2½–3 hours by what must be just about the slowest railway journey in Switzerland. Gruyères lies delightfully on a steep foothill, the flat top of which it just fills comfortably with its one quaint street. The foreground is formed by rich green pastures, dotted with appropriate black and white cows. In the background rises a group of jagged peaks so artistically patterned that they seem higher and (probably) more formidable than they really are. The railway station lies at the foot of the hill, and we first reach the east end of the little town, with the fortified "Belluard" and the inviting little Fleur de Lys Inn, an unspoiled example of a primitive Swiss hostelry. Before us lies the vista of the one street, flanked by the ornamented façades of its fifteenth to seventeenth century houses, notably that of Chalamala, traditionally jester of the Counts. Washerwomen with their batlets are busy at the town well, and the canting arms of the gay-living counts ("grue" or crane) are everywhere in evidence. At the other end of the street is the red-roofed château of the Counts of Gruyères, who were practically independent kinglets down to 1555. The château, a most satisfying example of a battlemented mediæval fortified dwelling, is now in good hands, and visitors are admitted to the vaulted halls and chambers. The Salle des Chevaliers is adorned with good modern frescoes by Auguste Baud-Bovy, illustrating the history of Gruyères.

On all sides except that towards the town, the escarp-

ment falls vertically to the plain. Among the towns and villages seen from the Gruyères plateau are Bulle, with its thirteenth-century château, the centre of the Gruyères cattle and cheese trade, and Broc, with the Peter-Cailler chocolate factory, a replica of that described a few pages back.

IX

CASTLES IN VAUD

A CHAPTER FOR STORY-LOVERS

SWITZERLAND does not possess so many mediæval châteaux as some other European territories of equal area, but a few Swiss castles are of really important historical and architectural significance, and others are interesting from their associations. Vaud is the château-land *par excellence*, and visitors might do worse than arrange a point-to-point motor-trip through "le plus riant canton", which, without aspiring to the grander forms of Swiss scenery, has much that is pleasant to the view in its well-tilled fields, its vine-clad slopes, its lakes and streams, and its thriving villages. To many of the châteaux attach romantic legends, which have been charmingly, if somewhat old-fashionedly, told by Mme de Montolieu and others; and there is no need to inquire too closely whether these legends are based on history, or represent local traditions, or are purely imaginative.[1]

Chillon and some other castles of Vaud have already been touched on in connection with the Lake of Geneva, and we may fitly begin our imaginary tour from one of these—Rolle (p. 76). Pointing the bonnet of our car towards the north-east, we reach, after a run of half an hour or less through the vineyards of the Côte, the thirteenth-century

[1] Mme de Montolieu, friend of Mme de Genlis and Gibbon, wrote a romance called "Caroline de Lichtfield" and the "Châteaux Suisses," to which this chapter is deeply indebted. She also translated "The Swiss Family Robinson" into French, and wrote a sequel to it.

tower of Aubonne, the story of which involves that of several noble families. A short continuation of the run, in the same general direction, brings us to Vufflens, one of the most picturesque and best preserved of Switzerland's feudal castles. Its massive white keep, its four brick turrets, its narrow windows, and its strongly marked machicolations suggest the romantic story that does not fail us. The oldest parts are ascribed to good Queen Bertha, whose taste for building seems to have rivalled her taste for spinning (comp. p. 82); but its present appearance is believed to be due mainly to an Italian architect of the fourteenth century. Bertha, we are told, was wont to traverse her domain "filant tout en cheminant par monts et par vaux, bâtissant châteaux et couvents, et mettant en iceux châtelains, prêtres, et nonnes". The queen (as the story goes) gave Vufflens to Sire Grimoald, Duc Azzoni, a grim and ambitious man, who married the fair Ermance de Vergi. Ermance had the misfortune to bear nothing but daughters. Three of these were immediately separated from their mother by the disappointed and cruel father and immured (each with her nurse) in three of the four "tourelles" we see standing to-day at Vufflens. When a fourth daughter arrived, Grimoald shut up mother and infant in the last remaining turret, gave out that both were dead, and renounced all hope of an heir male. Ermance was assured that her three older daughters had died; but, after the first wild sorrow was over, consoled herself with the care of her only remaining child, the lovely Gizèle. The tale unfolds itself after the best models. The captive princess is discovered after fifteen years by the Fairy Prince, in the form of Arthus, the young squire whom Grimoald had made his heir. Grimoald repents on his deathbed and sends for Ermance and Gizèle, who are overjoyed to find that the three other daughters are also alive, each more beautiful than the other. Another chapter of adventure has to be gone through before Arthus wins his spurs and his bride; but the youth more than fulfils the devoirs of a

hero of romance, and no doughty deeds could be doughtier than his. He turns out to be the real Duc Azzoni, and becomes the right-hand man of King Lothaire of France. And so the story ends with Arthus sharing his life " entre la gloire et l'amour, entre les champs de bataille et le château de Vufflens ". The château has been in the possession of the De Senarclens family since 1641.

About 10 miles or so north of Vufflens, near the base of the Jura, are the very scanty remains of the château of Montricher, the legend of which is much more tragic. It was one of the chief strongholds of the Chevaliers de la Cuillère, or Knights of the Spoon, a confederation of the landowners of Vaud, who wished to shake off the yoke of Savoy and proposed to do so by capturing the rich city of Geneva and offering it as their ransom. They owed their somewhat culinary title to the incident thus related by an old chronicler : " Les dits seigneurs et gentilshommes vaudois, en leur châtel de Montricher, étant assis au festin, qui consistait principalement, outre le produit de leurs chasses, en laitage des montagnes, qu'ils mangeaient avec des cuillères en buis artistement façonnées. L'un d'eux . . . ayant déclaré, en levant le main dont il tenait sa cuillère, qu'avant qu'il fût peu ils mangeraient de mêmes les Genevois, tous répondirent à cette bravade en levant en l'air leurs cuillères, et faisant le serment d'exterminer les Genevois ". The Genevese for their part gave up soup and other spoon-food, and lived upon " chapons, dindons, oies, et perdrix ". François de Pontveyre, Seigneur of Montricher, was one of the leading Knights of the Spoon, and in an attack on Geneva struck down a youthful Genevese, who was defending his native town. The boy was so young and so attractive that the burly warrior felt some remorse for his slaughter ; and when, on a later attack, he again encountered (apparently) the same young man, he was delighted to think he had recovered from his wounds, spared his life, and sent him back as a prisoner to Montricher. Here the amiable son

of Pontveyre, who did not sympathize with the attack on the inoffensive Geneva, developed an extraordinary affection for the young captive, quite unaware that the latter was not Adrien, but Adrienne Amelin, who, like the Maid of Saragossa, had assumed male attire to avenge her brother and protect her threatened home. In the meantime François de Pontveyre had entered Geneva in disguise, had been discovered, and had taken refuge in the home of Jacques Amelin, the father of Adrien and Adrienne. Jacques, however, recognized the slayer of his son and plunged his poignard in his heart. Soon after the young Albert de Pontveyre, now aware *why* he loved his prisoner, arranged to leave the château with her and join the Genevese. On reaching her old home, she slips in by a side door to change her dress, and then the two lovers reveal themselves to Jacques Amelin. Their joy is turned to despair when Jacques makes his confession. Adrienne, "frappée à mort d'un coup inattendu au moment où elle croit toucher au bonheur", dies upon the spot. The Swiss Romeo draws his sword and joins his Juliet. Jacques did not long survive.

Holding our north-east course, we next reach La Sarraz, with a picturesque château, containing interesting collections. According to one story, when Edward Longshanks was wounded by a poisoned dagger at St. Jean d'Acre (1271), it was a Grandson of La Sarraz who sucked out the venom and saved his life, and ever since the name of Grandson has been an honoured one in England. This château is only 5 miles or so from the quaint little town of Orbe (p. 84), once the capital of Little Burgundy and the refuge of the beautiful and cruel Queen Brunhilda (early seventh century). The castle, two towers of which are still standing, was captured from Savoy by the Swiss in 1475. Towards the middle of the sixteenth century it passed to the family of De Gingins, and here Baron Frédéric de Gingins wrote his important works on early Swiss history. The little river Orbe runs a charmingly picturesque course, and its

source has been compared to Vaucluse. A little west of Orbe it passes the old Château des Clées, which would find a place in a fuller form of one of our legends. Here, however, we note only that about 1830 it was bought by an Englishman named Halliday, who installed in it part of Gibbon's library, purchased at Lausanne.

Our next stage brings us to the south end of the Lake of Neuchâtel, which projects into Vaudois territory. Here lies the small town of Yverdon, the modernized château of which, founded by the Zähringer in the twelfth century, owes its main interest to the fact that Pestalozzi occupied it at the height of his fame. His school attracted innumerable scholastic pilgrims and exercised an imperishable influence on the development of German education. Among his English visitors was Southey.

On the west bank of the lake, only 3 miles in a beeline from Yverdon, lies the tiny town of Grandson, ever memorable in Swiss history for the decisive victory gained here in 1476 over Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy. The square castle, with its round pepper-box turrets, had been taken by Charles a few days previously, and its garrison of 412 Bernese had been put to the sword in violation of his plighted word. The vengeance of the Swiss was, however, complete. The army of Charles, 30,000 strong, was routed; his garrison at Grandson experienced the same fate as the Bernese; the booty taken was immense, and to this day is a prominent part of the treasures of Swiss museums.[1]

The historical facts of Grandson have been woven into a romantic legend. Brandolf de Stein, commandant of the garrison of the castle, fell into the hands of the Burgundians in a vain attempt to rescue the town of Grandson. The Duke offered to spare the garrison, if it surrendered; if not, Brandolf would pay the penalty. The brave Brandolf,

[1] A member of the Grandson family was among the warriors who accompanied William of Normandy in 1066, and there long existed an English barony of Grandson or Grandison. The family crest was a bell, with the punning motto of "À petite cloche Grand Son".

whose stentorian voice enabled him to dispense with a speaking-trumpet such as the Burgundian herald had used, commanded his men to hold the fort and leave him to his fate. He ended by telling them to guard well the treasure he had confided to them and to throw it into the lake rather than let it pass to the Burgundians. The garrison obeyed, and Brandolf's head fell. The castle was ultimately taken by treachery; and the Duke, obsessed by a desire for the "treasure" of which Brandolf had spoken, instituted a vigorous search. Laurent, the faithful steward of Brandolf, admitted his knowledge of a huge diamond and a wonderful pearl, united by a chain of gold, but averred they had been thrown into the lake. The incredulous Charles was about to put him to the torture, when a woman of great beauty appeared from behind the arras, wearing the missing jewels. She threw them at the Duke's feet, exclaiming: "Take these miserable baubles, if you will; but you will never obtain possession of Brandolf's real treasure, his wife Dorothy de Bubenberg, for she knows how to die." The Duke was impressed in spite of himself by the majestic air of Brandolf's widow, and still more by the loveliness of her sixteen-year-old daughter. As, however, all his overtures were repulsed, he thought to curry favour with Dorothy de Bubenberg by throwing the blame of her husband's death on his too-zealous lieutenant, Count Jacques de Romont, and offered his head to satisfy her vengeance. At the critical moment the young count appears as the saviour, not the assassin, of Brandolf, who is restored safe and sound to his wife and daughter. The young Elizabeth naturally falls in love with Romont; and Charles sees all his plans foiled. He therefore affects to make the best of a bad job and consents to the wedding of the young pair. As they leave the church they are beset by the Burgundian soldiers, secretly egged on by the Duke to protest against this union with the Bernese enemy. By misadventure Elizabeth is killed by the soldier told off to assassinate Romont; and

the curtain rings down on unrelieved tragedy. Elizabeth alone finds some satisfaction in finding that her interposition has saved her bridegroom's life ; and " un rayon de bonheur ranime un instant son visage décoleré et son regard éteint ".

To reach the scene of the next act in the Burgundian drama, we may leave our car and proceed by boat to the other end of the Lake of Neuchâtel, and then, by the Broye, to the small Lake of Morat, enclosed in an enclave of Vaud. On the banks of this lake Charles suffered his second severe defeat at the hands of the Swiss. This was in June, 1476, three months or so after Grandson. The gates and crenelated walls of the little town of Morat or Murten, one of the best-preserved mediæval towns in Switzerland, still look very much as they must have done at the time of the battle ; and we can walk round part of the walls, as at York or Chester. The Burgundian knights could not withstand the fierce onset of the Swiss, the cavalry of their ally, Duke René of Lorraine, and " the brace of culverins from Strassburg ". Charles is said to have lost 10,000 men, the Swiss only 500.

Six months later, at Nancy, in the depth of winter, came Charles's third defeat and death ; and the verse was fulfilled :

Bei Grandson das Gut,
Bei Murten den Mut,
Bei Nancy das Blut.

Charles lost his wealth at Grandson, his nerve at Morat, his life at Nancy. And the suggestion is at least plausible that, had it not been for the overthrow of Burgundy by the Swiss, France as we know it might never have existed. The patches of red aquatic plants that appear from time to time in the lake of Morat are still known as " Burgundian blood ". Few travellers will leave without regret this sleepy little town, with its red geraniums, its fountains, its balconied windows, its arcades, and its stirring memories. Albrecht Bitzius (" Jeremias Gotthelf ") was the son of a pastor of Morat.

In ancient days Morat was more than once attacked by wandering bands of Saracens, and the fact that their name

long clung to the fishing villages on the west bank seems to indicate that boats were used in these attempts. In Motier-en-Vully, one of these Saracen villages, was born Louis Agassiz (1807–73), the great exponent of the glacier theory, the son of a long line of Swiss pastors. Agassiz, of whose work something is said in Chapter XXII, went to America in 1846 and became a professor at Harvard, thus forging one of the many interesting links between Switzerland and the United States. Longfellow wrote a pleasant little poem on Agassiz's fiftieth birthday. Lowell, in a much longer poem on his death, speaks of the "sweetness of the old Swiss manse", whence Agassiz came, and of "the pastures fair high-hung of viny Neuchâtel". And he gives us some inkling of the great scientist's character when he writes: "Where'er he met a stranger, there he left a friend".

Just south of the Lake of Morat (for we have now reached the top of our loop) lies Avenches, once, as Aventicum, the chief Roman colony in Helvetia. But nine out of ten visitors, if the name means anything to them at all, will owe the fact to their knowledge of poetry rather than of history. Few readers will miss the note of familiarity in the lines from "Childe Harold":

> By a lone wall a lonelier column rears
> A grey and grief-worn aspect of old days,
> 'Tis the last remnant of the wreck of years,
> And looks as with the wild bewilder'd gaze
> Of one to stone converted by amaze,
> Yet still with consciousness; and there it stands,
> Making a marvel that it not decays,
> When the coeval pride of human hands,
> Levell'd Aventicum, has strew'd her subject lands.

The "lonelier column", known as the "Cigognier", from the stork's nest that, alas! no longer crowns it, still stands, but it is outside the present little town of Avenches, which is tucked away in one corner of the 4-mile square Roman enclosure. Parts of the old walls are 15 feet high, and the fine capitals and ornaments found in the remains of temple, theatre, and amphitheatre bear witness to the

WALLS OF MORAT

vanished importance of Aventicum. "In the day of Vespasian the city was as big as Canterbury is to-day, and with its walls, theatre, and aqueduct could look down upon the miserable contemporary village of Londinium" (F. Fox). It is sad to have to believe that Byron's Aventicine heroine, Julia Alpinula, owes her ghostly existence to a forgery of the sixteenth century. Avenches also possesses a mediæval castle (sixteenth century), which specifically justifies its inclusion in this chapter.

To get to the interesting group of châteaux near the east end of Lake Léman, we have now before us a relatively long southerly drive—say, 40 miles. Those whose appetite for castles is insatiable may find excuse for intermediate stoppages at such places as Lucens, Romont (a little E. of our line), Moudon, Rue, and Oron. Lucens, 7 miles beyond Payerne (described at p. 82), has a many-turreted twelfth-century castle, now used as a school. Moudon, ancient capital of the Pays de Vaud, contributes a strong tower of uncertain but early origin, not to mention a really fine thirteenth-century church. The castle at Rue (in Canton Fribourg) is distinctly picturesque; that of Oron commands a fine view.

The Château of Blonay contests with Vufflens the pride of place among the objects of our little itinerary. This noble country house "presents", as Fenimore Cooper says, "one of those peculiar and picturesque piles that ornament so many both of the savage and of the softer sites of Switzerland". It has been owned for seven or eight centuries by the same illustrious family, the early members of which belonged to the class of nobles styled "Sires", but dates in its present remodelled form mainly from the fifteenth century. Its central donjon, its square and round "tourelles", its high-pitched roofs, its old chapel, its great wedges of buttresses, its spreading white walls, and its rows of narrow windows all rise impressively over a wood-girt terrace commanding a view of Vevey, the rich vineyards of Lavaux, Lac Léman, and the distant Alps. According to our story-teller, Aymon de Blonay, the lord

of the manor in the golden days when good Queen Bertha span, fell mortally wounded in warfare with the Saracens. From his deathbed he wrote to his wife, Isabella de Gruyères, counselling her to wed his widowed comrade-in-arms, Rudolph of Châtelard, a seigneurie not far from Blonay. In due season Isabella carried out her husband's last wish; and devoted herself to the upbringing of Aymon's son Henri and Rudolph's son Berthold. When the two lads reached the age of twenty, their romantic love of adventure led them to attempt to rescue the lovely Eléonore d'Aigremont from the tyranny of her father, lord of a seigneurie in the Val des Ormonts, some score of miles south-east of Blonay. Their adventure, however, miscarried, and for six months they vanished from view in the dungeons of Aigremont. Rescued at last by a revolt of the Aigremont vassals, Berthold and Henri return to their sorrowing parents, with Eleanor and her mortally wounded father. Eleanor, however, refuses to marry Berthold and retires to a nunnery. It would take too long to recount the subsequent adventures of the two young knights. Sufficient to say that they came into touch with the older daughters of Grimoald, Duc Azzoni, while they were still immured in the turrets of Vufflens (see p. 90), and that this story, too, ends with happiness and wedding bells.

Having thus completed our grand circle and brought the "jouvencelles" of our starting-point, Vufflens, into touch with the "jouvenceaux" of our terminus, Blonay, we may say adieu to the châteaux of Vaud; but if any of our passengers are bound for Lausanne, and if their appetite for castles is still unsated, they may visit *en route* the Château de Glèrolles, long the summer home of the bishops of Lausanne, and enjoy a glimpse of the crenelated and creeper-clad Tour de Marsens, looking out, from amid terraced vineyards, over the Lake of Geneva. Both of these would appear in a fuller account of Vufflens and Blonay, through the brave but rude Chevalier de L'Ourse —but that is another story.

X

ZERMATT

IF we consult the lists of registered guides in the little pocket-book of the Swiss Alpine Club, we find the leading centres are Grindelwald, Zermatt, and Pontresina, with (respectively) seventy-five, sixty-five, and sixty names. The Grindelwald group, however, is scattered over a somewhat vague area, with a number of independent villages, so probably we shall not be far wrong in regarding the concentrated village of Zermatt as the metropolis of Swiss mountaineering (for Chamonix and Mont Blanc belong to France). Moreover, the proportion of actual mountain-climbers among the visitors is probably larger than at Grindelwald, for most of the walks and excursions made from Zermatt imply good lungs and stout limbs, while some of the most popular imply a steady head as well. And in difficulty, demand on endurance, and magnificence of view, the Matterhorn and Monte Rosa can at least hold their own with any Swiss mountains. If money be allowed to talk in this connection, it may be noted that a guide's fee for the Matterhorn varies from 125 francs to 225 francs, according to the route selected, while the Jungfrau and Finsteraarhorn may be ascended for 80–100 francs. And lastly, Zermatt is not quite so easily accessible, and thus escapes some of the less desirable types of tourists.

The earliest known name of Zermatt, occurring in a document of 1280, is Pratobornium (Praborno, Praborgne). Later it seems to have been known as Matt, but De Saussure, who visited it on a botanizing expedition in 1789, calls it

Zermatt. The very modest expansion of the narrow valley of the Visp at this point evidently made so great an impression on the early inhabitants that they found "meadow" (pratum, pré) a natural component of their names both for the village and its great mountain.

The usual approach to Zermatt is by the small railway that runs up the narrow valley of the Visp, surely the most torrential torrent in existence. With so much water about, we are surprised to find that we are being tugged up the slope by a very wheezy and snorty little steam-engine, which seems to recognize resentfully that it has almost more to do than it can manage; but, on second thoughts, we remember that this useful and romantic little line antedates the electric era. As we advance, the background of our foreground (so to speak) is always some imposing and interesting mountain. At Visp it is the Balfrin, a great 12,000-foot monster. Between Stalden and St. Nicolas it is the Brunnegghorn, a finely shaped snow-peak of even larger size; at Randa it is the charmingly white and symmetrical pyramid of the Weisshorn; at Täsch we have the snowy range breached by the Théodule Pass; and then, as the valley contracts to a bottle-neck just short of Zermatt, we have our first fleeting glimpse (right) of the Matterhorn, a mountain which age may weather but cannot wither, and which the custom of innumerable reproductions in picture-book and advertisement has been unable to stale.

Zermatt consists mainly of one village street and a group of large hotels, lying in a mountain valley 5300 feet above the sea and nearly 2000 feet higher than the top of Snowdon. It is true it has to a large extent lost its pristine simplicity, and that its quaint old wooden chalets have had to accept as neighbours rows of shops and stalls that recall Tunbridge Wells; but compared with such places as Lucerne or Interlaken, it is much more national, much less obtrusively tourist-ridden. Mountaineering, or at any rate excursions amid mountains, is still its main industry. The group of guides (who, in the language of the local guidebook,

" smoke on a wall and stealthily spy the occasions to ascend the glaciers again "), tanned and alpenstocked visitors, saddle and pack mules, and green-aproned hotel porters that congregate every morning near the Mont Cervin Hotel easily makes one forget for the moment the intrusions of sophistication. Herds of cows and flocks of goats, with their appropriate bells, traverse the main street every morning and evening, and offset the importunities of hawkers of edelweiss and Alpine roses. It is true that the nearest sights of interest are barred by ticket-offices and hag-ridden by flamboyant picture-postcards. But really all such minor and momentary pests easily pass into insignificance amid the grand scenery of our environment ; and, with the exception of one or two main-travelled highways of sightseeing, it is comparatively easy to find oneself alone with Nature.

It is interesting to note that the existence of Zermatt as a tourist resort is practically due to the enterprise and foresight of one man. Before the middle of the nineteenth century, its only visitors from the outside world were De Saussure and other adventurous botanists. In 1854 Alexander Seiler of Brig arrived on the scene, saw its possibilities, and set himself to develop them. He built comfortable hotels and constructed comfortable paths, encouraged the settlement and training of guides, presented the ground for a garden of mountain plants, and did what he could to facilitate access. Seiler was a man of strong and upright character ; and his efforts were seconded by a wife, who well deserved the tribute paid to her in the touching epitaph on the little church on the Riffel-Alp. They were the first of what may be called a dynasty of hotel-keepers in the grand manner. For their descendants have continued their work in a spirit that has been as broad and enlightened as it has been business-like and successful ; and the name of Seiler is by no means confined to Zermatt as indicative of care for the well-being of travellers. If Zermatt had been in America it would

almost certainly have been christened Seilerville, so many are the Seiler hotels (with their 1200 beds) and improvements and benefactions. Edward Whymper (see p. 217), one of the chief authorities on Zermatt, writes: "No one who knows the facts will dispute that the capacity and tact with which Alexander Seiler directed his affairs, the geniality with which he received his patrons, and the kindliness with which he and his esteemed wife extended to all who were in difficulty, had much to do with the development of the place, and that they occupy a very prominent position amongst the makers of Zermatt". The garden opposite the Mont Cervin Hotel contains, not only a local museum with pathetic relics of the Matterhorn accident, but also a monument to Mr. and Mrs. Seiler. The little church beside the Riffel-Alp Hotel, half-way up to the Gornergrat, was built by him and bears an epitaph recording that "Alexandre Seiler donna à Zermatt son dévellopement et sa prosperité". The accompanying epitaph on his wife includes the delightful phrase: "le charme de sa souriante charité".

The indispensable excursion from Zermatt is the ascent to the Gornergrat, the highest point (10,290 feet) of the long rocky ridge of the Riffelberg, between the Gorner and Findelen glaciers. And "indispensable" connotes practicability, for the wide and easy path (four to five hours' walking) may demand a certain measure of bodily strength but requires no particular steadiness of head, while the rack-and-pinion electric railway makes it accessible to the weakest walker, head or no head. And no one need shrink at the height of 10,000 feet, for Pelion (5350 feet) has already, so to speak, been piled for us before we start, and it does not take even as much as an Ossa to complete the climb. Nearly half-way up is the large Riffel-Alp Hotel, surely one of the most luxurious houses in the world at a height of 7300 feet, to say nothing of the magnificent views it commands and the charming excursions that may be made from it. Another 1000 feet brings us to the small

Riffelberg Hotel, and at the very top is the castellated and formidable-looking Hôtel Gornergrat-Kulm, used mainly by those who pass the night here in order to enjoy the marvellous view at sunset. The panorama from the Gornergrat is so complete in its circle and so varied in its details (recalling a tempestuous and yeasty ocean suddenly stiffened into endless rest), the mighty Gorner Glacier is seen in such close proximity, and the Matterhorn, whether or not it is wearing its wimple of fleecy cloud, is such a unique and imposing individual feature, that I doubt whether any other view accessible to the ordinary traveller can equal it. Something may be due to the fact that the Grat is associated in my mind with an absolutely flawless September day, when there was not a breath of wind stirring on the summit, and the radiant sunlight seemed as if filtered through a translucent film of ice, producing the maximum of exhilaration without the slightest feeling of glare or oppressiveness. I felt as if I understood for the first time what the Swiss sunlight cure might mean. The red-legged and yellow-billed choughs, which haunt both the Jungfraujoch and the Gornergrat, are so tame at the latter that they come within a few feet of the crumb-scattering traveller.

Among the other more accessible beauties of the Zermatt region are the Schwarzsee, the Hörnli, the Zermatt Glacier, the Findelen Glacier, and the remarkable Gorner and Trift gorges, resembling those of the Trient and Ragatz. The wealth of wildflowers in the Zermatt valley is another notable attraction.

But, of course, the dominating feature of the scene is the Matterhorn, or Mont Cervin, that ideally shaped monolith, surpassing all its compeers by its magnificent isolation as well as by its own majesty. Zermatt and the Matterhorn are indissolubly connected with the story of British mountaineering, and Zermatt follows Chamonix closely as the second home of the English Alpine Club. Several first ascents in the neighbourhood were made by Englishmen

in the decade after 1854, including Monte Rosa, the Lyskamm, the Weisshorn, the Dom, the Dent Blanche, and the Balfrin; and in 1865 came the first successful assault on the Matterhorn itself by Mr. Edward Whymper, the Rev. Charles Hudson, Lord Francis Douglas, Mr. D. Hadow, and three guides. Successful, yes, but at a cost that has made the name of Matterhorn notorious far beyond the range of mountain-climbers; for on the descent the rope broke, and four of the party lost their lives, the only survivors being Mr. Whymper and two Zermatt guides. "It was," says Mr. W. A. B. Coolidge, "the most dramatic event in a most dramatic year, and the cause of mountaineering seemed to be lost for ever, so deep and lasting was the impression made by this terrible event." The story has been told by Mr. Whymper himself with unforgettable and harrowing simplicity, and of the other accounts none is more graphic and eloquent than that of Mark Twain ("A Tramp Abroad"). Of the victims of the accident, Hudson, Hadow, and the guide (Michael Croz, of Chamonix) are buried in the churchyard of Zermatt. The body of Lord Francis Douglas has never been recovered. Whymper (died 1911) is buried at Chamonix.

The Matterhorn, though dangerous in certain conditions and always fatiguing, is no longer ranked among the most formidable peaks; and on fine days in the season the hotel telescope always reveals some tiny black figures on the final pull. This is due in part to the provision of ropes and iron hand-rails at some of the most critical points.

The Dufourspitze of Monte Rosa (15,217 feet) is the highest peak in Switzerland, though the Dom (14,942 feet), ascended from Randa, is the loftiest mountain the *whole* of which lies within that country. The ascent of Monte Rosa is not so arduous as that of the Matterhorn. The characteristic feature of the view is the contrast between the snow-fields to the north and the fruitful plains of Italy to the south.

Young climbers, who wish a good "try-out" before tackling anything so formidable as the Matterhorn, the Weisshorn, or the Dent Blanche, should turn their attention to the Breithorn, a mountain which attains the more than respectable elevation of 13,685 feet, may be climbed from the Théodule Pass with comparative ease in about three hours, and commands a truly superb and very extensive view.

XI

LUCERNE AND THE FOREST CANTONS

LUCERNE cannot be spoiled, but tourist man has had a jolly good try at it. If it were not for this, we should probably have to select Lucerne as the best centre for the traveller who expects to spend only one week of his life in Switzerland; and even as it is, there is much to be said for this choice. It would almost seem as if all the countries of the globe had selected their most unsatisfactory recruits to make up their Lucerne Expeditionary Forces. If the Lucernois have any respect left for (say) either the British or the American nation, it must be in spite of the samples that congregate within its hospitable walls. The fact that many of the seats on the promenade are placed with their backs to the mountains and the lake may indicate that the citizens possibly take a sardonic pleasure in anticipating the tastes of the tourists and in recognizing that for them the proper study of mankind is man (in a sense that is not quite that of the poet). But, after all, these hordes of frivolous and irreverent tourists, more interested (apparently) in the gimcracks of the shops and the sophisticated attractions of the Casino than in the eternal snows, can easily be ignored in our enjoyment of the almost theatrically perfect panorama of mountain and star-armed lake, changing in expression and charm with every phase of light and colour. And no lack of dignity on the part of the noisy and hurrying throngs of every kindred, and tribe, and nation can interfere with the

LUCERNE

majesty of the Lion of Lucerne, one of the most pathetic and impressive memorials of the world. What, too, can dim our appreciation of the quaint covered bridges, the red-capped towers and belfries, the arcades of the market "unter der Egg", and the numerous picturesque old houses and streets? And even the bazaar-like concomitants of the Glacier Garden cannot wholly do away with our interest in these marvellous giant's cauldrons and glacier mills—a quite extraordinary natural phenomenon to stumble on in the heart of a busy town. The name of the town is believed to be connected with that of its patron saint, St. Leodegar or St. Leger; but the main associations of *this* town of St. Leger are more dignified than those of Doncaster. In a word, Lucerne is a quaint and characteristic Swiss town, large enough (45,000 inhabitants) to have considerable dignity, boasting a history at once romantic and important, and set in a frame of land and water beauty such as the wonder-working hand of the primeval cosmological forces have rarely equalled and never surpassed. And to many not the least of Lucerne's claims to distinction will be the fact that Carl Spitteler, the poet, lived here for many fruitful years.

And one more special word must be devoted to the Lion of Lucerne, reflected in his tiny pool, shining white in the electric light at dusk. Who can seriously complain of the lack of romance in Swiss history, when they think of the heroic defence of the Swiss Guards at the Tuileries in 1792? Well may Carlyle write: "Let the traveller, as he passes through Lucerne, turn aside to look a little at their monumental Lion; not for Thorwaldsen's sake alone. Hewn out of living rock, the figure rests there, by the still lake-waters, in lullaby of distant-tinkling *rance-des-vaches*, the granite mountains dumbly keeping watch all round; and, though inanimate, speaks".

The great Swiss lakes are really drowned river valleys, due to the sinking of the heavy mountains into the softer

ground-mass below. The Lake of Lucerne is no exception to this general rule; and the river in its case is the rapid, green-blue Reuss, the terraces of which can be clearly traced near Zug. Like that of the Ticino, the valley of the Reuss crosses the great Rhine-Rhone valley almost at right angles. Much of the grandeur of its scenery is accounted for by the process it has gone through of alternate cutting down by the river and filling up by the caving-in of its banks.

The Lake of Lucerne is very complex in form, consisting of several branching arms, each of which has its distinctive name. As a whole, the lake is known as the Lake of the Four Forest Cantons (Vierwaldstätter See), from the cantons (Lucerne, Schwyz, Uri, and Unterwalden) by which it is surrounded. These cantons, and consequently the shores of the lake, were the cradle of Swiss independence. Thus almost every point on it has the double charm of visible beauty and historic romance.

A brief mention must be made of a few of the lake's outstanding attractions. Historically, this is the country of William Tell, and I am glad to see there is a tendency on the part of the most recent Swiss scholars to bring back this hero to reality out of the limbo of legend, in spite of his close parallelism with Tokko of Japan, Eigil of Iceland, and William of Cloudesly in England. He was born, according to the accepted story, at the village of Bürglen, 2 or 3 miles from the southernmost point of the lake; and close by is the little town of Altdorf, in the main square of which he is said to have shot the apple from his son's head. Two fountains here mark the traditional positions occupied by Tell and his son. The story is commemorated also by a colossal statue; but a much more interesting memorial is the annual performance of Schiller's "Tell", by the inhabitants of the town, in the simple theatre erected for the purpose. No one who has witnessed one of these representations will easily forget it. He finds himself one of a closely packed audience of 1100 to 1200

persons, few of whom seem to be strangers, while all follow the unfolding of the story with profound attention and deeply felt sympathy. The performers, on their side, act (and act well) with the greatest sincerity and lack of self-consciousness. From the major who played Tell (when I saw the performance) down to the chimney-sweeper who came on as one of Landenberg's cavaliers, all had their hearts in the work. It is a veritable Passion Play, in which patriotism takes the place of religion.[1]

On the way to Altdorf and Bürglen by steamer we traverse the arm of the Lake of Lucerne known as the Lake of Uri. At the beginning of this, commanding a raking view of two different reaches, is the popular watering-place of Brunnen, over which rise the Mythen, two sharp-pointed pyramids ("eckig, höckerig, rissig, und rauh"). Opposite Brunnen is Treib, with a charming reconstruction of an old Swiss inn. Offshore here rises the Mythenstein, a pyramidal rock inscribed with Schiller's name in large letters. Beneath the crags of Seelisberg, close by, is the Rütli or Grütli (i.e. "forest-clearing"), where (according to tradition) Werner Stauffacher from Schwyz, Walter Fürst from Uri, and Arnold of Melchtal from Unterwalden met on 7 November, 1307, as representatives of their cantons, to form a league against the tyrannic rule of Austria. Tell was not (according to the usual account) present at the meeting, but it was very soon after that he slew Gessler in the Hohle Gasse at Küssnacht (near Lucerne). A little

[1] As luck would have it, when we emerged from the impressive "Tell" performance, we found the quaint old streets of Altdorf crowded with hundreds of noisy and evil-smelling racing-cars and motor-bicycles, with their leather-clad and helmeted owners, looking anything but prepossessing in their dust-begrimed condition. Altdorf had been chosen as the terminus of a motor-race through the Klausen Pass (p. 149). The chance to moralize on the contrast was only too obvious. My companion, however, remarked: "After all, if William Tell were alive now, he would doubtless be in the thick of this competition." Next morning the newspapers announced that one of the chief races had been won by a Neuchâtel gentleman named Tell! Truth compels me to admit that his Christian name was not William, but Grandjean.

farther down the Lake of Uri, on the other shore, is Tell's Platte, a ledge of rock at the base of the Axenberg, where Tell leapt ashore and escaped when Gessler was conveying him to the prison in which the angry governor had sworn he should never see sun or moon again.

And here we leave Tell. Whether he "existed or not in the flesh, he has a spiritual and immortal existence in the history and the mind of his nation" (Cameron).

Along the east side of Lake Uri, through rocky tunnels, run the railway and the road. The latter, known as the Axen-Strasse, is one of the most remarkable highways in the country. On the west rises the huge snow mass of the Uri or Engelberg Rotstock. At the head of the lake lies Flüelen, charmingly situated on a small green flat below the crags of the Eggberg.

The name of Lucerne immediately calls up that of the Rigi, a comparatively low mountain (under 6000 feet) which yet is one of the most celebrated view-points in the world. At first sight the Rigi is a disappointment to the traveller, as from most points of view it is merely a somewhat featureless and indeterminate ridge. But the position of the Rigi is such that it commands a panorama of great extent and variety. Its situation is not only isolated but insular, with its base laved by three beautiful lakes. When we add its easiness of access, the advantages afforded by its hotels for viewing either sunset or sunrise with the minimum of discomfort, and such factitious additions as the "Spectre of the Rigi", we have said enough to account for its world-wide popularity. Few persons now ascend it on foot, most travellers using the funicular railways from Vitznau or Arth-Goldau. Vitznau is a particularly charming resort. Arth is a romantic little red conglomeration at the south end of the Lake of Zug, a small sheet of water that at no very remote geological epoch must have been one with the Lake of Lucerne. The quaint town of Zug, at the other end of the lake, is capital of the smallest canton in

the Swiss Confederation. It is curious to find that its parish church is dedicated to King Oswald of Northumbria, though why his relics were brought hither in 1485 remains a puzzle. Cham, opposite Zug, was the first home of the Swiss condensed-milk industry (see p. 83). Perhaps the three most famous ascents of the Rigi were those made by Tartarin of the Alps, Mark Twain, and the "touristicules" of Rodolphe Toepffer (p. 68).

The rugged and many-peaked Mount Pilatus, which rises to the south-west and is usually ascended by cog-wheel railway from Alpnachstad or on foot from Hergiswil, is noble and imposing in almost every view of it, and no doubt is often assumed to be the Rigi by the Lucerne tenderfoot. According to a startling old legend, a small dark tarn on this mountain became the final resting-place of Pontius Pilate, who had killed himself from remorse in Rome, but whose body was rejected by the Tiber, the Rhone, and the Lake of Geneva. His evil spirit haunted the mountain and was a real terror to the inhabitants of the district down to the close of the sixteenth century, when the parish priest of Lucerne, before a crowd of witnesses, defied the spectre by throwing stones into the tarn and came off scatheless. But it is doubtful whether the legend gave rise to the name or the name to the legend. Some authorities believe the word to be a corruption of Pileatus (capped), referring to the clouds which generally rest upon it. The Pilatus railway, one of the most remarkable of its kind, has carried well over a million passengers without the semblance of an accident.

A third favourite among the Lake of Lucerne mountains is the Stanserhorn, a pointed summit opposite Pilatus, on the south-east side of the small arm of the lake taking its name from Alpnach. This, too, has its cable railway, starting at Stans, the tiny capital of the Nidwalden, or lower half of the canton of Unterwalden. Stans has a secure niche in Swiss history. It was the home of the Winkelried family, and Arnold (p. 112) is commemorated by an

impressive monument and by his suit of mail in the arsenal. The internal dissensions that arose in the Swiss Confederation after the victory of Morat were settled by the famous Diet of Stans, 1481 (of which there is a large fresco in the Houses of Parliament at Berne). The agreement was brought about mainly by a wise message from the venerable hermit, Nicolas von der Flüe, the " Brother Klaus " of the Unterwalden peasants. In 1798 the gallant little half-canton of Nidwalden took upon itself to resist the tyrannical conditions of Napoleon's Helvetic Republic. The result was the march of an overwhelming French army on Stans, and the massacre (after a heroic but unavailing struggle) of 414 men, women, and children, who are commemorated by a tablet in the churchyard.

Beyond Stans the electric railway from Stansstad (its lake-port) runs on to Engelberg, a charmingly situated mountain village, which has of late years become a highly popular resort of English visitors in search of winter sports. Engelberg claims to possess a super brand of Alpine glow, and is the chief starting-point for the comparatively easy ascent of the Titlis (10,627 feet), a rounded snow-summit, the ascent of which by four peasants in 1744 marks the beginning of snow-peak mountaineering.

Sempach, on a small lake of that name, less than 10 miles north-west of Lucerne, was the scene of a glorious battle on 9 July, 1386, when 1400 Swiss defeated the army of the Duke Leopold of Austria, slaying the Duke himself, 400 of his knights, and 1000 common soldiers. Proofs of massed gallantry such as this are common in Swiss annals, but Sempach is memorable as having produced almost the only other individual Swiss champion that can take his place with William Tell. For here, according to the story, Arnold von Winkelried, finding that the steel barrier of the Austrian line could not otherwise be breached, gathered " with a wide embrace, into his single heart, a sheaf of fatal Austrian spears ". Very likely there were other Swiss soldiers who

sacrificed themselves in the same way ("des Winkelrieds sans le savoir", as M. Eugène Sécretan said), but Arnold Winkelried's name alone survives, and his deed is quite possibly historical. A chapel and a Winkelried monument mark the battlefield to-day.

Sarnen, the capital of Obwalden, the other half-canton of Unterwalden (the "pensive" canton, as Wordsworth calls it, on account of the alleged melancholy disposition of its inhabitants), is interesting as the repository of the famous Weisses Buch, or White Book, the first document (*circa* 1470) containing the traditional account of the incidents in the formation of the Swiss Confederation. Recent research on the whole has tended to strengthen rather than weaken the substantial accuracy of this record. A terrace on the adjoining Landenberg has served for three centuries and a half as the meeting-place of the Landesgemeinde, or popular open-air legislative assembly of the canton; and any traveller finding himself in this district on the last Sunday of April should try to witness this highly interesting gathering. The presiding officer is the present-day representative of Arnold Biedermann, who, as readers of the Waverley novels may remember, was the Landamman of Unterwalden in "Anne of Geierstein". And Professor Sherman, of New York, assures us that the famous Ku Klux Klan has borrowed some of its trappings from the descriptions of the Vehmgericht in this romance.

The railway from Lucerne to Brunnen passes at Goldau the scene of the historical rock-fall of the Rossberg (the "Mount Rosenberg" of Byron's "Manfred"), the scars of which arrest the attention of even the most ungeological traveller. The heavy rains of the winter of 1806 soaked the lower argillaceous layers of the hill to such an extent that they gave way, and thousands of tons of the more solid upper layers were precipitated upon the valley. Four villages were buried beneath the débris, part of the Lake of Lowerz was filled up, and nearly 500 people lost their lives.

> Mountains have fallen,
> Leaving a gap in the clouds, and with the shock
> Rocking their Alpine brethren; filling up
> The ripe green valleys with destruction's splinters;
> Damming the rivers with a sudden dash,
> Which crushed the waters into mist, and made
> Their fountains find another channel.

Goldau lies near one end of the Lake of Lowerz or Lauerz, and near the other end is Schwyz, capital of the fourth of the cantons bordering the Lake of Lucerne. The canton of Schwyz certainly took its full share in establishing the independence of the nascent Swiss Confederation, but it does not fully appear why it was so emphatically recognized as *primus inter pares* as eventually to lend its name to the whole republic. We find the name "Sweicz" applied to the Forest Cantons as early as 1320 and extended to include the whole Confederation thirty years later. Wordsworth devoted a sonnet to Schwyz, in which he likened "majestic" Berne to the head of the Confederation, and Schwyz, "lodged 'mid mountainous entrenchments steep", to its heart. The Schwyzer justified the honour retrospectively in 1798, when Alois Reding, a native of the town of Schwyz, formerly lieutenant-colonel in the Spanish army, became the head and front of the heroic resistance to the French. The family of Reding had emphatically the military virus in its blood. Their names keep constantly cropping up in the records of Swiss soldiers in the service of other Powers. About a score of them rose to the rank of general; and it is also recorded that at one moment there were living in Switzerland no fewer than twenty-seven Redings, each of whom had left a leg or an arm on the battlefield.

The early history of Schwyz consists largely of disputes about rights of pasture with the important monastery of Einsiedeln, which lies within the canton, some 10 miles to the north. The feud finally ended, after the Swiss had fairly established their independence, in Schwyz becoming the "Protector" of the monastery. Einsiedeln, the place of the "hermits", has been a resort of pilgrims for about a

thousand years. The great object of veneration is a little "Black Virgin", said to have been brought hither by the anchorite Meinrad in the ninth century. The fame of the miracles wrought by the image spread far and wide, and the pilgrimage to Einsiedeln was sanctioned by the Pope. The little hut of Meinrad has become a huge and wealthy Benedictine abbey, served by a hundred monks; the number of annual pilgrims has swollen to about 200,000. The saint's day is 14 September, and pilgrims are most numerous in that month. The elaborately ornate basilica (eighteenth century) contains a black marble chapel, in which the wonder-working image is shown in a robe of gold brocade. The little town consists of hostels for pilgrims and booths and shops for the sale of relics.

Two men at least of world-wide fame are directly connected with Einsiedeln. Theophrastus Bombast von Hohenheim, better known by his self-assumed name of Paracelsus, the great pioneer physician of the sixteenth century, seems to have been born in or near Einsiedeln about 1490; and a monument has been erected to him in the great square that separates the town from the abbey.

> If I stoop
> Into a dark tremendous sea of cloud,
> It is but for a time; I press God's lamp
> Close to my breast; its splendour, soon or late,
> Will pierce the gloom: I shall emerge one day.
> (BROWNING.)

The second great name is that of Zwingli, who was parish priest at Einsiedeln for two years, and in this quiet retreat probably formed the convictions that determined his career.

Many other places of interest within the sphere of Lucerne might be added here, but of these I find space for three only.

At the south end of the little Lake Aegeri, to the east of the Lake of Zug, lies Morgarten, the scene of the first of the series of incredible victories that the Swiss

peasants gained over the well-equipped forces of the Habsburgs, thanks to their natural courage and obstinacy, to the excellent use they made of their topographical advantages, and to the invention of the halberd, a weapon admirably adapted for cleaving the armour of the Austrian knights. The battle took place in 1315, when Leopold of Austria advanced to the attack with (as the story goes) 22,000 men. The Confederates, with only one man against fifteen of the foe, prayed that neither their cattle nor their women (observe the order) should become the prey of their enemies, and then took up their ambushed position on the heights overlooking a narrow defile. The Austrians carelessly entered the defile and were trapped. Boulders and tree-trunks from above, halberds at each end, made the rout complete.

About 14 miles west of Lucerne, near the village of Buttisholz, is the so-called English Barrow, said to contain the remains of English freebooters. As Gibbon, however, pointed out, these marauders (called "Gugler" by the peasantry on account of their iron caps) were really Welshmen in the service of Sieur de Coucy, who was trying to extort his mother's dowry from Austria and her Confederate allies. Anyhow, the Gugler were well beaten by the Swiss peasants, whose booty included much useful armour and many good horses.

Emmenbrücke, which is the starting-point of the motor-omnibus service to Buttisholz, has the very modern distinction of being an important seat of the Swiss artificial silk industry.

On thinking back over the district of this chapter, it seems as if I had left out even more notabilia than usual; but, alas! the Burgenstock, and Queen Victoria's Gütsch, and Axenstein, and Dietschiberg, and the rest must all await another time.

XII

TWO LOVELY AND MOTOR-FREE VALLEYS

SWITZERLAND stood out longer than most countries against the tyranny of the motor-car; but of recent years that all-conquering juggernaut has swallowed up quite a large slice of this land of mountain and of flood. Even the Grisons, which long persisted in manicuring the motorist to fit its own fastidious taste, has come more or less into line.

It is true that the "Bergfexen", or real Alpinists, can afford to ignore the toy machines on which they look down from an altitude of 10,000 feet; but it is not now so easy for the ordinary mortal, who possesses neither the head nor the legs of a chamois, to pursue his pedestrian way among the beauties of the Alps without sharing them with the dust-compelling car or (worse) the noisy motor-cycle. And even the conqueror of the Matterhorn or the Bietschhorn must resign himself to have his well-earned slumbers interrupted by the early morning rider's greeting to the dawn. Seriously, the noise of the motor-engine has become a new and pervasive feature of the Swiss landscape—and it does not necessarily add to everyone's pleasure. One may, at least, be permitted to pray that the cantonal authorities may become more and more alive to the virtues of the silencer.

There are still, however, many places where neither motorist nor motor-cyclist is found; and two at least of these linger very charmingly in my memory. To mention Amsteg in this connection seems at first sight paradoxical,

for does it not lie on the wonderful road that ascends through the wild valley of the Reuss to Göschenen, and is it not passed every fine day by scores of cars hastening to or from the glories of the St. Gotthard Pass? True; but Amsteg is not only on the Göschenen road, but also at the entrance to the Maderanertal, surely one of the most bewitching of all Swiss valleys. And the road which zigzags up that for the first two or three miles is so narrow, so steep, and so tortuous that no car would attempt it—even if allowed.

The valley, which is about 10 miles long, is said to take its name from an Italian called Madrano, who used to work the old iron-mines here. At its head it ends in the Hüfi Glacier, an immense expanse of névé and ice; and from this glacier issues the Kärstelenbach, a vigorous mountain torrent that tumbles along its tumultuous way, forming numerous waterfalls and rapids. For much of its course it is hemmed in narrowly by fantastic rocky walls. At other points it is somewhat more open, and fruit and walnut-trees show themselves among the conifers. Beyond the wayside chapel of St. Anthony and the tiny hamlet of Bristen the road ends (for the present), near a spray-swept bridge over the Kärstelenbach. Beyond this a mule-path, disclosing new beauties at every turn, ascends along the torrent, mainly through wood, finally bringing us (three or four hours from Amsteg) to the small Alpine Club Hotel. The Hüfi Glacier, notable for the purity of its ice and the picturesqueness of its ice-fall, lies before us in all its length. This point more or less sets the limit for the ordinary mortal, who may return to Amsteg after a night's rest and an exploration of the closer neighbourhood of the inn. The house, however, is often occupied by the mysterious beings described by Baedeker as "adepts", who find ample opportunities of testing their nerve and skill among the rocky and snow-clad peaks encompassing the valley. But the valley itself is so exquisite that it should not be left to these super-men alone.

In spite of the motor-cars, Amsteg is itself a very pleasant place for a short sojourn, and the Maderanertal is by no means the only easy and delightful excursion that may be made from it. It rejoices in the possession of a simple yet comfortable little hotel, where the traveller may take his ease among old-fashioned family furniture and portraits, a few interesting old black-letter volumes, and walls hung with tiny shrines, amulets, and scapulars. One of the largest electric power-houses in Switzerland has been erected here; but its position has been so well chosen and its architecture so cleverly assimilated to the native style that its adds to, rather than detracts from, the beauty of the village; and any noise it may make is completely lost in the soothing roar of the Reuss and the Kärstelenbach. For in the huge murmur of these two streams we realize that Bottom's association of "roaring" with "sucking doves" and "nightingales" is not a mere paradox.

Our second quiet valley is at least 50 miles from Amsteg; and our approach point is Brig, or Brigue, a pleasant little town in the Rhone valley, at the north-west end of the Simplon Pass and Tunnel. For many centuries its situation has made Brig an important transit station for travellers and goods. In the seventeenth century the trade with Italy was largely in the hands of the Stockalpers of Brig, who also took over the Simplon Hospice from the Knights of St. John. This family is still represented in Brig; and the most interesting sight in the place is the Stockalper Building, with its curious bulbous domes and arcaded courtyard—a building forming at once a palace, a warehouse, and a barrack (for the armed escort of the caravans), and giving an overwhelming idea of the wealth and power of these old merchant princes.

Another reminder of the old trade with the south is the village of Naters, close to Brig, where both buildings and inhabitants display distinctly Italian characteristics. The old bone-house here contains thousands of skulls. Another

short walk from Brig brings us to Glis, with the largest church in the Valais and a curious churchyard monument to the Saxon General C. C. Erdmann, surmounted by a gigantic reproduction of a Roman helmet. And Brig is the starting-point for the famous Bel Alp, of which it has been said that it affords the most wonderful "hotel-porch" view in Switzerland. And it has what to many will seem a signal merit: it has no mountain railway, and must be approached on foot or on mule-back. That Brig is still important under modern conditions of transport is evidenced not only by the Simplon Tunnel, but by the number of motor-cars that stop daily at the pleasant hotel of the Three Crowns and by the monument in the picturesque market-place to Georges Chavez, the first airman to fly over the Alps (1910).[1]

And now for our quiet Lötschental, or valley of the Lonza. At the railway station of Brig we find awaiting us the electric train of the Lötschberg Railway, a line already described in another chapter. We take our tickets for Goppenstein, and find ourselves almost immediately climbing up (through tunnels and round abrupt turns) along the face of the mountains on the right (north) side of the Rhone valley.

Goppenstein, a hamlet due to the construction of the railway, lies 4000 feet above the sea and has no practicable road leading to it from below.[2] At Goppenstein station is

[1] A house just outside Brig bears one of the quaintest mottoes I saw in Switzerland:—

"Einfach ist der Weg zum Glück—wagen und ertragen.
Wandrer, scheue nicht zurück; vorwarts ohne zagen.
Jeder baut nach seinem Sinn.
Niemand kommt und zahlt für ihn."

[2] A rough cart-track connects Goppenstein with Gampel, at the actual foot of the valley, 2000 feet below. At certain seasons the valley is much exposed to avalanches. In spite of local advice to the contrary, the railway engineers insisted on building a workmen's shed on the spot where Goppenstein station now stands. This hotel was swept away by an avalanche, and twelve men lost their lives. Measures have, however, been taken to prevent a recurrence of such a disaster.

STOCKALPER CHÂTEAU AT BRIG

a bas-relief of a navvy in working costume—the only monument I know of to the actual constructors of a great work like this as distinguished from the engineers, architects, or promoters.

From Goppenstein the too little known valley of the Lonza strikes off to the north-east, in the general direction of the Aletsch district. A narrow road runs up the valley for about 3 miles, and light vehicles may be obtained for that distance. Beyond it we are dependent either on Shanks's mare or the patient mule.

The valley is a narrow trough between the serrated and glacier-bound summits of two ranges of the Bernese Alps, and contains about 1250 Roman Catholic inhabitants, all engaged in cattle-breeding or crop-raising. Their industry is borne witness to by the little patches of tillage on the sky-line of the mountain walls, and by the stalwart peasants wielding huge mattocks or swinging the primeval scythe with sweeps of graceful rhythm. With luck you may see a peasant putting his hay into its shelter through a hole in the roof, made temporarily for this purpose. The road and its prolonging path usually hug the torrent of the Lonza, passing wayside shrines and numerous "mazots", or small black shelters for grain and fodder. Few passers-by are encountered.

The first village we reach, after a walk of three-quarters of an hour to an hour, is Ferden, famous for its cheeses, samples of which kept here are said to be centenarians. The village is of the true Lötschental type, the houses nestling at the foot of the church so as to suggest a group of black cattle clustered round their cowshed. A very little farther on is Kippel, with the parish church of the valley, a crowded little village, with streets (if they can be called streets) barely wide enough for two pack-mules to pass each other and yet provided with electric light. Its picturesque harmony has been somewhat impaired by a group of new buildings, necessitated by modern conditions; but the older part contains several of the best and

most characteristic houses in the district. The chief of these is the Murmann House, built in 1776 by two brothers, carpenters and wood-carvers, with its beflowered balconies, carved façades, projecting roofs, and innumerable mottoes (in various languages) both inside and out. Thus in the dining-room we are told that "Wer seinem Nächsten die Ehr abschneid, Der bleibe von meiner Tafel weit" ("He who does not respect his neighbour is not welcome at my board"); and over the great bed we read: "Ich geh ins Bett, vielleicht in Tod" ("I go to bed, perchance to die"). The main pieces of furniture are attached to the wainscoting, and their carved decorations are echoed in the ceilings and doors. A curious object is the so-called betrothal stool, given by the lover to his lass (but probably nothing more romantic than a milking-stool). Another interesting house is the so-called Great House (Grosses Haus), with its four stories and roomy balconies (1665). Two others date from 1633 and 1644. Yet another house (if I remember aright) bears the motto:

> Was Gott schickt ist wohl gemeint
> Obschon es anfangs anders scheint
> Fürchte Gott, thue recht, scheue Niemand.

The last two words, which may be translated "never turn the cold shoulder", are quite characteristic of the kindly Swiss spirit. The church is surrounded by a narrow graveyard with hundreds of little wooden crosses, embedded in marigolds and each provided with its V-shaped rain-cap. Adjoining the village, but separated from it as a protection against fire, is the so-called "Stadeldorf", a group of hay and corn barns, each mounted on four stone-capped stilts. The motto on the communal barn exhorts us "der Tugend hunderfach Getreit sammle dir auf die Ewigkeit" ("Garner virtue's hundred grains for safety 'gainst eternal pains").

At Kippel we are in the heart of the valley and are now in a position to realize the beauties of its encompassing

walls and snow-white termination, and the fact that we are having a peep into real old Swiss rural life, with its primitive manners and customs still practically unspoiled. In spite of the Lötschberg railway the number of tourists is not yet great enough to mar our sense of being in a withdrawn and primitive community. The dress, at least of the women, though relatively sober in colour, is quaint and characteristic. The farm implements and methods of tillage are often of the simplest. The inhabitants are deeply religious, and Church festivals are often celebrated with processions as quaint as they are reverential. A specially picturesque touch is given by the scarlet and white Neapolitan uniforms worn by the men—a survival of the days when the valley sent recruits to the Swiss regiments in the service of the Bourbons of Naples. The valley is devoted to theatrical performances, and almost every village has its little Stage Society. "Macbeth" and "Hamlet" have thus been acted at Wyler.

The use of "tallies", or pieces of wood notched to mark numbers, has not yet died out in the Lötschental. The peasant, on his investiture with his share of the communal pasture, receives a wooden *Tessel*, notched to correspond with the counterfoil retained by the *Alpvogt*. This tessel forms his title-deed. It was only a century ago that tallies were given up by the English Exchequer.

In the cottages, out of the harvest season, the women may be seen spinning yarn, stripping and weaving hemp for sheets, making embroidery, and plaiting straw for hats.

Wyler, the hamlet above Kippel, was burned down in 1900, and many interesting objects were then destroyed.

Italian or French influence is sometimes noticeable in Lötschental work, such as the carvings of the Mysteries of the Rosary, formerly in a chapel at Kühmatt, a hamlet near the head of the valley, but now preserved in the parsonage of Blatten.

Ried, a mile or so above Wyler, occupies an elevated situation which enables it to enjoy the sun long after the

floor of the valley has been plunged in shade. It has a modest hotel and has long been a starting-point for mountain climbers. It was hence that Sir Leslie Stephen, in 1859, with the guides Joseph and Johann Siegen, made the first ascent of the hazardous and spiky Bietschhorn, 2000 feet higher than its neighbours. Above Ried lies Weissenried, the highest village in the valley (5600 feet above the sea), with its little sanctuary illuminated every evening by the "Rosenkranzlicht", or lamp of the rosary. Farther up the valley (but at a lower actual elevation) come Blatten (near which is a memorial to two Englishmen who perished on the Bietschhorn), Eisten (with a house of 1404), and Kühmatt. At the end of the habitable part of the valley is the Fafler Alp (6000 feet above the sea), with its little inn, frequented in summer by a few visitors. In front of us lies the Langgletscher ("Long Glacier"), gradually encroaching on a larch wood near the "great white cow". The barrier of mountains at the head of the valley looks forbidding enough, but the passes leading from it to the Aletsch Glacier (Concordia Hut), Kandersteg, Lauterbrunnen, and the Bel Alp are made light of by the Alpinist. Sir Martin Conway considers the route from Ried to the Grimsel viâ the Lötschenlücke, the Grünhornlücke, and the Oberaarjoch one of the finest snow-walks in Switzerland.

Many romantic legends are told of the Lötschental, and those who read German will find much of interest in the collections made by Johannes Jegerlehner and by the Rev. J. Siegen, the present prior of the valley. The latter, at least, may be had also in French.

What has here been said of the Lötschental refers mainly to the summer season, when the valley is easily accessible. We must not, however, forget that in winter conditions are often such that the upper and lower parts of the valley are cut off from each other (not to speak of the outer world) for days and even weeks at a time. It is in referring to the murderous struggle for existence at this season that

CHILDREN OF THE LÖTSCHENTAL

M. F. Olivier wonders whether the sombre clothes and serious air of the women and children may not be regarded as symbolical. And he reminds us that " proche de chez nous " there is nothing " de plus austère, de plus mystérieuse, de plus auguste et sacrée " than the Lonza valley. " On s'en évade par une haute porte de neige, amoureusement façonnée par un démiurge qui ne voulut pas qu'un peu de grâce manquât à tant de rudesse. Au delà se lève le soleil, qui luit sur un monde de glaces polaires ".

XIII

ZURICH, A CITY OF LIGHT AND LEARNING

ZURICH is a city of many superlatives. It is the largest city in Switzerland, with over 200,000 inhabitants. It is the chief financial centre of the Confederation. It is the richest and most industrial of Swiss towns, ranking second to Lyons alone in the manufacture of silk [1] and producing also large quantities of cotton goods, machinery, and other wares. In the political history of the country it rivals Berne in importance; as a cradle of the Reformation, it is more or less on a par with Geneva; as a seat of Swiss letters and learning, it is probably supreme, if we discount the foreign elements in Genevan culture. It has the largest library in Switzerland, and it is, perhaps, on the whole, the best place to study Swiss art and antiquities, from lake-dwellings to painters of the day after to-morrow. In the beauty of its situation, with the impetuous Sihl and the more placid Limmat dividing it into sections, and with the friendly, sail-flecked lake, backed by a distant range of white and gleaming Alps, it need fear comparison with no other city. And in such vulgar points as convenient transport by an excellent tramway service, and comfortable and pleasantly situated hotels, it holds its own with any of its rivals. Benvenuto Cellini, to cite only one of the numerous ad-

[1] The silk industry employs 15,000 power-looms and produces goods to the annual value of at least £8,000,000. There are, besides, as many looms working for Zurich firms in Germany, France, Italy, and the United States.

mirers of Zurich, described it, 350 years ago, as "a jewel for lustre".

In the more recent authoritative histories of Switzerland Zurich undoubtedly plays the most prominent rôle, and in their indexes the name of Zurich has the longest entry. But it is open to the Bernese and the Genevese to point out, what seems to be the fact, that most of these historians are, significantly enough, natives of the Athens on the Limmat. Even with this slight suspicion in our minds, it is not easy to deny Zurich's pre-eminence. Assuming that the name has something to do with the Celtic root *dur* (water), and passing over its Primitive, Roman (Turicum), Alemannic, and Frankish beginnings, we find it a Free Imperial City in 1218 and a member of the Swiss Confederation in 1351, though in the interim its coquetting with Austria had led it to fight on the wrong side in the astonishing battle of Morgarten (1315). This record, however, was wiped out by its services at Morat (1476), and it took a prominent part in the Italian campaigns of 1512–15. Its early and effective championship of the Reformation made it the real leader of the Confederation. In the disturbances at the end of the eighteenth century, culminating in the fall of the Confederation, the establishment of the Helvetic Republic, and the Mediation Government, the name of Zurich is constantly in the foreground. Masséna won the decisive victories on its territory, and it was here that the capable English representative, Stratford Canning, helped to form the combinations that resulted in the re-establishment of Swiss liberty. It was the capital of the Confederation down to the constitution of 1848, when (for various reasons) Berne became the seat of the Federal Government, though Zurich still ranks as the premier canton. Before the middle of the thirteenth century Zurich was largely influenced by the abbesses of Fraumünster, the first of whom was the Princess Hildegarde, daughter of King Lewis the German; a pair of her (fairly) roomy slippers are preserved to this day in the

museum. Its domestic history since then has been its gradual development, through the rule of the Patricians and the admission of the craft Guilds to a share in the government, to the full-blown democracy of modern times.

One of the most interesting social events in Zurich is the Sechseläuten, or "Six o'clock Festival", held towards the end of April to welcome the approach of spring. The celebrations include bell-ringing, bonfires, and picturesque historical processions of the Town Guilds and school-children. They end with the burning of the "Bögg", a guy representing winter and stuffed with fireworks.

Probably no town has had a more distinguished series of mayors or burgomasters than Zurich. The "Big Three" are Rudolph Brun, Rudolph Stüssi, and Hans Waldman. Brun headed the movement of the Guilds in 1331, compelled the Patricians to accept a new constitution on a basis of equal shares, and was virtual dictator of the town for many years. In 1350 he put down, with somewhat cruel firmness, an attempt of the Patricians, with the aid of the Habsburgs, to restore the old order; and the *Mordnacht* of 23 February is still a gruesome memory. The following year Zurich was received into the Swiss Confederation, on unusually favourable terms. The somewhat sinister figure of Burgomaster Stüssi came to the front in a quarrel between Zurich and Schwyz in 1436. The Confederation supported Schwyz; Stüssi called in the aid of Austria and (ultimately) France. Stüssi fell, wielding his gigantic axe, in defence of the town, but the Swiss were badly defeated by the Armagnacs of Charles VII in the battle of St. Jacques on the Birs (1444, p. 18), 1300 out of 1500 being left dead on the field. Both sides had had enough of fighting. Peace was concluded two years later, Zurich renouncing the Austrian alliance and retaining most of the Toggenburg territory for which she had fought. The last and greatest of the three burgomasters was Hans Waldmann, who was "endowed with all the craft of Brun, all the overbearing

vehemence of Stüssi, and all the masterfulness of both; endowed, moreover, with a personal charm and fascination that neither of the others had possessed" (C. F. Cameron). We first hear of him as leader of the Zurich contingent at the glorious victory of Morat in 1476. Becoming burgomaster of Zurich in 1481, he set himself to secure full power for the Guilds. His government was enlightened but drastic. Some of his reforms roused the peasantry of the canton against him, and their combination with the Patricians led to his arrest and execution. As he fearlessly approached the block, he exclaimed: "Oh, Zurich, Zurich, my beloved town, you know not this day what you do!" Most of the radical changes he desired in the constitution were quietly accepted a few years later. Along with these three outstanding mayors may be mentioned Burgomaster Schmid, from whom, as representative of his "dear Fathers", the Confederates, Duke Maximilian Sforza in 1512 received the key of Milan, as symbol of sovereignty; and Burgomaster Röist, who stood loyally by Zwingli.

The greatest name in Zurich history—perhaps the only one that Macaulay's schoolboy would inevitably have to know—is that of Huldreich or Ulrich Zwingli, the Reformer. For he was just as much the author of the Reformation in Switzerland as Luther (his senior by seven weeks) was in Germany. Born at Wildhaus, in the canton of St. Gall (where his house still stands), educated at Bâle, Berne, and Vienna, parish priest for ten years at Glarus and then at Einsiedeln, it was not till his thirty-fifth year (1518) that his career became linked up with Zurich in his appointment as people's priest at the Great Minster. His quiet years at Einsiedeln had prepared him (long before he had ever heard of Luther) for a break with Rome, and the sermons he preached at Zurich were of an eminently Protestant character. Few Reformers since the days of the great martyrs had such a picturesque and stormy career. Devoted to learning, and one of the few northerners who knew Greek, he "was at once a priest

of the Muses and a priest of Christ". He was also definitely a Swiss patriot and republican. The effect of his Zurich sermons was immediate and far-reaching. In 1522 the storm broke on his head over the subject of fasting, and in the same year he married. The Pope and the Confederation were against him, but the Great Council of Zurich sided with their preacher. The transition to the new faith, under his leadership, was effected in a moderate and seemly fashion. There was nothing to correspond with the rigid fanaticism of Calvin. Superstitious images were destroyed, but stained-glass windows and other inoffensive work of art were protected. The Mass gave way to the Lord's Supper, first celebrated, with Zwingli's simple liturgy, in April, 1525. Zurich emerged as definitely a Protestant canton. The Princess-Abbess of Fraumünster resigned her dignities and privileges. The town became one of the intellectual centres of Switzerland. The Zurich Bible appeared from the press of Froschauer in 1531, three years ahead of that of Luther. Zwingli was the real ruler of the State, functioning, as his antagonists mocked, as town pastor, town burgomaster, town councillor, and town secretary—a veritable Swiss Pooh-Bah of the sixteenth century. A little later came the dispute between Zwingli and Luther on the subject of the Eucharist (Zwingli holding the more advanced opinion). The Protestant party was broken into two camps. The opposition of the Catholic forest cantons also waxed keen, and in 1531 it came to civil war between them on the one side and Zurich and Berne on the other. On 11 October was fought the disastrous battle of Kappel, in which the Protestants were defeated and Zwingli himself, fighting like a mediæval bishop in their ranks, was slain. A roughly squared boulder, near the Hausen road, marks the spot and bears the inscription: "They may kill the body, but not the soul; so spoke on this spot Ulrich Zwingli, who for truth and the freedom of the Christian Church died a hero's death, 11 October, 1531". The final

result of the war was an agreement by which the opposing cantons left each other free to follow their own faith.

Zwingli's successor was Heinrich Bullinger, best known to Englishmen as the correspondent of Lady Jane Grey, whose regard for him was so great that she remembered him even on the scaffold. Three of her Latin letters to him, signed "Johanna Grau" and not wholly free from lapses in grammar, are preserved in the Zurich Public Library. As Beza was to Calvin, so was Bullinger to Zwingli: in each case the work was carried on by a leader of a gentler and less militant type. At this period Zurich was a haven of refuge to many English Protestants. A fine tankard sent by Queen Elizabeth to Bullinger in recognition of this hospitality may be seen in the Swiss National Museum, side by side with a cup that belonged to Zwingli.

Zurich, as the focus of the literary life of Alemannic Switzerland (especially in the eighteenth century), forms the natural pendant of Geneva in La Suisse Romande. But Zurich has had no Rousseau to link it up with European letters in general; and though such names as Pestalozzi, Lavater, and Gottfried Keller are by no means unfamiliar outside Switzerland, the fact remains that for the ordinary British or American visitor the authors of Zurich form a coterie known rather as an episode in literary history than as an integral part of their own culture.

Conrad Gesner (1516–65), sometimes called the "Swiss Pliny", is little more than a name to us; and it is now difficult to understand why the pastorals of Salomon Gessner (1730–88) should have been reproduced in practically all the languages of Europe. We may have heard of Bodmer and Breitinger, the eighteenth-century "Dioscuri of Zurich", who were great admirers of Shakespeare and Milton and are acknowledged as pioneers of the new German literature typified by Lessing, Klopstock, and Wieland. It is more likely that we have come across

"Der Grüne Heinrich" or the "Zurich Tales" of Gottfried Keller, perhaps the most characteristically Swiss poet and novelist of the nineteenth century; and if so, we have enjoyed an unusual feast of mingled humour, imagination, realism, and pathos. Keller has an important position also in the history of German literature in general.

The name of John Caspar Lavater is best known by his beautifully illustrated but somewhat rhapsodical volumes on physiognomy, which make us think of him as a sort of Swiss George Combe. But this, after all, was really a by-product of his genius, and the real story of his life was that of the eloquent city pastor, religious poet, mystic writer, antagonist of rationalism, and spiritual adviser of earnest souls throughout the German-speaking world. Perhaps nothing in Lavater's life became him more than the leaving of it, for it was in trying to mediate between the French victors and the citizens in 1799 that he was shot by a French grenadier. Lavater refused to identify the soldier who killed him, and lingered in great pain for more than a year before he died. The wayfarer in Zurich, therefore, may fitly devote a minute or two to the memorial affixed to the wall of the old church of St. Peter, near the scene of his death.

A more solid and still-functioning reputation is that of Johann Heinrich Pestalozzi, the "international" educationist; and the Pestalozzianum of Zurich, containing interesting educational collections and relics, must be a real pilgrim's shrine to thousands of school-teachers from all parts of the world. Most of his actual teaching, however, was done, not at Zurich, but in Stans, Burgdorf, and Yverdon (p. 93). Talleyrand, Mme de Staël, Capo d'Istria, Humboldt, Fichte, and many other notabilities were among his admirers, several of them making personal visits to him and his schools. Through Fröbel, the most famous of his disciples, Pestalozzi became the grandfather of the Kindergarten.

Conrad Ferdinand Meyer, poet and novelist, who told

the story of Jürg Jenatsch (p. 163), is another Zurich man with a wide reputation; and though J. G. Ebel was a Swiss and a "Tigurine" by adoption only, yet, as the author of the first real Swiss guidebook (1793), he deserves honourable mention here.

Zurich is also one of the best places to study Swiss art. The Kunsthaus here contains no fewer than eighty examples of Ferdinand Hodler, whose work, out of respect for nativity, has been more fully dealt with under Berne. At Zurich he is seen in all his phases: large cartoons ("Unanimity", "Battles of Morat and Marignano", "Chairing the Champion Wrestler", "The Day", etc.), single figures of warriors and other types, portraits (including three of himself), and Alpine and other landscapes (some of compelling truth and charm).[1] Arnold Böcklin, who (for a like reason) plays his chief rôle at Bâle (p. 16), is represented here by such important canvases as "Spring", "War", "The Arbour", and "Venus Genetrix", as well as by several portraits. Albert Welti (1862–1912), a native of Zurich and pupil of Böcklin, painted in the same fantastic style as his master, and many good examples of his skill (e.g. the not too intelligible "Miser") may be seen in the Zurich Gallery. His etchings, full of a sarcastic humour, are especially noteworthy.

As Heinrich Füssli of Zurich (1741–1825) became Henry Fuseli of London, where he was in his day considered second only to Reynolds and West, we must spare a glance for the half-dozen of his works shown in his native city. His day seems past, and no great effort is made in England to exhibit such of his canvases as our national galleries possess; but he remains an interesting link between Britain and Switzerland. His painting of the "Oath of the Confederation" in the Town Hall of Zurich excited the admiration of Goethe.

[1] Sixty of Hodler's pictures here are admirably reproduced in "Hodler in Zürich," by Dr. W. Wartmann, Director of the Art Gallery of Zurich.

Other painters represented at Zurich include Hans Asper, who painted the best known portrait of Zwingli; Albrecht Anker, the sympathetic illustrator of Gotthelf's village tales; Max Buri, notable for his peasant genre-scenes; Ludwig Hess, of Zurich, a prolific landscape painter of the late eighteenth century; Rudolf Koller, another very prolific Zurich master; Auguste Baud-Bovy, called by Puvis de Chavannes "the precentor of the mountain-land"; and Cuno Amiet, a clever modern master whose acquaintance we have already made at Berne.

The higher education of Zurich is generally dated back to the Carolinum, or chapter school of the Fraumünster. After the reorganization of this by Zwingli, Thomas Coryat wrote of it (1611) that in his "poore opinion, it hath bred more singular learned writers than any one of the famous Vniversities of all Christendome", but he adds that Oxford and Cambridge "do yield" just as good scholars as the "Tigurines", though not so many. The Carolinum was absorbed in the Cantonal University, created in 1832; and this has gone on to become the largest University in Switzerland, with 2000 students. Of fully equal importance is the Polytechnic School, opened in 1855 and intended as the germ of a Swiss Federal University. It has 2500 students and valuable scientific collections. The Polytechnic building is a good example of Gottfried Semper's work, and the new University (1914) is likewise imposing. Both institutions attract large numbers of foreign students.

The Swiss National Museum, a large castellated building intended to illustrate the various styles of Swiss architecture and perhaps as unsatisfactory as such pastiches usually are, contains a collection of the highest interest for any student of the historical and cultural development of Switzerland. An enumeration of the contents is the work of the guidebook, but we may at least call attention to the reproductions of Swiss domestic

ZURICH MINSTER

interiors, the church furniture, the costumes, and the objects recalling the early days of Anglo-Saxon friendship. A curious item is the uniforms of the British-Swiss Legion raised in 1855 to garrison Dover, Shorncliffe, and Aldershot.

The picturesque quays on the Limmat, many quaint houses of the fourteenth to sixteenth centuries, the bridges, and the Lindenhof, or mound of the earliest settlement, combine to give us an attractive insight into old Zurich. The chief church is the Romanesque Gross-Münster, or Cathedral, with its fifteenth-century towers ; it is dedicated to the third-century Christian missionaries, SS. Felix, Exuperantius, and Regula, martyred on the Limmat and buried in one of the chapels. Close by is the house of its brave pastor, Zwingli. The Frau-Münster, or abbey-church, is of almost as great historic interest, but has been much modernized. The Bahnhof-Strasse (the Regent Street of Zurich), beginning at the railway station, is one of the most satisfactory modern business thoroughfares in Europe. Both in the adaptation of old Swiss styles and the use of the most modern ideas, the architects have shown an elasticity, a restraint, and a sense of fitness which merit high praise.

Visitors who will take the trouble to make the easy ascents of the Zürichberg or (better) the somewhat higher Uetliberg will probably admit that they have never enjoyed a fairer city view, whether by day or at night.

The Lake of Zurich makes no pretension to grandeur, but Goethe found that its shores gave " a charming and ideal conception of the finest and highest civilization " ; and if we pass it over here with few words, it is simply because the beauties of Switzerland are so numerous that some have to be " scamped ". Visitors, however, who can overlook the fact that the Albishorn, the highest mountain in the canton, is no taller than Helvellyn, will find much and varied interest in such points as Meilen (with a monument to Lorenz Oken, Goethe's naturalist friend, who lived here when professor at Zurich) ; Rap-

perswil, with the Habsburg castle and Polish museum; and the isle of Ufenau, refuge and last home of Ulrich von Hutten. Rapperswil claims to possess the heart of Kosciuszko, whose entrails are buried near Soleure (p. 20), where he died, while his third and best-filled grave is in the cathedral of Cracow. The practical Archdeacon Coxe was much impressed by the excellent agriculture of Zurich canton, and in particular recommended English farmers to adopt the Swiss light ox-harness instead of the heavy and galling yoke.

XIV

SCHAFFHAUSEN, ST. GALL, AND APPENZELL

ONE of the seven wonders of Switzerland is the Falls of the Rhine, where the width of the river, the volume and force of the water, and the beauty of the setting combine to make an ineffaceable impression. The height of the direct falls, divided into two sections by a pillar of rock, is only 50 to 60 feet, but the great width (nearly 400 feet) more than makes up for this. The moonlight and spray-rainbow effects are magical. Some of the view-points bring us within a yard or so of the stupendous mass of water; and, foolhardy as it may look, it is perfectly safe to take boat and land on the rocky buttress in the very middle of the whirl. The falls are sometimes known as Laufen, a name borne also by the picturesque castle on the bank above. They are close to the German frontier, and the adjacent little towns of Schaffhausen and Neuhausen are served by both the Baden and Swiss railways. The latter actually adjoins the falls, but most travellers visit them by the short tramway from the more interesting Schaffhausen.

Schaffhausen and its little canton have the distinction of being practically the only part of Switzerland that lies to the north of the Rhine. Originally subject to a monastery and afterwards a Free City of the Empire, it joined the Swiss Confederation in 1501 for the sake of protection against the encroaching power of the Habsburgs. Its prosperity rests on the horse-power of the falls. Its interest to visitors includes some unusually quaint and

elaborately decorated old houses; the Munot, a characteristic fastness of the sixteenth century; the possession, in the cathedral tower, of the bell whose motto ("Vivos voco, mortuos plango, fulgura frango") inspired Schiller and Longfellow; and the home of Johannes von Müller, the Swiss historian to whom we mainly owe the vogue of the William Tell story. The Evacuation Monument, presented by France in 1922, is a grateful memorial of Swiss help to many unfortunate mortals in the recent war. And we may like to remember that it was at Schaffhausen that John Ruskin, then a mere boy, first saw the Alps—"infinitely beyond all that we had ever thought or dreamed—the seen walls of lost Eden could not have been more beautiful to us; not more awful, round Heaven, the walls of sacred Death".

Schaffhausen, the canton, stretches practically to the west end of Lake Constance or the Bodensee, which lies at the north-eastern extremity of the great upland plain diagonalizing Switzerland from the Lake of Geneva. As the Lake of Geneva is half French, so the Bodensee is half (indeed more than half) German—a divided allegiance that gives a much congested book a welcome excuse for summary treatment. The frontier cuts across the lake, leaving the larger fraction of the bank and by far the most important town (Constance) to Germany and Austria. Switzerland claims Romanshorn, the gate to South Germany; the wine-rich Rorschach; and the ancient walled town of Arbon. The charming little town of Stein-am-Rhein, if not actually on the lake, is so near its west outlet that we may throw it in for good measure. Lovers of painted façades, overhanging balconies, stained glass, wood-carving, and the like should not miss Stein, if their trajectory passes anywhere near it. One of the inns shows a pelican in her piety feeding her young with her blood, and an inscription indicating that guests will be treated with equal (but not identical) lavishness. Of these places Stein is in Schaffhausen, and Romanshorn and Arbon are

in the fertile but relatively uninteresting canton of Thurgau (Thurgovia), the history of which has been largely bound up with that of Constance. Rorschach is in the industrial canton of St. Gall or St. Gallen, which touches the south-east bank of the lake and wriggles down, enclosing the canton of Appenzell, all the way to the Grisons. It takes its name from the seventh-century Irish missionary, St. Gallus or St. Gall, and its history clusters round the Benedictine abbey founded by his followers. The abbots became Princes of the Empire. The town became a Free Imperial City in 1281. Later the citizens managed to share some of the abbot's privileges, and in 1454 St. Gall joined the Swiss Confederation. But it was not till 1798 that the abbot was finally deprived of his temporal rights.

The city of St. Gall, ranking with its 70,000 inhabitants as the fifth in Switzerland, was formerly famous for its linen manufactures and is now the centre of the cotton trade of East Switzerland. Its muslin, laces, and embroideries (in which Nottingham and Plauen are its only rivals) are well-known and largely exported; and its industrial museum contains historical collections of these products that cannot fail to interest their wearers. The lace is made mainly in the environs, but machinery has largely dispossessed lace-making by hand. The making of lace and embroidery at present heads the list of Swiss industries.

The independence achieved by the town at the expense of the abbey extends to its religion, for most of the townsmen are Protestants, though the canton as a whole is in the Roman Catholic camp. The cathedral, formerly the abbey church, is a large rococo edifice, with a most elaborately decorated interior, producing an effect of great sumptuosity. The heavenly hosts are represented in these decorations by no fewer than 2700 " putti ", which, carved or painted, preside over the services.

The conventual buildings are late and of no great interest in themselves, but they contain the real magnet

of St. Gall (for all except lace-wearers) in the shape of one of the oldest and most notable libraries in Europe. Here are a copy of Virgil of the eighth century; Notker's German Psalter of the tenth century; the famous Gospels of Sintram (ninth or tenth century), in their beautiful ivory covers; an important Erse MS. of the eighth century; a celebrated MS. of the Niebelungenlied (thirteenth century); and a wonderful plan of the abbey (early ninth century), said to be the oldest architectural plan in existence. Archdeacon Coxe gloats over the thirteen tall folios, containing manuscript letters of the early German and Swiss Reformers, including one from Luther to Melanchthon that ends, "Pestis eram vivus, moriens ero mors tua, Papa". To the learned monks of St. Gall we owe also the preservation of valuable MSS. of Quintilian, Cicero, and other classical authors. If the visitor is lucky enough to have the personal guidance of Monsignore Fäh, the presiding genius of this scholar's paradise, he will not easily forget the experience.

In the Old Museum, among other noteworthy contents, is a room devoted to recent Swiss painters, among which are a few examples of Sebastian Oesch, a native of St. Gall who died while yet in the twenties. Not much, I think, has been written or said about this youthful artist, but I hope those who see these little works for themselves will believe that there is unusual promise in them. The scenes of Appenzell life by Rittmeister are at least of topical interest. In the New Museum are reconstructed rooms from the patrician dwellings of St. Gall.

The chief local worthy of St. Gall is the Reformer, Joachim von Watt, surnamed Vadianus. Watt became Rector of the University of Vienna, and was crowned as Poeta Laureatus by the Emperor Maximilian; but he gave up his brilliant Austrian career and returned to his native town, where he became burgomaster as well as religious leader. It was through him, effectively aided by Zwingli, that the town became Protestant.

LANDESGEMEINDE AT TROGEN
(OPEN-AIR PARLIAMENT)

Appenzell, one of the most interesting cantons in Switzerland, is completely surrounded by the territory of St. Gall. Picturesque, well-watered, and varied in its contours—"a continual series of hills and dales, valleys and mountains, the tops of which are crowned with the most luxuriant pastures"—it culminates in the Säntis, a rocky outpost of the Alps, over 8000 feet in height and topped by a meteorological observatory which does most important scientific work. Its name (Abtszelle, Abbatis Cella) commemorates its original dependence on the abbot of St. Gall. No other considerable district in the country comes so near the romantic Switzerland of our dreams. The shrewd, frank, and quick-witted natives have retained much of their primitive simplicity in customs and manners, and their local costumes—the men in yellow breeches and scarlet waistcoats, the women on occasion even more brilliant—are still sometimes met with in daily life as well as on fête-days. The canton is divided into the Protestant Ausser-Rhoden and the Catholic Inner-Rhoden [1]; and the annual Landsgemeinden, or Assemblies attended by all male citizens, with swords girt on thigh (and often with an umbrella as well), are held alternately at Trogen and Appenzell, two very neat and prosperous-looking little towns.

Appenzell took its full share in the conflicts for Swiss independence; and the most glorious event in her history is the battle of the Stoss Pass (1405), where 400 barefooted peasants annihilated an Austrian army. Uli Rotach, the special hero of this occasion, is commemorated on the façade of the town hall of Appenzell.

[1] *Rhoden* is said to mean "Clearings."

XV

VULCAN AND MÆCENAS IN WINTERTHUR

LESS than 20 miles north-east of Zurich, pleasantly situated on a small river and surrounded by green and wooded hills, lies the busy and prosperous town of Winterthur, the present representative of the Roman settlement of Vitodurum. It is a small town as towns go, with less than 30,000 souls in Winterthur proper and hardly more than 50,000 in what we may call "Greater Winterthur"; but its importance and interest are out of all proportion to its size. Like other small manufacturing towns and villages in this part of Switzerland, it is notably neat and clean looking, offering a striking contrast to the grimy homes of British industry. This, no doubt, is partly due to the nature of the goods made and partly to the use of "white coal"; but neither of these factors is specially in evidence at Winterthur; and I suspect the real reason is due to something in the character of the Swiss working man.

Winterthur was practically refounded in the eleventh century by the Counts of Kyburg, whose picturesque ancestral château still stands a short way off; and through them it passed into the possession of the Habsburgs, of whom it remained a most loyal supporter, until the inexorable trend of history compelled it, in 1467, to throw in its lot with Zurich. The last Emperor of Austria still retained the style of Count Kyburg among his titles.

Probably nine out of ten foreigners who know the name of Winterthur at all know it on account of the huge engine works of Messrs. Sulzer Brothers, the products of which

are familiar wherever high-grade machinery is used. Just why one of the greatest engine works in the world—competing successfully with the most ingenious and elaborate creations of Great Britain or the United States, France or Germany—should have sprung up in a district devoid of coal and iron and not especially rich in water power, is one of those problems that drive us back on the conclusion that the moral and psychological factors have more influence on the development of a people than their material circumstances. Perhaps the marvellous exploits of Swiss engineers may be ascribed to the singularly tough problems that nature set before them, just as it has been plausibly alleged that the supremacy of American dentistry is due to the fact that the dietetic habits of the Americans made their teeth the worst in the world.

However that may be, we have the Sulzer Works of Winterthur, employing six thousand men, supplying the world with Diesel oil engines, locomotives, marine engines, submarine engines, drop valve engines, steam turbines, steam boilers, machinery for electric power stations, centrifugal mining and other pumps, hydraulic power plant, ventilating apparatus, refrigerating machinery, heating apparatus, and Heaven only knows what beside—*and* importing all its raw materials from foreign countries! A very recent achievement is the construction of a submarine engine of 7000 H.P.—more than twice as great as any hitherto produced. The traveller has to thank Sulzer for his transport when he sails from Geneva to Vevey, for his ventilation when he burrows through the Simplon, for his drinking-water at Osaka, for his warmth at hotels in St. Moritz, Matlock, and Paris. A visit to these astounding works is a thrilling experience even for a mechanical ignoramus like myself; but the layman may mingle his naïve admiration of the power and ingenuity of the mechanical processes with a hasty appreciation of the arrangements for the comfort and convenience of the workers and an equally hasty attempt

to sum up the qualities of the workmen themselves. His conclusions will certainly not be inimical to the belief that the human element counts enormously in this panorama of machinery. And he will easily understand why the firm stands for quality rather than cheapness. Nor will he be over-surprised to learn that Sulzers often gain a contract where their estimates are 25 to 30 per cent higher than that of their nearest competitor.

Fully 80 per cent of the Sulzer productions are made for export. Just at present Japan is, perhaps, their best customer; but the huge packing department shows cases addressed to most of the countries of Europe, to many States of South America, and even to the land of the ingenious and inventive Yankee.

In the Swiss Locomotive Works, adjoining Sulzer's, are built all the steam and electric locomotives of Switzerland, besides many for the British Dominions and other foreign countries. The other industries of Winterthur include the weaving of silk and cambric, and the spinning, printing, dyeing, and bleaching of cotton. Its faience, well known in the seventeenth to eighteenth centuries, is no longer made. The town, moreover, is of considerable commercial significance, being a busy railway junction and containing several export houses with an international business of first-class importance. It is thus a town of very notable wealth; and among the most striking evidences of this are the public institutions due to the liberality of the local Mæcenases. The present form of the Museum and Picture Gallery, an edifice that would do credit to a town ten times the size of Winterthur, was rendered possible mainly by the munificence of Dr. Imhoof and Mr. Theodore Reinhart. The permanent collection of the museum is owned by the Kunstverein or Art Society of Winterthur; but the Reinhart Rooms contain the collection of Mr. Reinhart, lent by his sons, who have inherited the artistic taste and public spirit of their father. Two of them possess interesting private collections, and

all have fostered the musical and literary development of the town and the physical well-being of its citizens. And this is only one family in a long list of generous benefactors.

Among the most valuable pictures in the Museum are several examples of Ferdinand Hodler (p. 31), including "Der Lebensmüde" (The Weary of Life), the "Blick ins Unendliche" (Glimpse of the Infinite), landscapes, and portraits. A special room contains twenty-four works of Anton Graff (1736–1813), a portraitist born at Winterthur and long court-painter in Dresden, where many of the most eminent personages of his time sat for him. Visitors will also find much interest in the examples of Hans Brühlmann, the painter of the Toggenburg, who died prematurely. His leading works are the frescoes at Pfullingen (Würtemberg) and Stuttgart, but the paintings at Winterthur are enough to give an idea of the promise and originality of this young artist.

Other interesting Swiss artists represented are Alexandre Blanchet of Geneva, one of the outstanding personalities of the modern Swiss school, notable for the curious mosaic-like effect of his technique; Karl Hofer, a modernist of indisputable cleverness; Felix Vallotton of Lausanne, "whose angular, precise contours and definite colour patterns relate him to the primitives, and have won him the nickname of the Cabanel of the Salon d'Automne" (W. G. Constable); and Hermann Haller, of Berne, probably the best Swiss sculptor now alive. The modern French school also is copiously represented.

In the old-fashioned Markt-Gasse is a charming old Patrician dwelling known for centuries as the *Haus zur Geduld*, or House of Patience—though I was proffered no legendary or historical explanation of this quaint name. The house has been delightfully fitted up for a social club, which has adopted the old name. The stranger who is fortunate enough to cross its threshold will, I am sure, find in the prevailing atmosphere some clue to the causes that have made of Winterthur a little Swiss Athens.

XVI

A SMALL BUT STURDY CANTON

THE next neighbour to the Forest Cantons on the east is the canton of Glarus, which joined their Confederation at an early date (1352), though at first, owing mainly to its exposure to attacks from Austria, both its rights and its obligations were somewhat limited. This small canton (only 267 square miles in area) has often been called a microcosm of Switzerland; and its people (30,000 to 35,000 in number) possess the characteristic Swiss virtues in high measure. It is predominantly a land of mountains, clustered round the relatively level valley of the Linth. One of its mountains, the Tödi, is the highest in Northern Switzerland (11,887 feet). It contains many fine mountain lakes and waterfalls; and it has more than a normal supply of glaciers. It contributes its due share (Elm, Stachelberg, etc.) to Switzerland's wealth of excellent mineral spas. With little room for the plough, it is mainly a pastoral district. Since the eighteenth century its output of printed cottons, chintzes, and so on has been notable (especially for export to the Orient). Its slate quarries are also important. Glarus led the way in Switzerland in legislation for working-class insurance. Its inhabitants represent both the chief faiths of Switzerland, though the Protestants outnumber the Catholics in the proportion of three to one. Epicures who have never heard of Glarus may yet have made the acquaintance of its "Schabzieger", a skim-milk cheese, owing its peculiar colour and flavour

GLARUS AND THE GLÄRNISCH

to a powder made from the blue melilot (Melilotus Cærulea).

Coming to the town of Glarus from Zurich, we pass near the Walensee, or Lake of Wallenstadt (9 miles long), a model lake in its definiteness of outline and singleness of character. Like one of our own tarns, it lies actually in the lap of the mountains, the shores affording room for a few hamlets only. But above the precipitous walls, 2000 to 3000 feet in height, are extensive pastures and populous villages. The impressive shapes of the "Seven Electors" and other encircling mountains are due to the remarkable contortions and "double-folding" which geologists tell us are characteristic of the whole canton.

A little farther on lies Näfels, the scene of yet another of those incredibly gallant and incredibly successful battles, in which a handful of Swiss (mainly men of Glarus) got the better of a large Austrian army. This took place in 1388, and not only settled once for all the position of Glarus, but led directly to Habsburg recognition of the Confederation's independence of Austrian domination (1394). The victory is still celebrated annually on the first Sunday in April ("die Fahrt"). The finely formed mountain towering over Näfels and the Obersee is the Brünnelistock. Visitors should not overlook the fact that, in the Freuler House, Näfels possesses one of the finest Renaissance buildings in Switzerland.

Glarus or Glaris, the small capital of the canton, lies within a ring of close-encircling mountains. The most prominent of these is the Vorder-Glärnisch, which, though under 8000 feet high, need fear no rival in the indescribable force of its personality. Of extraordinarily distinct profile, it seems to rise directly out of the town itself, especially at twilight—perpendicular, menacing, inhibiting. As we look straight at it, it might be the only mountain within a thousand miles. The impression of its majesty, at once solid and ethereal, remains one of my deepest and clearest Swiss reminiscences.

Old Glarus was unfortunately burned down in 1861 in a conflagration set agoing by the wild Föhn wind sweeping through the funnel of the Linth valley. Most of its buildings are thus modern and uninteresting. The church is amicably used by Protestants and Romanists alike. Zwingli was curé here for ten years (his first parish), and his successor, Valentine Tschudi, was accommodating enough to celebrate mass in the morning and preach to the Protestants in the afternoon. His name reminds us of Ægidius or Giles Tschudi, the "father of Swiss history", who, like the priest, was a member of the chief family of the canton, still continuing its dignified existence. In 1718 Burckhardt Tschudi, a cadet of the family and maker of harpsichords, settled in London, becoming, through his son-in-law and partner John Broadwood, the founder of one of the best-known business firms in England. In amusing contrast to the just-mentioned amity is the fact that the Protestants did not accept the Gregorian Calendar till 1798, and the canton long rejoiced in a Roman Catholic and a Protestant postal service. The Landesgemeinde, or open-air parliament of the canton, meets on the first Sunday in May in the main square.

If the space here devoted to Glarus seems disproportionately long, it is because it seems to be far too little known to English and American travellers. Of the many lovely and easy excursions that may be made from it, perhaps the best is the walk of 4 or 5 miles to the Klöntaler-See, an exquisite sapphire-blue lakelet below the cliffs of the Glärnisch. If the weekly target practice is going on during this walk, we shall have the curious experience of hearing each rifle-shot multiplied into a rolling volley by the mountain echoes—a reminder of the fact that the Glarner are among the best marksmen in Switzerland.

The proper way to leave Glarus is to go up the valley, with its graceful red spires, to the popular little resort of Linthal, and there mount the postal motor diligence that

runs through the incomparable Klausen Pass to Altdorf. Between Glarus and Linthal the most prominent feature of the view is the overwhelming snow-massif of the Tödi, the monarch of this part of the Alps, looking for all the world (if the base comparison is allowable) like the roof of a gigantic snow-covered barn or railway terminus. It is the source of the Linth and is visible from Zurich, where that river (renamed Limmat) ends. The earliest explorations of it were, however, made on the Grisons side, chiefly by Father Placidus à Spescha, the Benedictine monk of Disentis ; and the summit was first scaled in 1824 by two chamois hunters, equipped and instructed by him. For he himself, though he had other first ascents to his credit, was prevented, like Moses, from entering the promised land.

Near Linthal are the baths of Stachelberg, with a useful cold alkaline and sulphur spring. The steepest cable-railway in Switzerland (maximum gradient nearly 2 in 3) ascends to Braunwald, on a maple-studded terrace, with a view corresponding to its lofty and open situation. The indispensable excursion from Linthal is that to the Panten-Brücke, a stone bridge of 20 feet span, thrown across the ravine of the Linth, at a height of 140 feet above the river. The chalybeate baths of Elm (famous for the terrible landslide of 1881) are about 10 miles away.

Beyond Linthal the route lies through the rich pastures of the Urnerboden, where the hats and whiskers of the peasants somehow reminded me of dissenting ministers. On the right our motor diligence is accompanied nearly all the way to Urnerboden by a gigantic range of battlemented crags, forming the scarp of the Jägernstöcke and Marienberge. At Urnerboden travellers coming in the other direction are said to have an opportunity of sampling the best cooking in the canton. Here the snow-capped Gemsfayrenstock is conspicuous to the left. A series of portentous wriggles brings us hence to the top of the Klausen Pass (6400 feet), which is marked by a curiously

fantastic mass of rock. On the other side the road descends, with many windings, through the only less beautiful Schächental, passing Balm, Urigen, Unterschächen, Spiringen, and Bürglen (p. 108). The inhabitants of the Schächen valley are said to be the finest specimens of Swiss physique, and I saw no reason to doubt it.

At Altdorf (described at p. 108) we have the only unpleasant moment of the trip, for we are dumped at the post office, half a mile to a mile from hotel or railway station, with no visible means of transporting suit-cases except our own strong right arm.

KLAUSEN PASS FROM THE AIR

XVII

ITALIAN SWITZERLAND

IT is relatively hard to fit the threshold region of Ticino and the Italian districts of the Grisons into the picture called up by the word "Switzerland." Switzerland is the country of the Alps; Italian Switzerland is beyond the Alps. The Italian-speaking Swiss furnish only about one-fifteenth of the population of Switzerland. Except for the language, there seems no very big chasm between Geneva and its lake on the one hand and Zurich and its lake on the other. But everything is different when once we have crossed the Alps; language, religion, physical features, vegetation, manners. We cannot help feeling that we are now in the country of the *Italian* lakes, even though half of the Lake of Lugano and one-fifth of the Lago Maggiore belong to Switzerland. But we may, incidentally, note (as M. de Reynold reminds us) that Ticino and San Marino are the only two Italian-speaking republics in Europe, to carry on the traditions of Venice, Florence, and Pisa.

History to some extent emphasizes the distinction. It is true that the Grisons and Ticino have been involved with Switzerland for the last 400 years. But the Grisons was an ally rather than a part of Switzerland until it was formally incorporated in the Swiss Confederation in 1803; and the peasant population of the Ticino districts, which contained no important towns, played a very subordinate and passive rôle under the bailiffs of the Forest Cantons.

These seem to me pretty good reasons for making this chapter a short one. But there is another. I have not as much direct personal acquaintance with Italian Switzerland as with Alemannic Switzerland and La Suisse Romande.

The three main routes leading from the north to Italian Switzerland are the Simplon, the St. Gotthard, and the Bernina Railway. As the first of these quits Switzerland in the middle of the tunnel and offers merely cross-road facilities for getting into Switzerland again, it need not detain us here. The Bernina Railway, bringing us to Poschiavo and the Valtellina, is described in Chapter XVIII. There remains the St. Gotthard route, which we have already followed piecemeal as far as Göschenen (see pp. 118, 197).

At Göschenen our train enters the St. Gotthard tunnel, the nine miles of which made it the longest tunnel in the world until eclipsed by the Simplon. We are now simply passengers to a predetermined terminus and are not worrying about the wonderful series of views we are burrowing under. At the other end of the tunnel we emerge in the Ticino, the greatest wine-producing district in Switzerland and the only canton where Italian alone is spoken. The first station here is Airolo, in the Val Leventina, or upper valley of the Ticino, a pleasant resort which has many enthusiastic Italian and other frequenters. Thence we are whirled down the deep-cut valley in daring curves and spiral tunnels, passing many attractive little places, which invite to pause and exploration. Waterfalls streak the cliffs on either side. As a whole, however, the scenery retains much of the bleak northern character; we are not yet in sunny Italy.

Hurried as we are, we must stop a little at Bellinzona. In fact, if our destination is Lugano, and not Italy, we probably have to change here in any case. The first thing to catch our eye is the three old castles; and it is interesting to learn that they were the seat of the Bailiffs of Uri, Schwyz, and Unterwalden, when these cantons

LUGANO

exercised a condominium over the lower Ticino valley. They were, however, originally built for the Duke of Milan and remind us that Bellinzona is the key to the passes of the St. Gotthard, the Lukmanier, and San Bernardino.

The train for Lugano now leaves the Ticino valley, crosses the watershed by the long Monte Ceneri tunnel, and descends through the Val d'Agno. On emerging from our compartment, we find ourselves on a terrace at the back of the town, commanding one of those striking "first" views that make an ineffaceable impression. More than most, the exquisite outline of the Bay of Lugano justifies the hackneyed comparison to the Bay of Naples; and, even if we arrive after dark, the effect of the semicircle of outlining lamps is magical, intensified by the rows of light running up the steep faces of the twin guardians, Monte Brè and San Salvatore, looking like new and vertical constellations against the blended blackness of mountain and sky. And the night view has the merit of shrouding all the philistine incongruities that the front of poor, patient, picturesque Italianate Lugano, like all similar popular watering-places, has to put up with. Most conspicuous of these, perhaps, is the way in which the little church of Santa Maria degli Angeli is smothered by its huge brick and plaster neighbours—a case almost worse than that of Trinity Church in Broadway. For Santa Maria enshrines some of the most charming work of Luini, that poetic, serene, and joyous painter whom Ruskin (with characteristic hyperbole) described as "ten times greater than Leonardo". Luini was born somewhere in this region of lake and mountain, but the exact spot is uncertain. The wall between nave and choir is covered with a huge fresco of the Crucifixion. To the left is the Last Supper. In a chapel on the right is a Madonna, than which (in Dr. Williamson's words) Luini "never painted anything more exquisite and refined in its beauty, more lovely in expression". Lugano possesses at least one other gem of

art in the time-yellowed Lombardo-Venetian façade of the Duomo, one of the most satisfying examples of early Renaissance decoration known to us.

Of the views from Monte Brè and San Salvatore, the mountain-pillars at either end of the bay, the only possible word even suggestive of depreciation is that a still more extensive panorama of the same order may be obtained by making a very short railway trip and ascending Monte Generoso. The morning view of Monte Rosa from Monte Brè, when our own standpoint is still in darkness, is exquisite, and emphatically justifies the popular interpretation of the name (which authorities tell us is etymologically all wrong). The Parco Civico is another charming feature of Lugano, whether or not we are carried away by the pathetic symbolism of Vela's "La Desolazione". A monument more interesting to some visitors will be that to George Washington, on the quay.

Lugano raises a problem which different classes of travellers must decide in their own way. Switzerland to the north of the Alps is eminent for efficiency, honesty, and cleanliness, tempered perhaps by a little "dourness". In Italian Switzerland we at once note the charm, the geniality, the animated gestures, the more musical voice, the more classic beauty. We shall probably reap more smiles at Lugano in a couple of days than we have garnered in the north in a month of Sundays; but we shall have to accept as incast a soupçon of dirt, a certain irresponsibility, some faultiness in the waiter's arithmetic, and a tendency to overcharge in the ingratiating cabman.

The Lake of Lugano, Lord Avebury tells us, "owes its complex form to the fact that it consists of two longitudinal and two transverse valleys dammed up by moraines". Fortunately its architect has achieved beauty as well as complexity. Without invidious comparison, one may at least agree that neither Como nor Maggiore can show a bay of so lovely a curve as that of Lugano. And in other respects our lake will not disappoint us.

Whether we steam down the eastern arm to Porlezza, or south to Porto Ceresio, and then north, round the central isthmus, to Ponte Tresa, we shall find an ample and varied feast of beauty in the enclosing mountains, the cheerful villages, the white villas, the slender campanili, the contrast of the vines, myrtles, pomegranates, olives, and orange-trees with the darker green walnuts, oaks, and chestnuts above, the indigo of the deeps, and the emerald of the shoals.

Capolago lies 14 miles from Lugano, at the head of the narrow south-east prong of the lake. From it the ever-obliging rack-and-pinion railway takes us to the top of Monte Generoso in an hour or so. The panorama of Alps and plain we obtain from this point of vantage is simply bewildering in its extent and variety. Sufficient to say that it includes Monte Viso, the Gran Paradiso, Monte Rosa (with the Matterhorn peeping over its shoulder as a curiously unimportant-looking pikelet), the main peaks of the Bernese Oberland, the gap of the St. Gotthard, the Tödi, the Rheinwaldhorn, the Monte Disgrazia, the plain of Lombardy, and the lakes of Maggiore, Como, Lugano, Varese, Comabbio, and Monate.

Capolago was the site of the Tipografia Elvetica, long the printing-press of the Italian Revolutionists; and this reminds us that Mazzini often used Lugano as his head-quarters between 1848 and 1866.

The only Ticinese rival to Lugano is Locarno, the name of which has of late become familiarly known through its famous Pact. Locarno lies on the Lake of Locarno, the name given to the Swiss or north arm of the Lago Maggiore, and is said to be the lowest place in Switzerland (680 feet above the sea). It is neither so developed nor (in my view) so attractive as Lugano. This, however, is not everyone's opinion, and Locarno has certainly positive charms enough to make it well worth a visit. Its horizon is wider than that of Lugano. It is even more Italian in all its con-comitants; and, if it has not Lugano's superb bay, neither

has its front such a banal and continuous row of shops and hotels. It has no twin monoliths like San Salvator and Monte Brè, but the romantically situated monastery of the Madonna del Sasso is a feature to which Lugano can offer no pair. The wooded rock on which this is perched commands an exquisite panorama extending from Bellinzona to Luino, with the winding Ticino as a prominent feature. The church, containing pictures by Bramantino and Ciseri, is approached by a corridor, off which is a recess with a curious life-size group of the Last Supper, carved in wood. In spite of its crudity, this is singularly arresting; and for once the simple pious peasant and the amateur of art may almost meet on common ground. For it is strange how seldom a real work of art has attained to the dignity of popular canonization.

On the Swiss part of the railway from Lugano to Milan lies Maroggia, the home-village of the early sixteenth-century sculptor-architects Tommaso and Giacomo Rodari, whose work has done so much to make the cathedral of Como a distinguished example of the fusion of the Gothic and Renaissance styles. A little farther on is Mendrisio, with its twelfth-century campanile and beautiful palazzi; it is famous for its processions on Maundy Thursday and Good Friday, the most picturesque "funzione" in Italian Switzerland.

The new electric tramway or light railway from Locarno to Domodossola has made it easy to visit the lovely and hitherto comparatively little known Centovalli, or district of the "Hundred Valleys". Our little car begins modestly in the streets of Locarno, but at Ponte Brolla the tramway blossoms out into one of those amazing mountain railways in which one's admiration is shared between the marvellous engineering and the magnificence of the scenery. On we go along a narrow terrace, with a foaming torrent far below on one side and vertical cliffs on the other. One romantically perched little village succeeds another in rapid succession, and the "hundred valleys", diverging

LOCARNO AND THE MADONNA DEL SASSO

right and left, reel off their score faster than we can keep tally. Tunnels, of course, abound, forming fortunately merely commas and not colons in the stream of Nature's eloquence. Spidery bridges span the torrent; wires carry bundles of wood across the valley far above our heads. We pass into Italy at Camedo and note the change to stone roofs. At Santa Maria Maggiore, which seems to be the chief station passed *en route*, we obtain a distant view of the snowy ridge of Monte Rosa. More open scenery, but still tunnels galore. Soon we reach the swampy plain in which Domodossola lies. And here we may mount another train, which will take us back to Switzerland in an hour of sceneless transit.

XVIII

THE GRISONS

THE history of the Grisons, known to German-speakers as Graubünden, to the Italians as I Grigioni, and to the Romonsh world as Grischun, is as independent, as eventful, and as picturesque as would beseem the largest canton of the Swiss Republic (one-sixth of the total area). A glance at the map will show that Berne is its only rival in extent. If the map is a good one, you will see also how inviting the configuration of the district is, with its lofty and lower mountains, its long valleys (some 5000–6000 feet above the sea), its torrents and streams draining to the Danube and the Rhine, and the suggestion of self-containedness afforded by the ranges running all round its rim.

One of the most authoritative and perhaps the most charming of writers on the Alps—Sir Leslie Stephen—has passed one judgment I cannot understand and refuse to swallow. He writes: "The upper valley of the Inn is one of the very few Alpine districts which may almost be called ugly". To me the Engadine in particular and the Grisons in general are decidedly among the most beautiful parts of a beautiful country.

Until quite recently it was assumed that the French name of Grisons, applied to a canton that has less to do with French than any other, was a mistranslation of Graubünden. We used to be told that this was a corruption of Grafenbunden, or "League of the Counts". Now, however, it is accepted that the name refers to the Upper

or *Grey* League (Lia Grischa), the most important of the three fifteenth-century Leagues that did so much to mould the canton's history. The other two were the League of the House of God (Lia da Ca Dè) and the League of the Ten Jurisdictions (Lia dellas Desch Dretturas).

However this may be, there is certainly a touch of ingratiating romance in the curious mixture of language spoken in the canton. About half of the inhabitants speak German, one-third Italian, and one-fifth the interesting Romansh or Romonsh (Romauntsch) tongue, originating as a " lingua rustica " of the Roman Empire. It is, perhaps, as rare to find any Grisons man who does not understand either German or Italian as it is to find a Welsh peasant who responds with " dym sassenach " to an inquiry about the way ; but he *does* occur, and the friendly salutations of *grüetzi* and *tschau* (or *ciau*) always tickle the ear most delightfully.

One of the attractive features of the scenery is the fact that the lakes, like the tarns of Scotland and Wales, are so small that they slip naturally into the most intimate relations with the environing mountains and have nothing of the marine quality that makes Germans use the same word (differentiated by gender) for sea and lake. If Byron had lived in the Engadine, his prying neighbours across the lake would hardly have needed to use spy-glasses as they did at Geneva. The exquisite colouring of these tiny lakes, changing with every hour and cloud and breeze, is ravishing. It is difficult to imagine a more appealing view than that enjoyed in looking up the Inn valley from (say) the Suvretta House at Campfèr or from the Muottas Muraigl, with the lakelets strung like parti-coloured gems along the river, the snow-clad ramparts on either side, clustered villages between lake and mountain, and the twin summits of the Piz Cengalo and Piz Badile in the extreme background. The scenes of winter sport, especially at St. Moritz, vividly recall Old Breughel's naïve and delightful pictures ; and at a little distance one

can imagine that these glissading, gliding, pirouetting figures are honest Switzers (like the honest Dutch of Breughel), and not merely intrusive athletes and flappers from the foggy islands of the Near, or the sun-baked prairies of the Far West. The purity of the Grisons glaciers is something of a revelation after visits to Grindelwald and Gletsch, where one is tempted to exclaim that the "snouts" of the glaciers are the only dirty things in Switzerland. I don't know whether it is allowable to have a pet glacier, as one has a pet dog or a pet poet, but if it is, my vote should go for the Palü, near the Bernina Pass, which stops short, as it were, in mid air, retaining its unsullied purity down to its extreme verge.

Another somewhat subtle element is the sense that Italy (for Poschiavo is Italy, to all intents and purposes) is just, as it were, over the wall, with its olives, mulberries, sweet chestnuts, fig-trees, and all the other signs of a semi-tropical climate. And the fact that there are no towns in the Grisons is likewise not unpleasant to pavement-sick tourists. For it is impossible to think of the delectable Coire, even with its 15,000 inhabitants and its proud possession of a real railway running through its streets, as more than at the very most a townlet.

When we are dealing with such material advantages, I should like to pay my tribute to the excellent wine of the district. It was delightful to be able, on passing humble country inns and restaurants, to turn in and order "zwei detzi" ($\frac{2}{10}$ths of a litre), or "drei detzi" ($\frac{3}{10}$ths), of "Offener Wein" (i.e. "open" or "on draught"), instead of a bottle or half-bottle. Perhaps the best wine of the district is "Malanser", named from a village not far from Coire. And anyone who fancies himself a connoisseur will find it worth while to visit the quaint little Krone Inn at Malans and order a bottle of "Kompleter", the rare white brand of Malanser, which is produced on a very limited area and is very capricious in its maturing. The result is that the total

yield is invariably pre-empted, and "Kompleter" is rarely found on the wine-list of hotels.

The winter sportsman can rush through in 26 hours or so from London to St. Moritz, Pontresina, Davos, Klosters, Arosa, Lenzerheide, or whatever snow-bound centre he may select. I shall assume, however, that our wayfarer is journeying in a more leisurely manner and is descending (i.e. from the top of the map) on the Grisons after visiting Zurich, St. Gall, and Appenzell. In this case his course takes him up the valley of the Rhine, striking the river just above its embouchure in the clearing basin of the Lake of Constance. For 40 or 50 miles the stream is Switzerland's boundary, not Switzerland's river, though the people of the hilly little Vorarlberg, on the right bank, made no secret of their desire to be absorbed by the Swiss Confederation after the War. In spite of the stereotyping tendency of the Peace of Versailles, this may perhaps be looked upon as one of the things that may very well happen some day.

The valley here is comparatively broad and distinctly of the "smiling" variety. The previous reference to "Malanser" has prepared us for the vineyards that clothe the lower slopes of the valley ramparts, and the appropriate little ruined castles do their best to frown o'er the wide and winding Rhine. The blossomed trees and the corn-fields are also there all right, but the scattered cities are absent. The Rhine itself is here a somewhat shallow stream, often quite unable to keep its wide stony bed decently under water.

Just before passing from the canton of St. Gall into the Grisons, we find ourselves at Ragatz, a little Swiss spa, the characteristic features of which are unique enough to warrant us dropping off the train for a day or so. The village of Ragatz lies at the mouth of the gorge through which the Tamina tumbles down to join the Rhine. It has all the comforts and conveniences required by the more sophisticated users of the warm saline waters of

Bad Pfäfers, which are brought to it by a conduit 3 miles long.

More interesting than Ragatz for the romantic visitor are the old baths at Pfäfers. The road to them just finds room, and no more, between the brawling Tamina, with its falls and rapids, on the left, and the sheer rocky wall on the right. The very unassuming buildings of Bad Pfäfers date from 1704, and it is easy to think ourselves back to the primitive days when they were managed by the sympathetic monks of the abbey and when among the patients were some whose limbs had suffered from the tortures of the rack. The situation is extraordinarily gloomy and confined, and even at midsummer the sun is visible only for a few hours. The actual source of the springs is a narrow cleft in the rocks, now reached by a hanging walk attached to the rocky wall, where the visitor is furiously buffeted by gusts of wind and liberally baptized with spray. In early days there was no approach from the entrance of the gorge, and the patients were let down like bales of hay from the top of the cliff. Ulrich von Hutten, that chivalrous forerunner of the Reformation, visited the baths in 1523, and Paracelsus (p. 115) was the first to write a description of them. And so we complete a somewhat eerie experience, return to Ragatz, climb (by cliff railway or on foot) to the Wartenberg, for tea and a superb view of the Rhine valley from its terraced café, and finally quit Ragatz for fresh woods elsewhere.

And now we are all aboard for Coire. Just as we approach Landquart, we have a view of Malans to the left, with its church, the château once occupied by the poet Salis-Seewis, and the invisible "Kompleter". Landquart lies near the entrance to the Prätigau (Romonsh, *Val Pratens*, or valley of meadows), a charming region of wood and orchard and pasture, with quaint Romonsh names sprinkled all over it, though its inhabitants, alas! have abandoned their ancient tongue and their ancient

faith, speaking what passes for German and bowing down to Protestant gods.

On the same side of the railway as Malans is Zizers, with an imposing château, now occupied as a home for aged priests. But we need not worry about its impenetrability, as more than one room of the château has been reproduced in Swiss museums, with the original furniture intact.

Coire or Chur or Quera (Latin, Curia), the romantic capital of the Grisons, lies on the level floor of the valley, with mountain walls all round it. Coire has now become more or less of a stepping-stone to other more popular winter-sport resorts; but those whose horizon is not wholly bounded by skis and skates and luges will find it a delightful centre for excursions. It became an episcopal see in the third or fourth century of our era, and its sturdy and ambitious bishops are perhaps the most conspicuous factor in the stormy history of the province. Its most widely known child, however, is the painter Angelica Kaufmann, born here in 1741. In 1766 she went to London, where her graceful portraits and her somewhat conventional allegories, partly redeemed by a certain air of sweet and genuine innocence, were admired enough to win her a fauteuil in the newly created Royal Academy. Reynolds and she were great friends and painted portraits of each other; and Reynolds's "Miss Angel" is the subject of a charming novel by Miss Thackeray (Lady Ritchie).

An example of "Miss Angel's" art may be inspected in the altarpiece of the twelfth-thirteenth century cathedral. Here, too, is the tomb of Jürg Jenatsch (died 1639), one of the most picturesque figures in the story of the Grisons. In 1621 George or Jürg Jenatsch was Protestant pastor of the little village of Scharans. Stung with horror at the so-called "Massacre of the Valtellina", and keenly alarmed at the prospect of Roman Catholic domination, the active young parson, whom Nature had evidently intended for a soldier, collected a group of

about a score of others like himself, attacked the castle of Pompeius Planta, regarded as the instigator of the "Grisons St. Bartholomew", and put him and his immediate followers to the sword. In the internecine conflict that followed, between the Protestants of the Grisons on the one side, supported by France and the Protestant powers, and the Roman Catholics, Austrians, and Spaniards on the other, Jenatsch took a prominent part. By 1635 the victory was assured, for the time being at least, to the former party. Jenatsch, first and foremost a Grisons patriot, demanded that the Valtellina should be restored to the Grisons. The Duc de Rohan, leader of the French army, insisted on keeping it for France. Jenatsch promptly turned Catholic and joined the other side, with the curious result that the Grisons eventually received the valley from their old enemies, the Spaniards and Austrians. This was in 1639, but Jenatsch did not live to enjoy his triumph. On January 24th he was attacked by masked assassins while attending a banquet at Coire; and the popular belief holds that he was felled by the selfsame axe with which he had cloven Pompeius Planta to the chin 18 years earlier. Report has it, too, that the wielder of the axe was Pompey's son Rudolf, and that his daughter Lucretia was implicated in the revenge.

If any English or American reader of this book knows the name of the poet Gaudenz von Salis-Seewis at all, it is doubtless through Longfellow's translation of the "Song of the Silent Land". The poet was a native of Seewis (a village not far from Coire) and is commemorated in the little Town Garden.

The more elevated southern end of Coire is occupied by the Bischöfliche Hof, or Bishop's Quarter, an *imperium in imperio*, enclosed by what remains of its own walls and gates. The Marsöl ("Mars in Oculis"), a tower at one angle, goes back, in foundations at least, to the early Roman or Rhætian period. The cathedral, of which the interesting crypt is the oldest part, is dedicated to

St. Lucius; and British travellers will like to believe the tale that this saint was a strayed English king of the second century.

If you are as lucky at Coire as the writer was, you may make the acquaintance of a charming little Swiss girl, taking care of a very large cow on a solitary road, at an age when English little girls are hardly allowed to go out alone. And besides the cow there was a goat. But even that skittish animal knew its mistress's voice; and when it was time to go home to bed, all three marched demurely down the road—cow-tail switching, pig-tail hanging down behind, and goat-tail standing up perkily. And Erica (for that must be the little girl's name) was quite as shy and pretty as that pinky heath.

The great excursion from Coire is that to Arosa, and it is a real thrill—a thrill, too, that can be experienced by the old as well as the young. For all you have to do is to take your tickets, and the *Arosabahn* does the rest. Once installed in the diminutive but comfortable carriages, you are jingled gently through the narrow streets of Coire; switched off into the queer Schanfigg valley; carried rapidly up and along the precipitous right bank of the Plessur, with the road and most of the villages on the top of the cliffs above us and the one quaint little village of Molinis on the narrow floor of the valley below; threading many tunnels, with their names, addresses, and lengths inscribed at their entrances; passing romantic little stations, with black-letter mottoes, in the old Swiss style, on their fronts; crossing various bridges and viaducts, of which the marvellous arch beyond Langwies is surely the acme of combined grace and boldness; and finally touching the two gay little lakes of Arosa, nearly 6000 feet above the sea and 4000 feet above Coire.

Arosa spells renewed health and happiness for innumerable weak-lunged refugees from British fogs, but it is also a great centre for winter sports, and many of its hotels receive no patients. It has also the merit of being relatively

inexpensive. It may be likened to a huge sunny court or garden enclosed by lofty snow-topped walls, with two ravishing little lakes on its floor, pine woods all around, an unusually varied show of Alpine flowers, and viewy walks radiating in every direction.

If we were mountaineers or ski-runners, we should go on to Davos over the Mayenfelder Furka (8022 feet), a remunerative and not too exacting trip of four to five hours. If not, we shall treat Arosa as a day's excursion and go back to Coire for the night. No one is likely to object to the fun of reversing their railway-climb. Next day we take our seats in another narrow-gauge electric railway that will take us round to Davos viâ Klosters.

There are several charming spots we might linger at between Coire and Klosters, if all time were at our disposal. Quitting the main line at Landquart, we actually touch at Malans itself and begin our ascent of the Prätigau. The station of Seewis-Valzeina may remind us of the poet of the "Silent Land" and of the Capuchin monk Fidelis, slain by Protestant peasants in 1622 and regarded by the Catholics of the district as a saint and martyr—as indeed he was, whether or no his ideal was the right one. The women of the quaint little village of Schiers, another wayside station, still exercise their privilege of receiving the Sacrament before the men, granted to them for their useful services against the Austrians in 1622. The ruin of Castels is another reminder of the same struggle, for this stronghold was captured by the peasants armed with stout oaken cudgels alone.

Klosters is a famous winter-sport resort, frequented in summer also. Keenly alive to the mistake Nature had made in not providing them with a lake, the inhabitants have recently made one for themselves by damming and embanking their river. Innumerable mountain-ascents may be made from Klosters, but as this is not a climber's guide, we shall mention merely the huge Piz Linard (11,200 feet) as the monarch of the district. The Silvretta

Glacier, traversable without much difficulty, may figure as his silver-sheeny queen. The art-lover should have a look at the sixteenth-century mural paintings in the parish church, and in Klosters he will find also good specimens of the unstained pine furniture and panelling characteristic of the Grisons.

The run of 10 miles from Klosters to Davos is a beautiful bit of railway, with its curves, the great pines and beeches of the Rütiwald, its little lakes, and its views of the Madrisahorn (9285 feet) and the Silvretta Glacier.

Davos calls for a little fuller treatment, not only for its intrinsic charms, but for the interest of its historical and literary associations. If Coire struck us as somewhat less of a town than we expected, Davos will probably reverse this impression. But we must remember that Davos, consisting practically of one street 2½ miles long, is a town in the style of Tunbridge Wells or Leamington, not in that of Winchester or Windsor. Here we have the hotels and the shops, the theatre, the casino, and the cinema, the baths and sanatoria of an up-to-date watering-place; but there are no factories, and the general air is distinctly one of amusement rather than of work.

English visitors ought to know (though, perhaps, a very amiable and hard-worked official may not thank me for mentioning the fact) that Mr. William G. Lockett is a mine of information on Swiss matters, especially for the Grisons, to which he is accredited as British Consul.

Davos, the Romonsh name for which, Tavau, is variously explained as "sheep ranche" or "bad country" (often, I am told, much the same thing in America), "is" (to quote the Blue Guide) "a mountain valley watered by the Landwasser, lying about 5000 feet above the sea, but enjoying so much brilliant sunshine, so free from dust, and so well sheltered from cold winds, that it has become one of the most important stations in Europe for the cure of consumption, as well as a resort of the first rank for winter sports, especially for ski-ing". It is frequented also by

many nervous patients. Its two chief villages, now forming one unbroken line of buildings, are Davos Dorf and the more animated Davos Platz. To the north of Davos village is a lake 1½ miles long, the beauty of which has been somewhat impaired (at least in winter) by the draining off of the water to serve the electricity works in the Prätigau. Visitors are advised to make their way as speedily as possible to the upper end of this, to enjoy the view down the valley, with the milky green lake itself as foreground, the houses of the Dorf and Platz on the farther shore, and behind these the snowy back-curtain of the Tinzenhorn and Piz Michèl.

Nowhere in Switzerland has association with England played relatively so important a rôle as at Davos—at least in recent times. It is true that it was a German, Dr. Spengler, who about 1865 discovered and advertised the wonderful health-giving properties of the place, but not only were English patients among the readiest to snatch at the advantages of the discovery, but two or three of them were so eminent in themselves and identified themselves so whole-heartedly with the interests of the village that Davos may almost be described as an English haven of refuge on Swiss soil. And these English patients, out of health as they were, busied themselves so much with the development of those winter sports that form the secondary crown of Davos, that in this field too they were the pioneers of its nineteenth-century prosperity. Many a muscular young athlete, who never read a line of John Addington Symonds's books, is quite familiar with the Symonds Cup, the oldest tobogganing trophy in Switzerland.

Symonds seemed made for Switzerland and Switzerland for him. On one of his earliest visits, when quite a young man, he was able to chronicle a complete surcease of the headaches and fits of depression with which he was afflicted at home. "Switzerland," he wrote, "is a house in which it is pleasant to abide . . . strength and equality

of temper seem to be inseparable from the pure air, light, and largeness of Switzerland." Davos was his chief home from 1877 till his death in 1893, and during that period it had no more useful citizen. He got on singularly well with the natives, and did his best to interest visitors in their welfare. In his delightful house, "Am Hof", he produced much of his best work, and he entertained many notable visitors.

A greater visitor than Symonds, but not so much a part and parcel of the place, was Robert Louis Stevenson, who spent two invalidish winters at Davos (1880–81 and 1881–82). Stevenson found Davos something of a disappointment and was able to do comparatively little work there. He refused to behave as a properly constituted invalid, smoking, loafing, and skating without regard to official prescription. Stevenson's second winter, in the Chalet am Stein, just above Symonds's house, was more cheerful. Here he, with his stepson, Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, set up the "Davos Press" and cut blocks for his own illustrations. The booklets produced by this toy-press now allure very long prices from collectors. And at Davos he finished "Treasure Island", composed "Underwoods" (on the death of Mrs. Sitwell's son), and wrote "Davos in Winter" and others of his best essays. But he was never such a lover of Switzerland and the Alps as Symonds was. Davos is the scene of Miss Beatrice Harraden's "Ships that Pass in the Night". Sir A. Conan Doyle (who was a pioneer ski-er here), E. C. Benson, Richard Bagot, Mrs. Oliphant, Miss Hulda Friederichs, and Dame Katherine Furse were other literary visitors, most of whom have made some professional use of their experiences here.

Before leaving Davos we should visit the quaint old Rathhaus (1564), where, if our eyes are good, we may detect a number of masks of wolves shot in the neighbourhood. Even the non-sporting visitor should climb or train to the top of the Schatz-Alp Toboggan Run, one of the

finest crooked runs in Switzerland. The view amply repays the exertion. Davos is also one of the oldest and one of the best of Swiss ski-ing resorts. The opportunities for mountaineers are legion. Perhaps the finest ascents are those of the Flüela Schwarzhorn (10,338 feet) and the Schiahorn (8901 feet). The grand routes over the Scaletta Pass to Zuoz and over the Sertig Pass to Bergün demand fair physical condition rather than Alpine skill. The Scaletta Glacier, by the way, is one of the few glaciers of Switzerland that are privately owned.

Assuming that we leave Davos by the easy route of the railway (I had almost written "prosaic", but no mountain railway in Switzerland deserves the epithet), we may make our next stop in the magic valley of the Engadine. The first dozen miles of our narrow-gauge electric line descends the valley of the Landwasser, passing various little resorts. The finest point passed is the so-called Züge, a narrow defile supposed to take its name from the "tracks" of the avalanches to which it is exposed.

At Filisur, a very pleasant little resort of the more unsophisticated and less alien-ridden variety, we join the extraordinary Albula railway, just about the point where its real mountain-difficulties begin. This line is, perhaps, the monarch of Swiss railways, occupying its throne in virtue of its combination of ingenuity of structure and charming scenery. Beginning at Thusis, 14 miles below Filisur, it ascends, with the aid of tunnels, through the wild Schyn Pass, a worthy rival to the more famous Via Mala, passes Tiefencastel, and climbs, groaning, up to Filisur, 1200 feet above Thusis. And now comes the tug of war. Here the gradient becomes 1 in 20. We thread a spiral tunnel half a mile long, as well as several shorter ones. Massive walls and palisades guard us from falling stones and snow-slides. And 1000 feet above Filisur we emerge on the green basin in which Bergün lies, a red-roofed little town, with a Roman tower and a slender

UPPER ENGADINE

church spire. The mountain panorama from the station (if we have time to enjoy it) is quite in the grand style.

Next follows a stretch of about 8 miles to Preda, 1365 feet higher than Bergün, where the railway doubles the crow's distance, threads spiral and other tunnels, loops the loop, doubles back upon itself at one point for half a mile, and otherwise conducts itself as a model mountain railway should. Bergün and the high-perched village of Latsch keep popping in and out like the weather man and his wife, now before, now behind, first to the right and then to the left. I think it is here that we reach our steepest pull.

Preda is by no means unknown to winter-sporters, for it stands at the top of a magnificent bobsleigh run down to Bergün—4 miles of thrill. And now, at a height of nearly 6000 feet, we enter the longest (3⅔ miles) of the forty-odd tunnels of the Albula railway. Beyond Spinas is an enormous mass of masonry, erected to protect us from the avalanches of the jagged Crasta Mora. We descend the Val Bever, a side-valley of the Inn.

Bevers, on the open floor of the Engadine and 250 feet or so below Preda, is the junction of the Lower Engadine line to Schuls and Tarasp (see p. 178). Just beyond is Samaden, the political capital of the Engadine and much frequented by visitors in search of quarters a little quieter and less expensive than those of St. Moritz. Its golf-course, the only one (except Lucerne) with 18 holes, in Switzerland, is almost as satisfactory for dogged and dull-eyed votaries of the mashie as it is for lovers of natural beauty—and that is saying a good deal. The Swiss Golf Championships are held here.

The Planta Mansion at Samaden introduces us to the two leading families of the Grisons, since it was originally built by the Salis family and is now in the hands of the Plantas. The ordinary statement is that the Salis family (compare p. 184) represented the Protestant interests and sided with the French in their struggles to sever the

link formed by the Valtellina between the two Habsburg powers (Austria in Tyrol, and Spain in Lombardy), while the Plantas were the local leaders of the other side. The Leagues of God's House and of the Ten Jurisdictions were of the Protestant faction; the Upper or Grey League was Roman Catholic. As a matter of fact, however, the period during which these families acted as heads of factions was really a short one. Their policy was rather to further the interests of the Grisons in whatever quarter seemed most promising at the moment. The family of Salis attained the acme of its power in the eighteenth century, amassing great wealth, and at one moment furnishing one-fifth of the members of the Bundestag or Diet of the Grisons. Several of the members rose to be generals in foreign service; others became ambassadors and bishops. When, however, the Valtellina was included by Napoleon in his Cisalpine Republic (1797), practically the whole of the Salis property was confiscated. The Salis-Marschlins regiment was one of the four Swiss regiments which took part, in the pay of England, in the War of the Second Coalition against France (1799). In fact the name of Salis keeps popping up in Swiss history at every turn.

The house of Planta has been equally prominent, and its crest (a bear's paw) is a familiar sight in the Grisons. We shall come again upon the name more than once. We have already heard of the tragic end of Pompey Planta, but their distinction was by no means always of so gruesome a nature. Archdeacon Coxe visited M. Planta, Envoy from the Grisons to Venice, at Zuoz (p. 178), and tells that the Plantas had the privilege of furnishing, "every other term", the Landamman of Sotto Fontana, a position at the time of some political influence. And the Archdeacon was hospitably entertained by another Planta, at Zernetz. Many of the Plantas are interred in the church of St. Peter at Samaden. Both the Salis and the Planta families have English branches, and the present head of

the former house, Count John Francis de Salis, was for several years British Minister at the Vatican.

Another house in Samaden may interest us as that in which our axe-wielding and axe-cloven friend, Jürg Jenatsch, was born in 1596.

Almost continuous with Samaden is the similar but somewhat smaller resort of Celerina or Schlarigna, beyond which we drop down to the level of the Inn. In a few minutes more, after threading a couple of tunnels, we find ourselves at St. Moritz.

St. Moritz, named from St. Maurice of the Theban Legion (see p. 202), is the most populous place in the Engadine, or valley of the Inn, and lies about 6000 feet above the sea, on the bank of one of the sapphire lakes which that river strings so light-heartedly along its course. It is now the undoubted monarch of Swiss winter sport, and is probably not only the highest but the most fashionable, the most cosmopolitan, and the most expensive of all Swiss resorts.

In this, that, or the other point the Engadine may have to yield the palm to the Bernese Oberland, to the towering and fantastic peaks of the Zermatt district, or to the sophisticated loveliness of the Lake of Geneva; but in the soul-satisfying combination of beauties it need fear no comparison. Above all the crystal-clearness of the atmosphere and the extraordinary bright and vivid colouring make an irresistible appeal. It is true, it has no Matterhorn, no Monte Rosa, no Jungfrau, no Mont Blanc; but the mass and variety of its mountains, about fifty of them over 10,000 feet in height and culminating in the mighty Piz Bernina (13,300 feet), are a sufficiently noble company to satisfy most beholders. And the precipitous exits from the valley—whether we shoot down by the hair-pin and hair-raising bends of the Maloja or drop from winter to summer by the corkscrew Bernina railway, losing 4000 feet of altitude almost before realizing that we have begun the glissade—are not experiences of which

one can forget either the beauty or the thrill. In the matter of glaciers (here generally known by the Romonsh term "vadret") the Grisons more than hold their own. If they have nothing so big as the Aletsch, there is no glacier more typically satisfying than the Morteratsch, with the dazzling diadem of snowy peaks at its head, none more virginally exquisite than the Palü.

The inhabitants of the Engadine do no disgrace to their environment. Their Rhaeto-Romanic origin is seen clearly in their dark hair, lively black eyes, and well-marked features. In their intercourse with foreign visitors they are friendly and honest; and there are practically no beggars in the Engadine—not even among the children. Some visitors will find comfort also in the fact that there are no sanatoria for consumptive aliens.

The climate of the Engadine has been described as "nine months winter and three months cold"; and a current Italian proverb says "Engadina terra fina, se non fosse la pruina (frost)". For the ends of winter sports this humorous rather than accurate description is an attraction, not a deterrent; and (if my own experience is any criterion) the summer climate leaves little to wish for.

Another exaggerated mot about the Engadine (but with some elements of truth) is the ejaculation of the lively M. Dauzat: "pauvre belle Engadine, dont la charme sauvage est si fâcheusement gâté par les snobs". It certainly is true that the "press agents" of the Engadine lay some stress on the presence of "rois en exile" and persons of title at St. Moritz, but there are plenty of quiet resorts and moderately priced and comfortable hotels, the frequenters of which do not need to dip into Vanity Fair à la Grisons any more than they want to. At the leading hotels, it is true, the evening life is quite abreast of fashionable resorts elsewhere.

The Winter Sports at St. Moritz are really marvellous. It is not merely that here one can oneself enjoy toboggan-

ing, ski-ing, skating, and curling, under the most favourable conditions, but here, any winter, one can gaze with envy and admiration at the greatest experts in the world in all these sports. Even America has nothing to beat, or perhaps to equal, the famous Cresta Run, if we take into consideration the beauty of its setting as well as the headlong difficulties of its descent. No more beautiful exhibitions of skating can be seen anywhere than at St. Moritz. Even the very best skips of Canadian or Scottish curlers find it hard to keep up their end on the Kulm Rink. And to these more general sports must be added horse-racing on ice (the saddle-horse, by the way, is quite a feature of St. Moritz); ski-kjöring, in which the ski-er is whizzed along the snow by a galloping horse of which he holds the long reins; "tailing", in which a happy jumble of small sleds and coasters are hung on to the back of a horse-sleigh; ice-hockey and bandy; and every possible variety of gymkhana stunt that can be worked on snow or ice. Tournaments, bonspiels, fancy dress carnivals, international competitions, and spectacular exhibitions of every kind follow each other in rapid succession. The wide area from which the participants are drawn may be gathered from the fact that the competitors in the various sports in 1924–25 included teams or individuals representing St. Moritz and various other Swiss resorts, the British Army, the Swiss Army, Oxford and Cambridge Universities, Princes, Edinburgh, and Manchester Skating Rinks, American and British Olympics, and sundry organizations in Austria and Germany. The Lawn Tennis Tournaments that take place in summer on the excellent hard courts of the Suvretta House and other large hotels, are hardly second in importance to the Winter Sport meetings and have attracted more than one national champion from extra-Swiss countries. Compare Chapter XXI, which deals with the general question of Swiss Sports.

The "sights" of St. Moritz itself may be dismissed in

short order. In the Dorf, or village, the fashionable winter centre, are the big hotels, the chief "runs", and so on. The leaning tower of the old church (1573) is a local lion. On the road to Campfèr is the Segantini Museum, containing an admirable collection of the works by this master, usually regarded as the most successful painter of Alpine scenery (but comp. p. 33).

On the road to St. Moritz Bad is the Engadine Museum, which no one interested in the history and culture of the valley should miss. The typical Engadine house, one of the most interesting in Switzerland, has small splayed windows, semicircular doorways ("Porta"), and enormously thick walls, often with turrets ("Balkoneta"), wrought-iron grilles, sgraffito decoration, and gables with horse-head terminals ("pignons à têtes de chevaux"). These arrangements are dictated by a severe winter temperature; the interior rather suggests relief from the torrid sun of a short summer. Several rooms are reproduced in the Engadine Museum; and their panelling, tables, beds, cupboards, and stoves are all characteristic and attractive.

St. Moritz Bad (Baths) lies at the west end of the lake, just where the Inn pours into it. Its season is in summer and is made up mainly of Continental users of the chalybeate springs rising at the base of Piz Rosatch. These were known to the Romans, and some of the early tree-trunk pipes and baths may be seen in the Engadine Museum. The modern bath-establishments and hotels are large and well equipped.

The Lake of St. Moritz more than justifies its existence by its beauty alone, but it does not disdain the practical functions of supplying a solid ice-floor for skaters, curlers, and ski-kjörers, and a pool for rowing boats and motor-launches. In winter the scene is often extraordinarily animated.

From the east end of the lake a delightful path, passing the tiny Statzer-See, leads over a well-wooded ridge to Pontresina or Puntraschigna, the other great resort of

the Upper Engadine. It lies in the little tributary valley of the Flatzbach, which is joined here by the Berninabach and the Rosegbach. The name, possibly meaning simply the " bridge over the Inn ", though more fanciful derivations are also given, covers the three hamlets of Laret, Spiert, and Giarsun. Though likewise a good place for winter sports, Pontresina is differentiated from St. Moritz by being mainly frequented in summer and by being par excellence *the* centre for mountaineering in the Bernina Alps. It attracts many British visitors, and is somewhat less expensive than St. Moritz. The stream is crossed by two pairs of bridges, the upper pair (old and new) known as the Punt' Ota, the lower pair as the Punta Nouva. Points of interest are the Spanish or Italian look of many of the houses, the fifteenth-century church of Santa Maria, the tower of La Spaniola (earlier than any connection with Spaniards), the lovely gardens of one or two of the hotels, and the quaint little Grisons Bank. The view from the village up the Val Roseg (" Rosedge ") is one in a thousand.

The short excursions of various kinds that may be made from St. Moritz or Pontresina are innumerable; but the newcomer should remember that he starts at 6000 feet above the sea and should not attempt anything at all ambitious until the lungs and heart are acclimated to the rarer air.

After a level walk along the romantic Schlucht Promenade at Pontresina, he cannot do better than begin with the cable-railway up the Muottas Muraigl. The tourist may take to his own legs for the delightful descent to Pontresina. Another easy excursion is that to the Schafberg, where a tablet commemorates the fact that Segantini (p. 176) died here in harness in 1899, painting to the last.

The " star " ascents are, perhaps, the Piz Julier, the Piz Nair, the Piz Corvatsch, the Piz Bernina, the Piz Morteratsch, and the Languard. Of these the last, known as the " Observatory of Pontresina ", is within the compass

of even the moderately expert, especially as riding is practicable for two-thirds of the way. Indeed the Languard is, perhaps, the easiest mountain of its height (10,722 feet) in Switzerland. Its nearest rivals in this respect are the Schilthorn (9754 feet), and the Faulhorn (8803 feet), if we except such points as the Jungfraujoch, which are reached by mountain railways. The panoramic view from the summit is superb and illimitable. The eye wanders over the whole of the Bernina group, and even Monte Rosa may be made out in the unobtrusive distance.

The chief exits from St. Moritz and Pontresina (for we all have warning angels with flaming swords that make us move on from Paradise some day or other) are the railway down the Engadine valley to Schuls-Tarasp, the motor-diligence over the Maloja to Chiavenna, and the Bernina Railway to Tirano.

Using the first of these, we retrace our steps to Bevers (p. 171) and then run north-east through the at first flat valley of the Inn. A little way below Bevers we pass the spring of Fontana Merla, close to which is Las Agnas, long the seat of the Drettura of the Upper Engadine, in the days when the Three Leagues of the Grisons formed an independent ally of the Swiss Confederation. One of the early stations is Ponte, interesting for its fine examples of the typical Engadine house. Opposite it lies Campovasto or Camogask, a name which recalls Heer's extraordinarily interesting romance, "Der König der Bernina", which no German-reading visitors to the Engadine should ignore.

A little farther on is Zuoz or Zutz, once the chief town in the Engadine and the original home of the Plantas (p. 172). It possesses many sixteenth-century houses with vaulted entrances and grated windows, including the Tuor or tower of the old Planta mansion (but some of these were burned down in April, 1925). The Plantas became hereditary bailiffs of the Bishop of Coire in 1295.

and they retained some of their special privileges in this district down to about a century ago. Zuoz has a special modern interest in the possession of one of the most enterprising boys' schools in Switzerland, run on the model of the great English public schools and well equipped with fives courts, playing fields, etc. The school has established cricket on so solid a basis, that in 1925 the M.C.C. and the Hampshire Cricket Club sent out teams to play the boys. In 1924 the school eleven managed to beat a visiting English team by one wicket.

Cinuskel is the last village in the Upper Engadine, and the Punt' Ota or old bridge here (really a new bridge in its actual form) has from time immemorial marked the boundary between the two divisions of the valley. The scenery now changes very definitely, as we pass from the wide and open reaches of the Upper Engadine to the narrow trough-like ravine of the lower valley. The placid Inn at the same time becomes a rushing torrent far below us. The dialect, character, and historical records of the inhabitants change in unison.

The little oasis in which Zernetz lies is an exception to the general ravine-like character of the lower Inn valley. It is a cheerful and pleasant little place, with a slim church-spire, a curious old tower known as the Moor, and one more of the ubiquitous Planta houses. It has recently acquired a new significance as one of the chief gateways to the new Swiss National Park, founded in 1909 to provide a protected zone for Swiss wild animals, birds, and plants. The present area of the park is only about 50 square miles, but it is to be considerably extended. It includes some very interesting and little-known scenery, a rough idea of which may be obtained by crossing it by motor-diligence from Zernetz to Münster. The Clemgia Gorge, one of its most striking individual features, adjoins Tarasp (p. 180). The fullest English account of the park that I know of appeared in the " Landmark ", the organ of the English-Speaking Union, for February, 1924.

Many other little villages are passed on our descent, with covered bridges, mouths of lateral valleys, glimpses of glaciers, and towering snow-peaks (e.g. the Piz Linard) among the side-shows. Lavin is named from its dangerous exposure to avalanches (Ger. *Lawinen*), and its extremely fresh and new appearance indicates a rebuilding after a somewhat recent catastrophe. Fetan, also with a calamitous avalanche record, has a large and conspicuous school for girls, which forms a worthy pendant to the boys' college at Zuoz. Just before reaching Schuls-Tarasp we see the red-tiled castle of Tarasp, high above us, occupying the whole top of a conical hill and looking almost theatrical in its incredible conformity to what a castle ought to look like. Far below, if it is summer, we may see a colony of human ants busy with lawn tennis on the floor of the valley.

Schuls (Romonsh, Scuol), Tarasp, and Vulpèra are the three high lights of what is said to be the richest district in Europe of therapeutic mineral springs. Schuls, the largest of the three and with the finest mountain views, stands high up on the left bank; Bad Tarasp, with the chief springs, baths, Trinkhalle, and Kurhaus, lies deep down on the floor of the narrow and somewhat gloomy valley; Vulpèra is charmingly situated amid the woods above Tarasp. All three are provided with good hotels. Tarasp itself, though the central ganglion of activity, is the least desirable residence; the choice, in Dr. Coolidge's words, lies between the fine view and dull neighbourhood of Schuls and the charming walks and somewhat dreary outlook of Vulpèra. The springs are saline-alkaline (Glauber's salts) and acidulous-chalybeate, and seem to be considered efficacious in most of the shocks that flesh is heir to. Schloss Tarasp, an ideal early seventeenth-century château, now belongs to the ex-Grand Duke of Hesse, who, however, does not occupy it. Its furniture and other contents are all in the picture, and the interior is shown freely to visitors. A rival lion is the Clemgia Gorge,

CASTLE OF TARASP

easily accessible and certainly one of the most picturesque ravines of its kind in the world—with fantastic rocks, waterfalls, rapids, and so forth all complete. The Piz Lischanna dominates the view; but many of the fine mountains included in the Swiss National Park (p. 179) may be tackled from this centre, for Schuls-Tarasp is another of the gateways to the Park. Tarasp, by the way, is the only Roman Catholic community in the Lower Engadine.

Going up the Engadine from St. Moritz introduces us to scenes of a very different description. There is no railway, and if we are crossing the Maloja our resource is the big yellow motor-diligence of the Swiss Postal Service. But the able-bodied traveller, if in no special hurry, should certainly do the first dozen miles to Maloja on foot. There are few more exquisite walks. From Campfèr onwards the walker should follow the flowery path along the right (south-east) bank, though, for the convenience of what will (I fear) always be the majority of travellers, the description below applies to the already quite satisfyingly beautiful road on the other side.

We shall not regard Campfèr, 3 miles from the railway station, as our first stop, as that is an easy stroll at any time from St. Moritz; and the wonderful Suvretta House, a successful reproduction of the old Grisons style, just above Campfèr, cannot be considered otherwise than as one of St. Moritz's best hotels. The village of Campfèr, with its couple of smaller inns, lies on the first of the brilliant lakelets which form the main features of the day's attractions. The lake is characterized by the promontory in the middle that practically divides its tiny whole into two tinier halves. On the opposite bank rises the Crestalta, which may be described as a cub (but an uncommonly well-grown cub) of the Piz Surlej. All too soon we reach the little isthmus, formed by the débris which, working down from the Julier Pass and the Surlej, made two lakes of one at probably no very remote geological era. The

ideal Swiss village of Silvaplana, on a crocus-spangled meadow between the two lakes, likewise owes its origin to the Julier Pass. Before the construction of the Albula railway this formed the usual approach to the Engadine from the north. The Lej da Selvaplauna is about 2 miles long, and, besides its intrinsic beauty, has the merit of containing monstrous and well-flavoured trout, which tip the scale at 30 lb. and exhaust the possibilities of a yard-wand. Above us, to the right, soars the Piz Julier, one of the very finest outlook towers of the region and offering no very serious problems for the climber. The mountains on the other side of the lake form a group to make the camera-man and the painter despair.

And then, very soon, another impossibly beautiful sheet of water, the Lake of Sils or Lej da Segl. At the near end of it, connected by a very cobbly street, lie the villages of Sils-Maria and Sils-Baselgia ("Basilica"), the former priding itself, and with some justification, on being "the prettiest in the Engadine". Among those who regarded it as a super-village was the philosopher Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche, who had a house here for several years. One of his favourite haunts was the little peninsula of Chastè. The Sils lake is the longest of the three passed on our walk, and at its farther end we reach Maloja and the head of the Engadine. Curiously enough, Maloja lies about 150 feet lower than St. Moritz, which accounts for the description of the Engadine as "the only convex valley in Switzerland". The Ova d'Oen, the headquarters of the Inn, trickles in here in a very scanty runlet. The mountain view from the hotel, with the turquoise lake in the foreground, is not easily matched. Among the prominent peaks are the already familiar Piz della Margna and the strikingly symmetrical Monte Muretto. The Pizzo Longhin, or Lunghino, rises plumb at the head of the Septimer, Julier, and Maloja passes, and sheds its waters to the North Sea (Rhine), the Adriatic (Maira, Adda, Po), and the Black Sea (Inn, Danube). The little

lake in which the Inn rises lies on the north-east side of the peak. But the volume of the stream it supplies could never have carved out the Engadine, and has all it can do (to speak geologically) to keep our lakelets from being filled up by the silt of side-torrents.

Maloja, though containing only about a hundred, mostly Italian-speaking, inhabitants, spreads over a considerable area, and is now (after a period of quiescence) making a strong bid as a winter-sports centre. Segantini (p. 176) painted several of his best pictures at Maloja and now lies in its cemetery. Another frequent visitor was Professor T. H. Huxley, and he, too, is appropriately commemorated by an inscribed rock near the Palace Hotel. The Vedretta del Forno, easily reached from Maloja, is one of the finest glaciers in the country. The mountain monarch of the district is the Monte della Disgrazia, a long-ridged, ice-clad monster upwards of 12,000 feet high, which lies just across the Italian boundary.

No valley has a more definite and sharply marked ending than the Engadine. The Maloja plateau simply cuts it off like a garden wall, and we have only a furlong or two to go from Lake Sils before we can look over the wall into a new valley 2000 feet below. At first sight it seems impossible that there should be any sort of a road down this perpendicular cliff; it looks like a case for a cat-burglar upside down. But have no fear; get into your long and business-like yellow car; trust yourself implicitly to the smart, soldier-like, and reassuring man at the wheel; and begin your descent. Our progress is slow and sure. What matters it if the bonnet of our long-drawn-out vehicle projects over the precipice at each of the dizzy elbow-curves? Somehow or other we get round them, as if the car were made of india-rubber; and after half a dozen tremors we feel as safe as in going downstairs in our own house. Most of the way down is pleasantly wooded, and at the foot we find the larches and pines replaced by chestnuts and (eventually) mulberries.

The Val Bregaglia, or Bergell Valley, the Præ-Gallia of the Romans, is a deep and rather narrow trough, with mountain walls 10,000 to 11,000 feet high. It is traversed by an excellent modern road, and the old Roman road may still be traced at places. Most of its 2000 inhabitants speak Italian, and (unexpectedly enough) they are of the Protestant faith. On the Maira, about two-thirds of the way down, lies the village of Casaccia, which owes what importance it has to its proximity to the Septimer Pass, or Passo di Sett—a route once much more used than now. It is still traversed by travellers bound for the interesting Avers valley, with the highest permanently inhabited village in Switzerland. This is Juf, nearly 7000 feet above sea-level; but the "permanents" number barely a score. Somewhat more populous is Cresta, or Avers-Cresta, with a church and a kurhaus. Patches of paving, still visible on the Septimer, are said to date from the fourteenth century.

The next place of any importance in the Bergell is Vico-soprano, on the lowest of the three terraces or steps which form the "Sopra Porta" part of the valley. Not much known to English visitors, there are many worse places for a fortnight's holiday than this little village with its quaint town hall, seventeenth-century church, and simple inn. Below Stampa is the Porta, a sort of rocky gateway, dividing the valley into "Sopra" and "Sotta Porta". Here we find ourselves in a genuinely southern landscape. Next comes the rock-garden-like Promontogno, delightfully situated at the mouth of the Val Bondasca, a favourite subject of Segantini. Quite near Promontogno are the villages of Bondo and Soglio, both associated with the Salis family mentioned at p. 171. Their fine mediæval castle at Soglio was burned down by the Spaniards in 1621; and Count John Francis de Salis now occupies an eighteenth-century mansion at Bondo. The Willy Hotel at Soglio, built by the De Salises soon after 1621, is singularly like an English Jacobean mansion, and it contains a treasure

of curious old furniture and armour. Castasegna, the last Swiss village in the valley, is nearly 4000 feet below Maloja. If we are ready to turn our back on Helvetia, we can go on to Chiavenna, where the Maira becomes the Mera and Lombardy begins.

The Bernina railway (narrow-gauge electric), crossing from Pontresina to Tirano, is another of the seven wonders of the Grisons. Constructed in 1906–10, it "is the highest 'adhesion' (i.e. ordinary) railway in the Alps (except for a section of the Jungfrau line), attaining a height of 7400 feet. Both in boldness of construction and in magnificence of scenery it has few rivals, and a most grateful feature is the comparative absence of tunnels to obstruct the view. The descent on the south side is extraordinarily rapid (6000 feet in 24 miles), and the first part of it is negotiated by a series of hair-pin bends, with a maximum gradient of 7 in 100. The contrast between the ice and snow of the Bernina and the luxuriant vegetation of the Valtellina is most striking. In winter the line is kept clear up to the hospice by snow-ploughs" ("Blue Guide to Switzerland").

Some travellers prefer the road, which reaches the actual top of the pass, 160 feet higher than the railway, and affords more leisurely views of the scenery. By railway, however, Tirano is brought within the compass of a day-trip from Pontresina or St. Moritz.

Leaving Pontresina, we plunge at once *in medias res*. The foaming torrent of the Bernina, with its imposing waterfall; Morteratsch, with its chalet restaurant and glorious view of the billowy Morteratsch Glacier; the swooping curve up to Montebello, with the glacier rushing across from right to left and back again—these are the first slides in the magical lantern. The Morteratsch is famous in mountaineering annals as the scene of the startling accident of 1864, in which Professor Tyndall and his companions were carried away by an avalanche and barely escaped with their lives. Farther up come the

Berninahäuser, or Bernina Houses, nearly 7000 feet above the sea, and forming the starting-point of the famous Diavolezza Tour, a comparatively easy and altogether ravishing glacier trip. The double-starred view from the Diavolezza Pass (10,000 feet) takes in, perhaps, the most glorious assembly of mountain monarchs in the Bernina Alps.

Beyond the Bernina Houses vegetation disappears and the scenery becomes more austere. Just before reaching the highest point, we skirt the three Bernina lakes: the Little, the Black, and the White (Lago Piccolo, Lago Nero, Lago Bianco). The Black Lake, fed by peaty springs and amply justifying its name, sends its waters to the Black Sea—black to black. It is separated by a low bank only from the White Lake, receiving the drainage of the glistening Cambrena Glacier and discharging into the Adriatic. The two lakes are said to contain trout corresponding in colour to the water in which they swim, but, as the lakes are occasionally turned into one by violent winds, it would seem as if miscegenation should by this time have produced a piebald variety.

The Bernina Hospice, constructed for the use of travellers in the tenth century, lies in a bleak situation on the tiny Lago della Crocetta, about 160 feet above the railway. Its story is less eventful than that of other Swiss hospices, and it is now simply an inexpensive hotel, frequented by mountain-climbers and believers in mountain air.

Beyond the Bernina Hospice station the railway at once begins its rapid descent, with snow-sheds, palisades, and other contrivances that indicate vividly its never-ending struggle with the forces of Nature. At Alp Grüm we come, with extraordinary suddenness, on a magical view of the valley and lake of Poschiavo, more than 3500 feet below us. And, as if this were not enough, we have to the right the hanging white sheet of the Palü Glacier—a last reminder of the winter we are about to leave for the summerland below. The Alp Grüm itself, with its chalet-dotted terraces, looks as if it might be an uncommonly pleasant place to

PALÜ GLACIER

step off at. Then comes the corkscrew! What with the abrupt curves, the baffling tunnels (though not so numerous as one might have feared), and the bewildering way in which the same objects peer in first at one window and then at the other, it is a wise man who still knows his right hand from his left when he reaches the bottom. Especially intriguing is the red-roofed church of San Carlo, near the floor of the valley, which absolutely refuses to appear for one moment in the place we expect it.

Poschiavo (German, Puschlav), situated on the rushing Poschiavino and at the foot of the stony Sassalbo, ranks, with its four-figure population, as a place of some importance for these parts. Politically Swiss, it is historically, physically, and temperamentally Italian. The valley, less than 20 miles long, is almost circular in shape; and its mountain walls enclose a very agreeable assortment of lakes, waterfalls, rapids, fields of corn and tobacco, luxuriant meadows, woods of chestnut, fig-trees, and a rich southern flora, including a wealth of carnations. The town has many Italian-looking old houses, with coats-of-arms and vaulted entrances. One of the best is now the Albricci Hotel, and contains a characteristic panelled room, which is shown with much pride. The fortified Protestant church is a significant reminder of the stormy religious conflicts of the past. The strong tower of the Town Hall points in the same direction.

Within easy walking distance of the town is the Lago di Poschiavo, an attractive sheet of water, which, however, has not wholly escaped the utilitarian hand of electricity. At one end of it is the pleasant little resort of Le Prese; at the other is Meschino, where begins the water-conduit for the huge Brusio Electric Works, which supply the operating power of the Bernina railway and of innumerable factories in Milan and Lombardy. At Campocologno, or just beyond it, we cross the Swiss frontier, reaching Madonna di Tirano and Tirano itself, both on Italian soil.

We are here in the Valtellina (German, Veltlin), one of the largest and most fruitful of the southern Alpine valleys. It is traversed by the upper course of the Adda. Though now Italian, its history is closely associated with the Grisons, to which it was subject from 1512 to 1797. It has belonged to the Kingdom of Italy since 1859. The chief product of the valley is its excellent wine, with which we have already become familiar in the Grisons. Indeed, such brands as Grumello, Sassella, and Montagno figure on wine-lists throughout Switzerland. At the head of the valley, near the Stelvio Pass, are the well-known baths of Bormio.

The rest of the Grisons must be treated in an even more casual and sporadic fashion; but a few places simply demand mention in any account of Switzerland. Thus, the highest meed of praise for any ravine in the country is more often than not couched in some such phrase as "it suggests" or "rivals" the Via Mala; and indeed it would be hard to imagine anything more perfect of its kind. Just above Thusis, a village with the historically interesting ruins of Hohen-Rhätien, the Hinter-Rhein runs at the bottom of a defile, of which the walls attain a height of 1600 feet and are at many points barely 30 feet apart. This is the "Evil Way" which for centuries proved an impassable obstacle to travellers making for the south by the Splügen and San Bernardino Passes. The first road—a very inconvenient one—was made in 1473; the first two bridges were built in 1738–39. But in 1822 came the compelling hand of the magician. The Italian engineer Piccobelli thrust a tunnel through the main obstructing buttress, ran his road along a covered shelf scooped out of the cliff, and solved the problem. The views through the tunnel and at the end of the gorge are striking, but the finest point is the bold middle bridge, hung 250 feet above the streak of water below. The precipices of one side actually overhang those of the other.

Thusis is now the starting-point, and the Via Mala the first stage, of the motor diligence route to Chiavenna

over the Splügen. The engineering triumphs of the Via Mala are rivalled by the daring windings on the Italian side of the pass, and the whole journey is one of extreme interest. The largest village passed on the Swiss side is Andeer, near which we notice a Latin inscription put up on the completion of the modern road. The Splügen Pass (not quite 7000 feet) is one of the three direct road-passes, crossing one ridge only, from the Grisons to Italy. The pass lies exactly on the frontier between Switzerland and Italy.

The second of the just-mentioned three passes is the San Bernardino, which diverges to the west at the village of Splügen, 2000 feet below the Splügen Pass. The fine road across it lies wholly in Swiss territory and was constructed in 1818–23, chiefly at the expense of the King of Sardinia, who desired an Alpine route independent of the Habsburgs. At the head of the pass, which is a little lower than the Splügen, is a small lake. Hinterrhein, or Valdireno, is the starting-point for a visit to the so-called source of the Rhine, where the grey stream ("Rheni luteum caput") issues from a glacier. The pass, originally known as the Vogelberg (Mons Avium), or Passo Uccello, was renamed in the fifteenth century in recognition of the missionary work of St. Bernardin of Siena. The Italian terminus of the road was at Bellinzona, but nowadays travellers quit the road for the electric railway at Mesocco, 20 miles short of that town. The scenery of the Misox valley, through which, quitting the Rhine, we descend, is very varied and attractive.

The third one-ridged Grisons pass to Italy is the Lukmanier, or Passo di Lucomagno (6290 feet), a low and rather flat ridge between the cantons of the Grisons and Ticino. The road across it was made fifty years ago. The mediæval history of the Lukmanier is a little more lively than that either of the San Bernardino or the Splügen. It is on record that it was crossed by Otho I in 965, by Frederick Barbarossa in 1164 and 1186, by Emperor Sigismund

in 1431, and by San Carlo Borromeo in 1581; but its traffic was never very important and is now purely local. Its starting-point on the north is Disentis or Mustèr, the seat of an important Benedictine monastery, the huge and conspicuous buildings of which are now used for educational purposes. The origin of this is said to go back to St. Sigisbert, a seventh-century disciple of St. Columban. Its most interesting figure is the mountaineer-monk Placidus à Spescha, who climbed the Rheinwaldhorn in 1789—a real feat of pioneering, On the Swiss-Italian side the road runs via Olivone, Acquarossa (with its "red fango" mud baths), and Malivaglia to Biasca, on the St. Gotthard railway. Most of the scenery is of the vine, chestnut, mulberry, and walnut variety, framed in mountains of all but the first magnitude.

Other points that clamour for admittance to this too long chapter on the Grisons must be dismissed very briefly. Among winter-sport centres we dare not forget Lenzerheide, a comparatively unpretending resort, which claims to be the birthplace of Swiss ski-ing and is frequented by many who know what's what in that art. It attracts many English skaters. Other resorts in the same neighbourhood are Parpan, with a famous sixteenth-century mansion of the Buols family, and the "intermediate climatic station" of Churwalden. Between Thusis and Tiefencastel is the Schyn Pass, second only to the Via Mala. From Tiefencastel we can make our way south to Silvaplana, in the Upper Engadine, passing Mühlen and other romantic resorts and finding our last stage in the Julier Pass (7500 feet) with its mysterious pillars of blue-grey schist, which rival authorities give you the chance of regarding as Roman milestones or as altars to the Celtic sun-god Jul. The view of the deep Engadine valley, the sea-green Silvaplana lake, and the snow-white peaks of the background is one of those on which Graubünden most prides itself.

The railway running south-west from Coire to Disentis

traverses some of the most historic ground in the canton. Almost at once we reach Reichenau, where in 1793 the worthy "Professor Chabot" or "Chabeaud", otherwise known as King Louis Philippe, was allowed to give French lessons in the college, after proving his capacity in a stringent examination. He seems to have performed his duties with true bourgeois respectability, and there are no picturesque scandals to chronicle. At Reichenau-Tamins diverges the direct line to St. Moritz, passing Rhäzüns, which has a castle attributed to the mythical Etruscan Rhætus and historically able to trace its pedigree to the twelfth century. Reichenau-Tamins is also the starting-point of the diligence to Flims, a very popular summer resort, of which Lake Cauma, with its brilliant colouring and wooded islets, is the most distinctive feature.

Farther west, on our way towards Disentis, lies Ilanz, the "first town on the Rhine", in the centre of what is known as the Grisons Oberland. One of the oldest Grisons towns, it was formerly of considerable importance as the capital of the Grey League, and it still possesses many substantial and well-to-do houses of the sixteenth–seventeenth centuries. Truns, 10 miles farther on, is another of the cradles of Rhætian liberty. A chapel marks the spot where the oath of the Grey League was sworn in 1424.

A few more miles bring us to Disentis, already described at p. 190. The route from Disentis over the Oberalp Pass (6730 feet) to Andermatt (p. 197) connects the Grisons with the canton of Uri and has many features of interest. Hitherto it has been regularly traversed by a postal diligence, but the new Furka railway (comp. p. 198) will render this superfluous.

XIX

SWITZERLAND BY COURTESY

THIS chapter has, strictly speaking, no right to be in this book at all, except that the great majority of Englishmen refuse to believe that Mont Blanc is not in Switzerland and are also convinced that Voltaire spent a great part of his life in that country. We may, perhaps, add that Mont Blanc is the most glorious feature in the daily view of a large number of Swiss citizens, and that the story of Geneva would lose much of its spice if the name of the Patriarch of Ferney were left out of it.

Mont Blanc, with its 15,780 feet of altitude, is the highest mountain in France and in Europe. The south-south-east slopes are, however, Italian, and a little bit at the north-east end is in Switzerland. Italy, indeed, put up a gallant fight to prove that the actual summit was on her side of the frontier; but if we consider the mountain in the figure of a Colossus, Switzerland could not claim much more than the toes of one foot; and it would hardly be a case where one could judge *ex pede Herculem*.

In any case it is to the French village of Chamonix, about 40 miles from Geneva as the aeroplane flies and nearly 60 by railway, that nine-tenths of the climbers of the whole or any part of Mont Blanc flock, though the peak is ascended also from Courmayeur, on the Italian side. We find ourselves in a world of French hotels, French officials, and French guides. Chamonix may be fairly called the cradle of Alpine mountain-climbing, or at least the place where it began to have a continuous history.

And, as it happened, both England and Switzerland had a finger in the pie; for it was a young Englishman, William Windham, and his friends, all living in Geneva, who in 1741 visited the Mer de Glace and climbed the Montanvert. The real pioneer of Mont Blanc, however, was Horace B. de Saussure, an eminent scientific man of Geneva, who offered a reward to the first man to reach the summit. This was claimed in 1786 by Dr. Paccard and the guide Jacques Balmat, and in the following year De Saussure himself accomplished the feat, escorted by eighteen guides.[1] Colonel Beaufoy, an Englishman, reached the top a week later. De Saussure spent more than a fortnight in making scientific observations on the Col du Géant, a feat of endurance which alone gives him a highly honourable place on the Alpine rôle. A servant-girl of Chamonix half-climbed and was half-carried to the top in 1809; but the first woman to reach it under her own power was Mlle Henriette d'Angeville, in 1838. Albert Smith made the ascent in 1851; and, though the "invention" of Mont Blanc by Albert Smith seems as absurd as Oscar Wilde's disappointment with the Atlantic, there is no doubt that this humorous writer's illustrated lectures at the Egyptian Hall did more to make Mont Blanc familiar to Englishmen than the efforts of many more serious mountain-climbers. But the story of Mont Blanc cannot be followed here; those interested must be referred to such books as "The Annals of Mont Blanc", by C. E. Mathews, President of the British Alpine Club. Mont Blanc was known in the Middle Ages as the Mont Maudit, and Bishop Burnet refers to it under this name in 1685. It has had its full share of fatal accidents, and many of its victims rest at Chamonix. If Chamonix were in Switzerland, I should have to give some account of

[1] Quaint old coloured prints by Wocher (exhibited in London in 1924) show this party on both the ascent and the descent. De Saussure himself is depicted as wearing a red coat, green knee-breeches, and white stockings.

the many other ascents and excursions that may be made from it; and I should also possibly feel bound to quote Shelley and Byron and Wordsworth and Coleridge. The view from the summit of Mont Blanc is notable rather for its extent than for any special features. The view of the mountain itself (which inspired the poets unquoted) is, perhaps, most impressive from a distance. It is one of the most isolated of the great peaks.

> The wand'rer mid the hills, with baffled sense,
> The circling heights can scarce discriminate,
> But deems them compeers all, both small and great;
> Then, as he quits the spurs that seemed immense,
> Each league of distance shears their vain pretence,
> Until the midmost peak, no more their mate,
> O'er his dwarft fellows rears his mighty state,
> Monarch alone in white preëminence.

Ferney, the twenty-year home of Voltaire, though less than 4 miles from Geneva, is not, and never has been, on Swiss soil. And yet it is impossible for us to think of it as a French village; for all readers it is simply an outlying suburb of Geneva, containing the residence of one who may fairly be called Geneva's most famous citizen of his day.

Voltaire came to Switzerland in December, 1754, at the age of sixty, establishing himself in summer quarters at Les Délices, close to the junction of the Rhone and the Arve, and in winter quarters at Morion, near Lausanne. He at once adopted the Lake of Geneva: "mon lac est le premier". Three years later he bought the lordship of Ferney, where he hoped to enjoy the political liberty of Geneva and at the same time be free from its social and religious tyranny. And here he spent the last twenty years of his life in peace, for it was due to the mere accident of a casual visit to Paris that he did not die in his own house. I have written "in peace"; but it would be truer to say in such peace as was allowed him by his extravagant niece-housekeeper, Mme Denis; by his adopted daughter, Mlle Corneille (grand-niece of the dramatist, afterwards Mme Dupuits); by his crowds of guests of every nationality (he called himself

" l'aubergiste de l'Europe ") ; by his theatrical and other squabbles with Geneva ; and by his unremitting exertions in the cause of the oppressed. His housekeeping at Ferney was a topic of European interest ; his salon was frequented sooner or later by every eminent literary man and by everyone who thought himself such ; his correspondence with crowned heads and humbler individuals was probably the largest and most varied ever carried on by a private person (over 7000 letters have been published) ; in his house-theatre (pulled down) his own plays were acted by amateurs ; and infinite energy was spent in improving his own estate and in transforming Ferney from a miserable hamlet to a thriving industrial village. The château he built has been much altered, and unfortunately is now closed to visitors ; but if we could get in we should still see his bedroom and several interesting relics. The little chapel, inscribed " Deo erexit Voltaire " (" I would rather build for the Master than for his valets "), is close to the gate, and can thus be looked at by the tourist-pariah, who may possibly also catch a glimpse of the famous hornbeam alley where Voltaire walked up and down, dictating to his secretary, and enjoying the marvellous views of Mont Blanc and the Alps.

It is impracticable here to give even a summary list of the distinguished guests who were received at Ferney by Voltaire in his " flowered silk waistcoat and nightgown, a dark periwig without powder, slippers, and a cap in his hand " (Lady Mary Coke). Boswell arrived in 1765 on a vain attempt to reconcile Voltaire with Dr. Johnson, whom the Patriarch of Ferney dismissed as " a superstitious dog ". Johnson, on his side, found it impossible " to settle the proportion of iniquity between Voltaire and Rousseau ". Goldsmith wrote a short life of Voltaire and also published a eulogium on him in Letter XLII of " The Citizen of the World " ; but he could not (as sometimes alleged) have visited Ferney, as he returned to England in 1756. It is possible, however, that he may

have seen Voltaire in 1755, at Les Délices. Dr. Burney, father of the authoress of "Evelina", gives an interesting account of Voltaire at the age of seventy-six. The Rev. Mr. Sherlock, six years later, found the octogenarian still clad in the magnificent style described above, heard him say "some shocking things against Moses and Shakespeare", and elicited a pronouncement that Newton was "the greatest genius that ever existed". Adam Smith was another famous British visitor. Of this visit we have little record, but we can judge of the impression it made on the visitor from the reply he made in 1789 to Rogers, who had spoken of "*a* Voltaire": "Sir, there has been but one Voltaire". One of the most amusing visits of which we have any record was that of the Philadelphia Quaker, Claude Gay. The upshot of his conversation with Voltaire was that he rose from the table and left the house, exclaiming: "Friend Voltaire, perhaps thou mayest come to understand these matters rightly; in the meantime, finding I can do thee no good, I leave thee, and so fare thee well". Among Voltaire's non-English visitors were Rochefoucauld, Marshal Richelieu, D'Alembert, Grimm, Marmontel, La Harpe, Mme d'Epinay, and many others of nearly equal eminence.

British travellers should remember that Admiral Byng was one of the victims of injustice that Voltaire did his best to save, and that it was at Ferney that he wrote the famous sarcasm in which he described him as done to death "pour encourager les autres".

Much more might be written, did space permit, of places that are Swiss by courtesy or by fallacy. Let me end this chapter with a frivolous remark about one of these. I recommend all visitors to Geneva to consider Divonne-les-Bains (it is only 13 miles away) as constructively part of Switzerland, not solely because it is a pretty little watering-place frequented by French families of the old régime, but also for the wonderful meals they may obtain at the Restaurant Marquis, on the hillside above it.

XX

THE LAST LOAD

A FEW places that no book on Switzerland can dare to ignore have not found a place in the foregoing pages. It would be easy, indeed, to make this chapter one of the longest in the book, but I shall try to confine myself to the most clamorous omissions.

Andermatt, for instance, situated at the north end of the St. Gotthard Tunnel, and also at the mouths of the great Furka and Oberalp Passes, might be fairly described as lying at the central ganglion of the Swiss Confederation. French, German, Italian, and Romonsh or Rhæto-Roman Switzerland all meet here. The St. Gotthard "massif" is the watershed with the headwaters of the Rhone, Rhine, Ticino, and Reuss. To speak strictly, however, it is the fact that it lies *over* and not *at* the beginning of the St. Gotthard Tunnel that has prevented a previous description; for the mouth of the tunnel is actually in Göschenen, and northern passengers for Andermatt have to change there for the curious little two-mile-long railway that ascends the romantic ravine of the Schöllenen, so named from the rocky steps ("scaliones") of the old road. To-day Andermatt is still of touristic importance as a station on the Furka railway, running north-east by the Oberalp Pass to Disentis (Coire; comp. p. 191) and south-west below the Furka Pass to Gletsch (Rhone Glacier) and Brig. It is of political significance for the strength of the fortifications hidden in its encircling bastions of rock and mountain. One of the interesting sights of an Andermatt winter is the ski-drill of the Swiss soldier. At a height

of nearly 5000 feet above the sea, it is frequented by thousands of visitors both in summer and winter, and its ski-ing and lugeing facilities rank high. It is the capital of the green and pastoral Urseren valley, originally peopled by Romonsh inhabitants. The more immediate attractions of Andermatt include the Devil's Bridge and other wild beauties of the Schöllenen Gorge, the picturesque Gurschenbach Falls, and an opportunity for the easy ascent of the Badus or Six Mundaun, one of Switzerland's panoramic view-points of relatively moderate height (9600 feet). A Greek cross, with a Russian inscription, near the Devil's Bridge, commemorates Suvarov's campaign of 1799, when that general made his desperate but unavailing attempt to sweep the French out of Switzerland.

Going over the St. Gotthard Pass, instead of under it as in Chapter XVII, we follow a route that has existed, first as mule-path and then as road, since the thirteenth century. Near its head, not far short of 7000 feet above the sea, we reach the St. Gotthard Hospice, which used to succour thousands of poor travellers every year, but has been be-railwayed and be-tunnelled into a not very important hotel.

On the other side a series of twenty-four zigzags takes us down, through the Val Tremola, to Airolo, where we link up with our description at p. 152.

The drive over the Furka Pass (8000 feet) to Gletsch is one of the grandest in Switzerland. No one will ever forget his view of the extraordinary séracs and ice-falls of the Rhone Glacier as he begins the last rapid and circuitous descent to Gletsch. There is, however, the less need to enter into details here, because the narrow-gauge Furka railway, abandoned on the outbreak of the War, has just been completed. This line threads a tunnel 1000 feet below the head of the pass.

Gletsch, about a mile from the foot of the Rhone Glacier, consists of little more than a railway station and hotel, the latter in the hands of a member of the Seiler

family (see p. 101). The Rhone Glacier, nearly 8 miles long, is extremely impressive, in spite of the way in which a retrocession of a couple of miles in the historical era has made the level area at its lower end unsightly to the view and unpleasant for the foot. The river issues from a beautiful blue ice-cavern. It is interesting to note how the concentric moraines illustrate the progress of retrocession. But the Rhone Glacier, like some others, has now again begun to put out its tongue.

At Gletsch begins the older part of the Furka railway. This descends the Rhone valley to Brig, with the infant river careering alongside and exhibiting snow-bridges even in summer. The chief intermediate station is Fiesch, a collection of sombre chalets amid flower-spangled pastures. It is the taking-off point for the Eggishorn-Jungfrau Hotel (7200 feet), commanding an excellent view of the Lepontine Alps; for the exquisite Märjelen-See, a more or less ice-bound lake, with the Aletsch Glacier (the largest in Switzerland; 13 miles long) forming one of its shores; and the icy expanse of the so-called Place de la Concorde or Concordia-Platz, with an inn and two huts of the Swiss Alpine Club. This spot (9300 feet) is a centre for high-mountaineering. The view of the serpentine and unruffled flow of the Aletsch Glacier is superb.

Another fine route leads from Fiesch over the Albrun Pass (7900 feet) to Domodossola. Perhaps the most interesting point passed is the village of Binn, a little summer and mountaineering resort, which is still unspoiled, though the present curé would hardly be justified in dating his letters, as an early predecessor did, as "prope mundum" ("*near* the world"). The Tosa Falls, sometimes visited from Binn, deserve their reputation.

Below Fiesch the Furka railway passes Mörel, at the foot of the bridle-path to the summer resort on the Rieder Alp (6300 feet). Near Mörel may be seen several of the "bisses", or irrigation canals, that are characteristic

of this part of the Valais. Farther on the train skirts the conduit carrying water for the turbines of the Simplon Tunnel, and passes near the entrance of the tunnel itself. Brig has been described in Chapter XII.

Gletsch is also the starting-point of the motor-diligences to Meiringen over the Grimsel Pass (7160 feet), connecting the upper valley of the Rhone with the Bernese Oberland, and one of the finest, oldest, and busiest passes in the Alps. The actual summit, however, is rather featureless. The Grimsel Hospice a thousand feet beyond and below the pass-head, first mentioned in a document of 1397 and with a long record of beneficence behind it, is now a hotel. The old paved mule-path still exists between the col and Obergestelen. The Maienwang slope, which we first ascend, shows perhaps the richest field of Alpine roses in Switzerland. On the downward slope the most famous scenic point is the Handeck Waterfall, a rainbow-lit cascade 150 feet high, formed by the Aar.

Several of the places in the Rhone valley, between Brig and the Lake of Geneva, are interesting for various reasons, Visp we already know as a gateway to Zermatt. Leuk-Susten, another station on the great trunk-railway, also serves the electric line to Leukerbad or Loèche-les-Bains (4600 feet), a small spa and winter-sports resort, especially affected by French-speaking visitors. The records of this little spa contain some quaint entries. Thus we learn that the fine for bathing without a shirt was only 2 francs, while that for talking on religious subjects was 10 francs. Whether this means decency and tolerance, or decency and intolerance, remains a little obscure. The bathers spend long hours in the warm saline water, with little tables floating in front of them—a scene pleasantly caricatured by Mark Twain in "A Tramp Abroad". Sierre or Siders, a few miles farther west, has a dry and sunny climate and a few interesting old houses. It is, however, mainly notable as the terminus of the funicular railway to Montana (p. 223).

Another 10 miles brings us to Sion or Sitten, the capital of the Valais, a quaint little town, the striking situation of which, on two castle-crowned hills, seems calculated to attract more foreign visitors than has hitherto been the case. Sion has still all the air of an episcopal city; and its cathedral, the church of St. Théodule, the very curious church of Our Lady of Valeria, the episcopal château of Tourbillon, and the Maison Supersaxo are decidedly worth seeing. The whole history of this region is bound up with Sion, as its bishops (beginning in the sixth century) were also Counts of the Valais, holding directly from the Emperor. The most important of them was Matthias Schinner, a very conspicuous and picturesque figure in Swiss history. Of peasant origin, he rose to be the first Swiss cardinal. As leader of the anti-French party, he visited England, to dissuade Henry VIII from marrying his sister to Louis XII, and his policy was afterwards aided by subsidies from the English monarch. In their numerous contests the bishops were sometimes aided and sometimes resisted by the communes of Valais, the so-called "Dizains" or "Zehnten" (Tithings). The most remarkable of Sion's three castles is the Valeria or Valère, containing a thirteenth-century church.

About 16 miles from Sion, at the point where the Rhone turns abruptly from west to north, stands Martigny, the Octodurum of the Romans. It is of importance as the junction of routes to Geneva, Chamonix, the Great St. Bernard, and Brig (the Simplon). Quite near are two of the most widely known of Switzerland's smaller scenic properties:—the Pissevache Waterfall and the Gorges du Trient, a rocky rift like those at Ragatz, Zermatt, and Grindelwald.

To the south a short railway runs through the Val d'Entremont to Orsières, a typically Valaisan village. Here begins the ascent proper to the Great St. Bernard, one of the oldest and most historic, and probably the best known by name, of all the Alpine passes, but comparatively

unattractive in scenery. The road over it was not completed till twenty years ago. Romans (to whom the pass was known as Summus Penninus or Mons Jovis), mediæval pilgrims and emperors, Austrian and French soldiers, and tourists have all poured over this pass in an unending stream. It is in connection with the Great St. Bernard that we first hear of anything that can be called tobogganing, for we are told that in 1476 Yolande, sister of Louis XI, and the members of her party, glided down the Italian slope on "ramasses" or wooden sleds (Coolidge). The famous Hospice was founded in the eleventh century by St. Bernard of Menthon, and was managed by Augustine canons from Martigny. Of these there are now about a dozen, aided by lay-brothers or "Maronniers". The rescue of travellers lost in the snow is now comparatively rare, but the trusty St. Bernard dogs are still reared, though the original breed is said to have died out. Part of the Hospice has been converted into an ordinary hotel, but the monks still provide hospitality for the genuine poor traveller. A very short way beyond the Hospice we reach the Italian frontier.

A little to the north of Martigny lies St. Maurice, named from the leader of the Theban Legion (raised in Egypt), who were all (so says tradition) martyred here in 302 for refusing to serve against their fellow-Christians in Gaul. The abbey here is probably the oldest in Switzerland, and its treasury contains a rare collection of mediæval gold and silver work.

The canton of Valais or Wallis, one of the largest in Switzerland, is also one of the richest in natural beauties. Its inhabitants, one-third of whom (Alemannic in origin) speak German and two-thirds French (Burgundian), are nearly all Roman Catholics. "Le Tourisme" is undoubtedly one of its chief sources of income, but it has another important asset in the culture of the vine, supposed to have been introduced by the Roman legionaries. The best known varieties are the Dôle (red) and Fendant (white). At Visperterminen, near Visp, is the highest vineyard in

FRIBOURG

Europe (4400 feet). The canton contains innumerable summer and winter resorts, many of which have already been mentioned. The following also are of considerable importance. Evolena, in the Val d'Hérens, is frequented by climbers as well as by ordinary summer visitors. Arolla is a high-perched resort (6440 feet), grandly situated at the base of the pyramidal Mont Collon. It stands amid forests of the spreading stone pine (*Pinus cembra*), sometimes called Arolla pine. The wood of this tree is the favourite material of the Swiss wood-carver. St. Luc, 1400 feet above the Val d'Anniviers, commands a good view of the head of that valley and the Matterhorn. Zinal at the head of the Val d'Anniviers, and Fionnay, in the Vallée de Bagnes, are also popular both with mountaineers and less strenuous visitors. Salvan and Finhaut are frequented summer resorts between Martigny and Chamonix. Above Finhaut and Le Châtelard is the new and picturesque Barberine Lake, formed in connection with the electrification of the main railway from Lausanne to Brig.

Two resorts in Vaud, but close to the Valais border, may also be mentioned here. Bex, at the mouth of the Val d'Avançon, just north of St. Maurice, has long attracted visitors by its brine baths. Aigle, 5 miles from Bex, lies near the entrance to the Val d'Ormonts, has a mediæval château (now a prison), and is the starting-point of excursions to Le Sépey, Les Diablerets, and many other attractive points.

Fribourg, in the canton of its own name and about midway between Berne and Lausanne, has some right, if we consider its size (21,000 inhabitants) as well as its site, its environment, and the undisturbed congruity of its quaint mediævalism, to rank as the most picturesque town in Switzerland. Founded in the twelfth century by Berchthold IV of Zähringen, it was long an aristocratic rival of Berne. In the Confederation of 1501 (see p. 5) Fribourg was the only French-speaking canton. German influence then came into play, and about one-third of the inhabitants now speak German, the line of division

actually running through the town of Fribourg. It is still, as of yore, a Roman Catholic canton, and as such it was a member of the Sonderbund (p. 6). The most characteristic feature of Fribourg is its mediæval wall and towers, climbing the hill slopes like cats (as Ruskin puts it). The flamboyant Gothic church of St. Nicholas echoes in its architecture and fittings the blend of the German and French elements typical of the place. It contains a wonderful organ, on which "thunderstorm" recitals are regularly given. Near the church is an ancient lime-tree, hallowed by a Fribourg-Morat version of the Marathon runner. The University is a centre of the Roman Catholic culture in Switzerland. Fribourg might well be called the City of Bridges. The Great Suspension Bridge across the Sarine, long one of the wonders of Switzerland, has gone, but it has been replaced by an equally wonderful two-tiered bridge of stone. The Gotteron Suspension Bridge, 246 feet above the Gotteron ravine, still hangs, to afford us a superb view of the town. And just outside the town is the new Pèrolles Bridge, 230 feet high, one of the most massive and imposing feats of Swiss engineering.

Etienne Sénancour, author of "Obermann", lived at Fribourg for some years. For English readers he and his book have been immortalized by Matthew Arnold's poems; but it is the neighbourhood of Glion, not Fribourg, where the poet finds that "all speaks of thee, I feel thee near once more".

As the canton of Fribourg is said to be the origina home of the Ranz des Vaches, the traditional melody of the Alpenhorn in calling the cattle home, it is not surprising to learn that it is famous for its cheeses.[1] Fribourg is the only canton that has not adopted the referendum, and its use of the initiative is very restricted.

[1] The etymology of the word "ranz" is very uncertain. Beethoven has used the Ranz des Vaches in the finale of the Pastoral Symphony, where the music is assigned to the English horn. Rossini also introduced it into his "William Tell."

XXI

SPORT IN SWITZERLAND

WINTER sports have become such a familiar and pervasive feature of life in Switzerland that there is comparatively little reason that much space should be devoted to them in this little volume. Like mountaineering, they have an extensive literature of their own. These two subjects, almost alone among Swiss interests, have induced many highly competent English writers to deal with them. Here, therefore, I refer those interested to the special manuals on the topic. One or two sports that are less well known out of Switzerland I deal with in a little more detail.[1]

It is curious that practically none of the Swiss winter sports is indigenous; all have been introduced by British and other foreigners. Thus the first mention I know of

[1] Admirable little books on Swiss winter sports in general have been written by Arnold Lunn (whose success in wider literary fields is well known), C. W. Domville Fife, and Yve M. Rankine ("Winter Sports Do's and Dont's," Methuen—an eminently practical little volume). The Swiss Tourist Office issues many useful pamphlets and folders, copies of which may be obtained at the office of the Swiss Federal Railways (11B, Regent Street, London); and similar matter is issued by Alpine Sports, Ltd., and Thomas Cook & Son. The charmingly illustrated "Switzerland in Winter," by Will and Carine Cadby, should not be overlooked. Perhaps novices could not begin better than by consulting the carefully compiled note on Swiss winter sports in the "Blue Guide to Switzerland," where ample references to fuller sources of information and useful advice for procedure are also given.

Books on the special forms of winter sports also abound, such as those on ski-ing by Lunn, Caulfeild, and Roget; on skating by Cobb, Syers, Crawley, and Benson, etc.

"sledding" as an *amusement* occurs in a book published by a certain Thomas Watkins in 1794. Here he tells us that the "marons" or guides at Mont Cenis used to take travellers down to Lanslebourg on sledges with iron keels. English travellers found this so jolly that they climbed up to the pass again to repeat the pleasure! Comp. (e.g.) p. 202. The Swiss themselves, however, have taken to winter sports very kindly, and hold their own with the invaders; and, in particular, they have been eminently successful in providing the best of facilities, combined with the maximum of comfort. The Swiss skating-rinks, tennis courts (to think for a moment of summer), ice-reservations for curling and hockey, toboggan runs, and so on, at the chief resorts are usually excellent. Nature provides the snow-slopes for ski-ers, the brilliant yet not oppressive sunshine, the exhilarating air, and the beauty of environment. The sporters themselves bring the humour that laughs at difficulties and fatigue, the good-natured emulation, the determination to make good, and the spirit of camaraderie that goes so far to make a sojourn in a winter-sport resort an experience to be enjoyed thoroughly at the time and remembered afterwards with unalloyed satisfaction.

It is easy to reckon anywhere from 100 to 150 winter resorts in Switzerland, according to the stringency of our standard. In choosing his resort the keen sportsman who wishes to minimize the chance of disappointment should remember that altitude is the main point to consider. A height of 5000 feet is practically certain to provide the necessary snow and ice; a height of between 4000 and 5000 feet is pretty safe in all normal winters; below 4000 feet thaws and insufficient snowfall have to be reckoned with. Local conditions, of course, modify this general rule. Thus deep valleys, overhung by lofty mountains, are often colder than plateaux of greater height which enjoy a more generous allowance of sunshine. But the night-frost can generally be trusted to repair the ravages

of the day. It must not be overlooked that a certain amount of acclimatization is generally necessary at the higher altitudes, and that some people cannot stand them at all. The best season is usually from mid-January to the end of February. Ski-ing is, perhaps, at its best even later, especially as the longer days are advantageous for ski-tours; but skaters will find that the ice is rarely so good as in January. Those who are willing to pay the higher prices will find the long-established centres better equipped and more comfortable than the resorts that are making their reputations; but this applies least to ski-ing.

I shall make no attempt to enumerate the various suggestions that might be made in regard to dress, the choice of equipments, and so on. They will be found in the books above referred to. And the visitor who is keenly interested in any special sport should get into touch with one or other of the various British clubs and associations for ski-ing, skating, curling, etc. One general rule may be laid down as to dress, because the infringement of it seems natural and almost inevitable to the novice. Woolly or rough surfaces are to be avoided like the plague, as anything in the nature of a nap simply collects the snow. Smooth and wind-and-snow-proof cloth should be selected. Coloured glasses are pretty sure to come in handy. The social functions at the hotels—a conspicuous item in a Swiss winter—necessitate evening clothes, and young people will do well to add a fancy dress.

Ski-ing, though not introduced in Switzerland till after 1890, is now the most widely practised winter sport, and it has this advantage, that a novice can very soon begin to enjoy it. Moreover, the ski-er sees more of Switzerland and its scenery than the skater or curler, who is confined to a space of at most an acre or two. Mr. Lunn assures us that an active man of sixty should have no difficulty in learning to ski well enough to make reasonably long expeditions. Ski-jumping is one of the most exciting spectacles of a Swiss winter resort, though here Britons

have to take a decidedly back seat. The Swiss record for the longest jump is between 207 and 208 feet, but this record has been excelled in Norway and Canada. In ski-kjöring, introduced from Norway in 1906, the ski-er is towed by a horseman.

Skating, though not quite so universally popular as ski-ing, may be enjoyed at nearly all the winter resorts. The ice of the rinks is almost always beautifully kept. Competitions, gymkhanas, and carnivals are frequent. Though the English style of skating was the first to be practised in Switzerland, it has now been largely displaced by the international or continental school.

Ice hockey is an active appendage of skating, and exciting matches take place at many resorts. The chief event is the match between Oxford and Cambridge, played in the Christmas vacation at St. Moritz (formerly at Mürren). Bandy, played with a ball instead of a " puck " and with boundaries as in football or polo, is now rare.

Curling was, naturally, introduced to Switzerland by a Scotsman (1882). It may be described, in one aspect, as winter golf, since no one ever allows that he is too old to wield a mashie or lay a stone. The game has flourished exceedingly in its new habitat, and the concomitants have made the " roaring game " somewhat quieter and smoother than in Scotland. The International Bonspiel attracts experts from Scotland, from all parts of Switzerland, and even from Canada ; and there are many other competitions. The Jackson Cup, the great trophy, will be competed for at Wengen in 1927, St. Moritz in 1928, and (probably) Grindelwald in 1929. Those who do not care to bring their own with them can generally hire stones at all the main resorts.

" Tobogganing " and " lugeing " have come to be the general terms in Switzerland for everything that is involved in the American term " coasting ". But toboggans in the proper or Canadian sense of the word are hardly known in Switzerland. Toboggan may mean anything from the

CRESTA RUN AT ST. MORITZ

simple wooden luge, or sled, used on snow-slopes by the Swiss peasant, to the iron "skeleton" or racer that whizzes down the ice-clad groove of the famous "runs". The so-called "bobsleigh" corresponds to the American "double-runner" and carries a crew of five or more. The "boblet" is a miniature bobsleigh, carrying three. In their most scientific form tobogganing and bobsleighing are probably the most dangerous of Swiss winter sports, and no season passes without serious accidents. But plenty of fun, without undue risk, may be obtained on the "village", "nursery", "children's", and "novice" runs and slopes generally provided for the less expert. A favourite amusement is "tailing", in which a number of small sleds are towed by a horse-sleigh. This is very easy on a straight and level road, but corners on a down-hill grade often introduce complications.

Many of the chief winter resorts have already been described in other parts of the volume. Among the chief of these are St. Moritz (where the famous Cresta Run is, of course, the best, fastest, and most dangerous ice-run in the country), Pontresina, Davos, Klosters, Grindelwald, Mürren (at which most of the chief ski-races take place), Wengen, Wengern Alp, Arosa, Adelboden, Engelberg, Lenzerheide, and Caux. At St. Moritz horse-racing on ice is an addition to the usual list of winter sports.

Among places not yet mentioned are the string of stations on the charming mountain railway from Montreux to Spiez. About 14 miles above Les Avants comes Château d'Oex, taking its name from a castle erected by the Counts of Gruyères (p. 87) to protect their pastures. This is a favourite all-the-year-round resort, and, though only 3200 feet above the sea, its snow-slopes can usually be counted on to provide excellent ski-ing and tobogganing. There was a large internment camp here during the War, and the cemetery contains the graves of many British and other soldiers. Another 9 miles uphill brings us to Gstaad, which has a skating-rink 2 acres

in extent and good opportunities for all other forms of winter sport. The great annual event is the Concours Hippique, in which Swiss cavalry officers and others compete in ski-kjöring, jumping, and horse-racing in the snow. At Saanenmöser, a small summer and winter resort, we cross the watershed between the Sarine and the Simme (4175 feet) and begin our descent to Spiez, described at p. 37. Zweisimmen, where carriages are usually changed, is frequented for ski-ing. It is the junction of a short branch-line to Lenk, visited for its sulphur springs, its ski-slopes, and its mountain-climbing.

Villars (4120 feet), high above the Rhone valley and reached by a short narrow-gauge railway from Bex (p. 203), stands on an open and sunny plateau and is the chief sports resort in this part of Switzerland. It possesses a huge skating-rink, and its excellent ski-ing and tobogganing are much facilitated by the mountain railways that carry the sportsman and his gear up to good starting-points. A fine new Bob Run was opened in 1925. It is a very gay centre, in the midst of exquisite scenery, and its frequenters come from many different countries. The second point of importance in this region is Les Diablerets, situated in the Ormont valley, about 300 feet lower than Villars. It is reached by light railway from Aigle. It is good for all forms of winter sport.

Morgins, situated somewhat to the south of these resorts, close to the French frontier and 4350 feet above the sea, is specially noted as the centre of the English school of skating and the headquarters of the Bear Skating Club. The skating-rink is 5 acres in extent. The ski-ing and lugeing are also good. It is reached by motor-bus from Trois Torrents, a station on the electric railway from Monthey to Champéry. The latter, though in the valley, 900 feet below Morgins, also has its winter as well as its summer visitors. The Dent du Midi is the dominant feature of Morgins scenery.

Some of the Jura resorts, though (through their lower

altitude) less certain of satisfactory weather conditions, offer winter sport facilities at somewhat less expense than the places hitherto mentioned. One of the best of them is St. Cergue (3430 feet), at the foot of the Dôle. The Weissenstein (see p. 20) is high enough up (4245 feet) to make ski-ing and lugeing reasonably certain. Other Jura resorts are Mont Soleil (near St. Imier), Ste Croix, Les Rasses, Ballaigues, and Le Pont.

As has already been made evident by many incidental allusions throughout this volume, no Englishman need give up his tennis or golf in visiting Switzerland in summer. Good hard tennis courts are found at all the chief resorts and provided by practically every large hotel. There are now at least a score of golf-courses in Switzerland, the best of which is the eighteen-hole course at Samaden (p. 171), where the game is carried on with great zeal and energy. Tournaments and other competitions are held in both games.

A little more space may be dovoted to the game of Hornussen, or " Hornets ", which very few of Switzerland's summer or winter visitors even see. This is a unique and truly national game, played chiefly by the country people in the canton of Berne after the crops are off the ground. An annual tournament is held at Berne or elsewhere, when teams from numerous localities compete for the championship. It is a game demanding strength, courage, and skill, and will appeal to every true sportsman. It includes features that recall golf, cricket, lawn tennis, baseball, and even (in the mode of scoring) shuffleboard. It is played with an egg-shaped " puck " of solid india-rubber (the " Hornet ") and a very " whippy " ashen club, 6–7 feet long. The players in formal matches are divided into two teams of 14 or 18 men each. The object of the " Attackers " or " Strikers " (" Schläger ") is to drive the puck, from a tripod tee, down a prescribed course, so as to fall within a definite area (" Spielries "). The object of the " Defenders " or " Killers " (" Abtuer ")

is to prevent this by "killing" or deflecting the puck with curious, shovel-like wooden bats. This may be done either by using the bat in the ordinary fashion or by hurling it into the air. Much skill is shown in the "backing-up" combinations, arranged so that, if one player misses, his "coverer" may still have a chance to kill. If the puck falls within the Ries, it counts for the attackers, the score varying according to the parallel spaces into which the area is divided. Naturally the shot which gets safely to the farther end of the "home" counts more than that which barely reaches the nearest part of it. A good driver will carry from 180 to 250 or even 300 yards. The regular distance from the tee to the beginning of the Ries is about 100 yards, but the Ries itself is over 200 yards in length. "Errors" (to use the baseball term), such as driving wide of the Ries altogether or failing to land the puck untouched, count more towards settling the victory than positive points scored. Thus a side with 4 errors and 375 points wins over a side with 5 errors and 395 points.

These notes, with the aid of the illustrations at p. 211, should give a fair idea of the game.[1]

Among other national Swiss sports may be reckoned shooting at a mark, wrestling, and gymnastics. The Swiss are excellent rifle-shots, and each village of any size has a much-used shooting-range. In 1912 Emperor William of Germany, on asking a Swiss sharpshooter what the 200,000 Swiss could do against 400,000 invaders, was answered: "In that case, we should each have to fire twice!" The *Schwingfeste*, or wrestling matches of the Swiss peasants, especially in the Entlebuch (Berne), have long been a popular Swiss pastime, frequently celebrated in literature and in such well-known pictures as those of

[1] Those interested enough to wish more information should apply to Herr Hermann Röthlisberger, President of the Swiss Hornusser-Verband (Kasernen-Str. 39, Berne), to whose courtesy I am indebted for our illustrations and for most of the above details.

GAME OF HORNUSSEN (HORNETS)

Giron (Berne), Baud-Bovy (Geneva), and Hodler (Zurich, p. 133). The visitor with a taste for the rougher side of sport will find the show of strength and skill at these competitions well worth his attention. The prowess of Swiss gymnasts is well known. Swiss officers are often most accomplished riders, and Olympia has given us frequent opportunities to judge of their skill.

Shooting (chamois, marmots, etc.) and fishing are both popular in Switzerland. The regulations, however, vary from canton to canton, and are such as sometimes to make it hardly worth a visitor's while to try to secure a permit. Fairly full information on this point will be found in the " Blue Guide to Switzerland ".

Another characteristic Swiss sport is cow-fighting, which may be seen to advantage at Montana, Martigny, and elsewhere in June. The strongest cows in the vicinity are collected and engage in a butting match. For the nonce the milky mothers of the herd abandon their peaceful cud-chewing and put up a jolly good fight. The cow which succeeds in pushing its adversaries out of the ring is proclaimed as " queen "; and it is said that her royal prerogative is freely conceded by the other cattle, who henceforth follow her lead without hesitation. As much as £800 has been paid for a champion queen.

XXII

MOUNTAINEERING

IN a book like this a chapter on mountain-climbing behoves to be even more perfunctory than that on winter sports. In the first place a very large number of English books on this topic have already been written by past masters of the art, many of whom wield the pen as efficiently as the ice-axe. Besides the admirable papers of the British Alpine Club, one thinks at once of the books by Leslie Stephen, Edward Whymper, Martin Conway, W. A. B. Coolidge, Arnold Lunn, Alfred Wills, J. D. Forbes, John Ball, C. E. Mathews, John Tyndall, Professor Bonney, Douglas Freshfield, A. F. Mummery, Claud Schuster, and C. D. Abraham. I do not know that Mr. Francis Gribble claims to be himself an adept in mountain-climbing, but he has written two very interesting books on the history of the sport. The art of mountaineering and the equipment of the mountain-climber are exhaustively treated by G. Winthrop Young ("Mountain Craft") and in the volume on "Mountaineering" in the Badminton Library by C. T. Dent and others. The would-be scaler of the Alps could not, so far as books are concerned, do better than begin with the short and practical digest in the "Blue Guide to Switzerland" and then consult as many of the above-named books as he has time for. But better than books are the advice of experienced climbers and the company of trustworthy guides.

Two or three simple, not to say obvious, hints may be set down here. No one should attempt any but the very

easiest ascent, unless or until he is in first-class physical trim. No novice should attempt an ascent, to which even a suspicion of difficulty attaches, without a guide. No matter how simple the feat may look in fine weather, conditions may easily supervene in which experienced knowledge is essential. The climber should make sure that his guide is thoroughly qualified, and should never try to over-persuade him to proceed in the face of what he considers obvious danger. Snow and ice craft requires much more experience than rock-climbing. Mountain-climbing is not a cheap sport. The guide's fee runs all the way from 20 francs for even such a modest ascent as the Faulhorn (where a guide is really unnecessary in fine weather) up to 125 francs for the Matterhorn, and 200 francs for Mont Blanc. Porters and extra guides are sometimes necessary. Nailed shoes are indispensable. The "Ten Commandments" of the Swiss Alpine Club, too long to quote here, are well worthy of attention. They deal largely with consideration for the rights of others.

Taking the number of guides as a rough standard, we find that the chief mountaineering centres in Switzerland (not counting Chamonix) are Zermatt, Grindelwald, Pontresina, the Visp district (Saas, Randa, etc.), Lauterbrunnen (with Mürren and Wengen), Kandersteg, Evolena, Engelberg, Zinal, and Meiringen. But there are many small resorts where ample opportunity is afforded for courage, strength, and skill, and these are for some temperaments more attractive than the fashionable centres.

It is hard to fix a date for the beginning of the history of mountain-climbing as a sport. It was long before mankind got away from the spirit of Master John de Bremble, a monk of Canterbury, who (as we learn from Professor Stubbs) crossed the Mons Jovis (Great St. Bernard) in 1188 and described it as "hell" and a "place of torment". About 1685 Bishop Burnet—perhaps because he was, as Dryden describes him, "a portly prince and

goodly to the sight"—found the Alps nothing but "vast undigested heaps of stone". Goldsmith (who visited Switzerland in 1755) complains that the mountains interrupt every prospect. Ruskin, though there never was a more enthusiastic lover of the Alps, gibes at mountain-climbers as "soaped-pole" enthusiasts. The first edition of "Murray's Guide to Switzerland", published in 1838, tells its readers that, if they have surmounted the Righi, the Faulhorn, and the Dôle, they "may fairly consider any further ascents a waste of time and labour". Gibbon, writing in 1783, tells us that many foreign visitors came to Lausanne on their way to explore the wonders of mountain and glacier; and this is almost the first expression of any general picturesque interest in these natural phenomena. Rousseau, however, is usually acclaimed as the first real popularizer of high mountain scenery.

Taking the list of first ascents given by Dr. W. A. B. Coolidge in his "Alps in Nature and History", it is not till about 1760 that we cease to find enormous gaps of time between the ascents chronicled. Scheuchzer (p. 218) tells us of an ascent of the Piz Beverin about 1707, and the Scesaplana seems to have been conquered some time before 1742. About ten more high peaks fell in the next forty years. Then came the ascent of Mont Blanc in 1786, as noted in Chapter XIX. After that the single spies become companies and eventually battalions. The Jungfrau was first ascended in 1811 (p. 44), the Finsteraarhorn the following year. The year 1840 has a special interest inasmuch as it witnessed the earliest first ascents recorded as having been made by an Englishman. The Eggishorn and Hockenhorn, which fell to A. T. Malkin, are hardly among the giants; a more important landmark was the ascent of the Stockhorn (Zermatt) by Professor J. D. Forbes in 1842. In 1855 an English party reached the highest point of Monte Rosa, and in 1857 John Ball climbed Pelmo. Many interesting mountaineering feats were recorded in the books published by Kennedy and Hudson,

Sir Alfred Wills, and T. W. Hinchliff in 1855–57. F. F. Tuckett added the Aletschhorn in 1859. Then came the period of English supremacy. About a score of virgin peaks were conquered by British climbers in 1860 and 1861. Leslie Stephen, that wonderful climber and charming writer, of whom it was said " he walked from Alp to Alp like a pair of one-inch compasses over a large map ", makes his debut with the Eigerjoch in 1859, and is also responsible for several other first-class peaks. The Weisshorn was climbed by Professor Tyndall in 1861, the Silberhorn by Karl Baedeker in 1863. Edward Whymper, another of the giants of mountaineering, enters the lists with the Matterhorn in 1865 (p. 103). Dr. Coolidge tells us that this was the culminating year of Swiss climbing; and of the 43 first ascents he chronicles, more than half were made by Englishmen. Dr. Coolidge himself made the first ascents of the Meije in 1870 and the Grande Ruine in 1873. Among prominent climbers of recent date are Sir Martin Conway (who did much of his work with Gurkha guides), Mr. Douglas Freshfield, Captain J. P. Farrar, and Mr. G. W. Young. By the end of the ninteenth century practically all the important peaks of the Alps had been conquered. The would-be pioneer is now reduced to find new routes up old mountains. And much of the youthful energy that used to find an outlet in climbing has transferred itself to winter sports. Mountain-climbing on skis is, however, a recent development that must not be forgotten.[1]

A book on Switzerland must find room for a few of the most noted Swiss names in the history of mountaineering. At first this was almost the exclusive preserve of professors, mostly from Zurich. Professor Müller of Berne ascended the smaller Stockhorn (near Thun) in 1536 and wrote a poem about it. Conrad Gessner, a Zurich botanical professor of the same century, was an early lover of the mountain, though possibly he never got above the snow-

[1] See " Mountains of Youth," by Arnold Lunn (1926).

line, and he is, at any rate, a pioneer in Alpine literature. Yet another Zurich professor, J. J. Scheuchzer, published in 1716 a book summarizing all that was known up to that date of the Swiss Alps—a volume that did much to stimulate the growing taste for mountain travel. Indeed, his book told much more than all that was *known* about the Alps, for he honestly believed that they were haunted by dragons, and dedicated a treatise on these strange wildfowl to the Royal Society of London.

Canon Murith of St. Bernard climbed the Vélan in 1779, and another ecclesiastic, Curé Clément of the Val d'Illiez, scaled the highest peak of the Dent du Midi in 1784. Next comes the great De Saussure (see p. 193). Though not very successful as a climber, Marc Théodore Bourrit of Geneva (1739–1819) acquired by his numerous enthusiastic writings the sobriquet of " Historian of the Alps ". Father Placidus à Spescha of Disentis, a follower of De Saussure, made the first ascent of the Tödi (1824) by deputy only, but had much success with other lofty peaks. In the early days of the nineteenth century some wonderful work was done in peak-climbing and traverses by various members of the Meyer family of Aarau. It is said that no work to equal theirs was done for another half-century. Perhaps the glacier explorations of Louis Agassiz (p. 96) would find their proper place here, as he was born in Switzerland and as several important first ascents were made between 1840 and 1850 by his colleague, Édouard Desor. His cabin on the moraine of the Aar Glacier, known as the " Hôtel des Neuchâtelois ", takes a proud place in Alpine history on account of the important work done in it. Gottlieb Studer of Berne has an extraordinary record, climbing for sixty years (1823–83), making many new ascents and traverses, and drawing over 700 mountain views and panoramas. Another marvellous veteran was Johannes Coaz of Zurich, an authority on forestry, who made the first ascent of the Piz Bernina in 1850 and lived to be nearly ninety-six, not dying till 1918. And with

him we reach the period when the pennon passed into British hands.

The English Alpine Club, the first of its kind, dates from 1857. With only a few hundred members, it is a relatively small and choice body. The first president was Mr. John Ball. Its publications—the "Alpine Journal", "Alpine Guide", and "Register"—should be in the hands of every serious mountain-climber. The German Alpine Club was founded in 1869 and combined with that of Austria in 1873. It is much the largest of all, having low fees and no especial tests. The French Alpine Club (with its motto "Excelsior") dates from 1874, the Italian from 1863. The Swiss Alpine Club, also established in 1863, has about 15,000 members. Its entrance-fee and annual subscription are very moderate, and it offers special privileges at the Club Huts, reduced rates on the Swiss railways, and other advantages. Thanks to the Club Huts, ranging from plain shelters to something approaching a comfortable mountain inn, the former necessity of passing the night in "romantic" but unsavoury and vermin-haunted chalets is no longer necessary on the two-day ascents.

Glaciers (occupying more space than the canton of Fribourg), avalanches, and other natural features connected with mountaineering are treated so fully in the guidebooks and climbers' manuals that there seems nothing useful to add in my limited space. But this chapter may be fittingly closed with a few words about that very interesting individual, the Swiss mountain guide, though he, too, has been extensively written up.

The keynote may be found in Sir Leslie Stephen's dictum that "no traveller that I have ever seen would be worthy to be ranked as even a second-rate guide". Modesty must always rule the traveller's breast in his intercourse with a really good guide. There are, of course, exceptions; but, as a rule, it may be assumed that the properly certificated Swiss guide is an excellent sports-

man, on whom the employer may implicitly rely; and that he fully understands, not only his business, but his position, and will not presume upon it, though, of course, he does not expect to be treated as a mere servant. The climber, however, should take every precaution, if he is about to attempt any really difficult ascent or traverse, to ensure that his guide is himself one of the superior class that understands glacier work. Of the guides on the certificated list at a climbing centre, probably not more than one-third to one-half are suitable leaders for a difficult first-class ascent. So look for a K.C., not a Junior! The employer may well remember, in connection with his guide, what Luckie Mucklebackit said to Monkbarns about fishermen: "It's no' fish ye're buying—it's men's lives".

Dr. Coolidge considers that the first real Alpine guides were the two "marons" who helped the Seigneur de Villamont to climb the Rochemelon in 1588. These two men have now multiplied to at least a thousand; and in many families guiding has become a hereditary calling. Every eminent mountain-climber has had his favourite guides and is full of warm appreciation of their services. Dr. Coolidge (e.g.) considers Christian Almer of Grindelwald "the best guide who ever lived". His active guiding life lasted for nearly fifty years, and he celebrated his Golden Wedding by taking his wife to the top of the Wetterhorn. Others would award the palm to Mathias Zurbriggen of Saas, whose work covered the Himalayas and the Andes as well as the Alps. Another claimant to the title is Melchior Anderegg of Meiringen. Other famous guides are Jacques Balmat of Chamonix, who made the first ascent of Mont Blanc; J. J. Bennen, of Laax, the favourite guide of Professor Tyndall; Jean-Antoine Carrel of Zermatt, whom Edward Whymper considered the best rock-climber he knew; Michel Croz of Chamonix, who lost his life on Whymper's ascent of the Matterhorn; Alexander Burgener; J. Knubel; Franz Lochmatter;

and François Dévouassoud of Chamonix, the lifelong guide of Douglas Freshfield. It is, however, hardly fair to make a list like this; the names given must be taken merely as somewhat arbitrarily selected samples of the best class of guide. Compare "The Pioneers of the Alps", by C. D. Cunningham and W. Abney (1887).

XXIII

SWITZERLAND AND TUBERCULOSIS

THE sunlight and open-air treatment of tuberculosis in Switzerland has been carried on so long, has obtained such wide publicity, and has been tested by so many people, that comparatively little need be said of it here. Some reference has been already made in the proper place to its success in such high-lying resorts as Davos and Arosa. Here I add simply a few facts about Leysin, the capital of heliotherapic treatment, and about Dr. Rollier, its high priest.

Leysin is reached by a short electric railway from Aigle, a popular resort on the railway from Lausanne to Brig. Leysin village is 4150 feet above the sea, but the heliotherapic colony runs up to nearly 5000 feet. The sun cure has been practised here for over thirty years, thanks to its unusual proportion of winter sunshine and to its freedom from wind. The mountains screen it against the cold north winds; and, if the beauty of the environment is not a direct agent in the cure, it is at least a most delightful concomitant.

The place is a huge congeries of clinics and sanatoria, accommodating thousands of patients, served by experienced physicians and bacteriologists, and provided with every form of apparatus and contrivance that can help the cure. The expense varies according to circumstances; but even in the most modest establishments all the essential conditions are present. The amount of exposure to sun and air is carefully graduated and controlled; but in the great majority of cases it is possible to enjoy a complete

measure of this advantage for many hours daily, even in winter. The Solaria are so arranged that every patient may receive just that amount of sunshine that he is able to bear. Young men may take part in athletic games and open-air exercise in something very near a state of nature. Small children take their sun baths in the costume of a cherub plus a pair of snow-boots. The treatment is lengthy and involves much recumbency. Thus it is associated with education for children, technical training for adolescents, and occupation for adults. The treatment is prophylactic as well as curative; and at Cergnat, near Leysin, is what might be called the first "Solar Preventorium"—a sun school for delicate children established by Dr. Rollier. Here the children, who seem unusually happy, learn botany and zoology in the gardens, fields, and ponds, and dance and drill in the open air. The Swiss Government maintains two clinics at Leysin for tuberculous soldiers, who are taught a trade when convalescing. During the War many interned prisoners were greatly helped towards recovery from their wounds by residence at Leysin; for heliotherapy is useful not only for pulmonary consumption, but also for so-called surgical tuberculosis and even for arthritis, rickets, infantile paralysis, nervous prostration, and other non-tubercular ailments. It is in this latter field that Dr. Rollier has mainly worked and had such signal success.

Heliotherapy for tuberculous patients is also practised at Montana, near Sierre; and though this is not so exclusively a health station as Leysin, being considerably frequented for winter sports, the work carried on here by Dr. Stephani and other physicians is too important to leave unmentioned. The climate is somewhat milder than at Leysin; and the unimpeded mountain view is unsurpassed.

While it is difficult to exaggerate the importance of the sun and air treatment of tuberculosis, it is obvious that the cure takes a great deal of time and involves a total

interruption of the patient's ordinary life and work. It would therefore be highly desirable to find a specific that would enable the adult patient, with whom the disease has not yet reached an advanced stage, to continue to earn his daily bread while being treated. This is one of the advantages claimed for the Spahlinger treatment of tuberculosis.

It was only in 1910 that M. Henry Spahlinger, of Geneva, made his first preparations of toxins, anti-toxins, and vaccines by entirely new methods, effecting complete cures of guinea-pigs with advanced tubercular lesions. Since then M. Spahlinger has carried on his bacteriological work on his father's estate at Carouge (a village close to Geneva), with the exception of a break during the War (1915–17), when he was engaged in preparing anti-tetanus serum for the Russian Army. More than 600 human patients have been treated with the new serum, with a result of 80 per cent of cures ; and the value of the vaccine has been demonstrated also as a preventive of tuberculosis in cattle. The expenses of M. Spahlinger's laboratory have been enormous (not less than £10,000 a year), as the new serum is obtained from valuable horses, and the process of procuring it has necessitated a large and most elaborate plant of machinery (much of it invented by M. Spahlinger himself), the services of a numerous staff, and great numbers of cattle, goats, sheep, guinea-pigs, rabbits, monkeys, chimpanzees, and other animals as instruments in the preparation of the sera and vaccines. The resources of M. Spahlinger having been practically exhausted, Sir Stanley Birkin came to the rescue with a generous donation of £20,000 in 1923 ; but as M. Spahlinger refuses to commercialize his treatment, the present situation is that there is great danger that the whole plant and enterprise may have to be abandoned for lack of financial support. In the meantime, however, M. Spahlinger still manages to carry on his laboratory work, though in sadly curtailed proportions.

It would not be seemly for a layman to pronounce any verdict on the value of M. Spahlinger's work; and my task, therefore, is merely one of description. But the list of eminent doctors and surgeons who have testified to their belief in and practical experience of the value of the serum is already so imposing and is growing so rapidly that I feel amply justified in adding this account to my book. On the Continent we have the witness of such men as Dr. E. Lardy, ex-President of the Swiss Federal Board of Medical Examiners; Dr. Stephani, the famous tubercular authority of Montana (who has used the serum in about 300 cases and who considers it "the most important discovery yet brought before the public, and sure to revolutionize the methods of treating tuberculosis"); Drs. Perrier, Trechsel, Egger, and Mermod of Geneva; Professor Charles Gosset, Senior Surgeon of the Salpêtrière (who thinks "it would be criminal to hinder the general adoption of the serum in France"); Professor A. Robin of the University of Paris; and Dr. Camille Savoire of Paris. Many clinical demonstrations have been given by M. Spahlinger in London; and his English supporters include such well-known men as Dr. E. Colbeck, Dr. Leonard Williams, Sir Bruce Bruce-Porter, Dr. Croucher, Dr. Colbeck, Dr. Thomas Watts, M.P., and Dr. David Nabarro. Dr. Jeffs of Toronto and Dr. Mackeddie of Melbourne may also be mentioned. Numerous testimonials to the value of the serum have appeared in the "Lancet" and "British Medical Journal".

On my visit to Carouge I was astounded by the extent of the institution, the size and interest of the menagerie, and the complexity of the mechanical appliances. The complete serum consists of twenty-two partial sera obtained from twenty-two different horses. Now, alas! this herd has dwindled to half a dozen or so, from which are made the partial sera which are also very effective, though not so much so as the complete preparation. These horses require to be of a superior quality, and well-bred Irish

hunters are found on the whole the best for the purpose. M. Spahlinger took me into the paddock where the horses are kept; and a striking proof of the fact that they suffer no pain and little inconvenience was shown by the way in which the plump and glossy animals at once came up to him, nuzzled him with their heads, and acted generally as overgrown pets. It is a curious fact that the darker the colour, the better the serum; hence the horses are all black. Incidentally, this affords M. Spahlinger an opportunity of providing an easy life for them after he is done with them; for he passes them all on to undertakers, since (he says) the life of a funeral horse is the easiest equine career he knows! During the whole course of treatment the horses do about two hours' farm-work daily, for it is essential that they should be in good condition. The stock includes also a herd of Fribourg cattle, which have been rendered immune by inoculation. A few of these are kept purposely in insanitary conditions, to show that the serum is efficacious even in the most untoward circumstances.

My technical knowledge is quite inadequate to attempt a scientific description either of the processes by which the serum is produced or of the elaborate machines used. It takes four years to make the complete serum. Every piece of apparatus is duplicated in a separate building so that the work may not be interrupted by (say) an unfortunate fire. All the glass required, including hundreds of retorts every day, is blown on the spot. The laboratory produces both sera and vaccines. The vaccine is used in cases where the patient is strong enough to react against the virus, and produces a state of active immunization. It is at once a cure and a prophylactic. The serum, given in bad cases, is a remedy the effect of which is to destroy the poisons produced by the germs. It brings the patient up to the vaccine stage. The vaccine consists of the constituents of the dead germs themselves. The Spahlinger laboratory contains the "finest collection of

tubercle bacilli in the world"; and if the visitor wishes a real thrill, he may enter the chamber where the virus cultures are grown, holding the while a pad of sterilized cotton-wool over his nose and mouth. Even the layman can understand the point of M. Spahlinger's theory that, as the bacilli produce their toxin in self-defence, much better results can be obtained by "worrying" them by variations in light and temperature than by leaving them undisturbed and with plenty of food as in the ordinary laboratory. The Spahlinger treatment was actually one of the issues of the Australian General Election of 1925; and there is a growing tendency in England to support the work.

The future alone can decide whether M. Spahlinger is to be classed with Lister and Pasteur as the discoverer of a great and beneficent remedy which has to overcome much initial discouragement and opposition, or with Koch, whose discovery of the *Bacillus tuberculosis* did not lead to the development of a cure. But the man of ordinary common sense who has studied the evidences of M. Spahlinger's single-minded and so far successful efforts cannot but feel that the matter has reached a stage where it would be a thousand pities to leave it merely for want of the sinews of war.

INDEX

Aar, the, 27, 37
Aar Glacier, 218
Aberli, J. L., 31, 66
Acquarossa, 190
Addison, Joseph, 27, 59
Adelboden, 46
Agasse, J. L., 66
Agassiz, Louis, 96, 216
Agriculture, 2, 121
Aigle, 203
Airolo, 198
Alabama arbitration, 62
Albrun Pass, 195
Albula railway, 170
Aletsch Glacier, 199
Alpine clubs, 99, 103, 199, 215, 219
Alpnachstad, 111
Alps, the, 1, 20, 28, 44, 99, 155, etc.
Altdorf, 108, 150
Amiel, H. F., 62, 69, 85
Amsteg, 117
Andeer, 189
Andermatt, 197
Appenzell, 141
Arbon, 138
Architecture, 16, 29, 61, 65, 79, 135, 176, etc.
Army, 12, 38, 197
Arnold, Matthew, 60, 204
Arolla, 203
Arosa, 165
Art, Swiss, 11, 15, 20, 30, 65, 79, 133, 140, 144, 176, etc.
Arth-Goldau, 110
Aubonne, 90
Avenches, 96
Avers-Cresta, 184
Axen-Strasse, 110

Bâle, 13
Ball, John, 214, 216, 219
Ballaigues, 211
Barberine, Lake, 203
Bel Alp, 120
Bellinzona, 152
Bergün, 171
Bernard, Great St., 201, 215
Bernardino Pass, 189
Berne, 27
Bernese Oberland, 36
Bernina Hospice, 186
Bernina Houses, 186
Bernina Pass (railway), 185
Bernina, Piz, 173, 177, 218
Bertha, Queen, 4, 52, 82, 90
Berthelier, P., 64
Bevers, 171, 178
Bex, 203
Beza, 63, 64, 69, 77
Biasca, 190
Biel (Bienne), 51
Bietschhorn, 124
Binn, 199
Birs (river and battle), 18, 128
Bitzius (Gotthelf), 45, 95
Blanc, Mt., 192, 216, 54
Blanchet, Alex., 145
Blonay (château and family), 11, 97
Böcklin, Arnold, 16, 133
Bodensee, 138
Bondo, 184
Bonivard, 64, 86
Bonnet, 69

Boswell, James, 51, 195
Bourrit, M. T., 218
Bouveret, Le, 87
Braunwald, 149
Brè, Monte, 154
Bregaglia (Bergell), 184
Breithorn, 105
Brienz, 39
Brig (Brigue), 119
Broc, 88
Brühlmann, Hans, 145
Brun, Rudolph, 128
Brünig Pass, 38
Bulle, 88
Bullinger, Heinrich, 131
Burckhardt, Jacob, 14, 25
Bürglen, 108, 150
Burgundy, Charles, Duke of, 93, 95
Burnet, Bishop, 193, 215
Buttisholz, 116
Byron, 41, 43, 59, 75, 80, 85, 86, 96, 113

Calame, 66, 69
Calvin, Jean, 56, 62, 64, 70, 79
Campfer, 159, 181
Campovasto (Camogask), 178
Camps, internment, 82, 209
Canning, Stratford, 6, 79, 127
Capolago, 155
Carlyle, Thomas, 107
Carouge, 224, 225
Casaccia, 184
Casaubon, Isaac, 55
Castasegna, 185
Castels, 166
Celerina, 173
Centovalli, 156
Cervin, Mont, *see* Matterhorn
Cham, 111
Chamois, 212
Chamonix, 192
Character, Swiss, 10, 11, 12, 154
Château d'Oex, 209
Châtelard, Le, 203
Chaux-de-Fonds, La, 50
Cherbuliez, Victor, 69, 79
Chiavenna, 185
Chillon, 86, 80
Chocolate industry, 3, 49, 84, 88
Chur, *see* Coire
Cinuskel, 179
Clemgia Gorge, 179, 180
Club huts, 219
Coaz, J., 218
Coire, 163
Commerce, 2
Conan Doyle, Sir A., 169
Concordia-Platz (Place de la Concorde), 199
Constance, Lake of, 138
Constant, Benjamin, 75, 77
Constitution, 7
Conway, Sir Martin, 40, 124, 214, 217
Coolidge, W. A. B., 40, 104, 214, 216, 217, 220
Coppet, 75
Cortaillod, 52
Courmayeur, 192
Cow-fights, 213
Coxe, Archdeacon, 59, 27, 136, 140, 172
Cricket in Switzerland, 179

Dalcroze, Jacques, 73
D'Aubigné, Merle, 69
Davel, Major, 79
Davos, 167
Davy, Sir Humphry, 70
De Candolle, 69, 70
De Luc, 69, 70
Diablerets, Les, 210
Diavolezza Pass, 186
Diday, 66, 69
Diodati, 58, 59
Disentis, 190, 191, 197
Divonne, 196
Dôle, the, 211
Domodossola, 157

Dufour, General, 6, 69, 70
Dufourspitze, 104

Ebel, J. G., 133
Education, 12, 61, 71, 134
Eggishorn, 199, 216
Eidgenossen (Eidgenots, Huguenots), 56
Einsiedeln, 114, 129
Electricity works, 8, 119, 203
Eliot, George, 60, 85
Emerson, R. W., 85
Emmenbrücke, 116
Emmental, 44
Engadine, 173, 158
Engelberg, 112
English Barrow, 116
English friendship, 6
Entlebuch, 44
Erasmus, 14, 15
Escalade, 63
Esperanto, 55, 73
Estavayer, 52
Evelyn, John, 58
Evolena, 202

Farel, 64, 69, 79
Faulhorn, 37, 40, 178
Ferden, 121
Ferney, 194
Fidelis, 166
Fiesch, 199
Filisur, 170
Findelen Glacier, 103
Finhaut, 203
Finsteraarhorn, 99, 216
Fionnay, 203
Flims, 191
Flowers, 12, 81, 103
Flüelen, 110
Forbes, Prof. J. D., 216
Forest Cantons, 4, 108, 151, 152
French Switzerland, 53, 79
Freshfield, Douglas, 214, 217, 221
Freudenberger, 8, 31
Fribourg, 203
Frutigen, 46
Furka (pass and railway), 191, 197, 198
Fürst, Walter, 109
Füssli (Fuseli), 133

Gallatin, Albert, 70
Gambetta, 85
Gampel, 120
Gemmi Pass, 46
Generoso, Monte, 155
Geneva, 53
Geneva, Lake of, 74
Gesner, Conrad, 131, 217
Gessler, 109, 110
Gessner, Salomon, 131
Gibbon, Edward, 77, 93, 116, 216
Giessbach Falls, 38
Glaciers, 218, 219
Glärnisch, 147, 148
Glarus (town and canton), 146
Glèrolles, Château, 98
Gletsch, 198
Glion, 204
Glis, 120
Goethe, 27, 39, 41, 68, 135
Goldau, 110, 114
Goldsmith, Oliver, 195, 216
Golf, 171, 211
Goppenstein, 120
Gornergrat, 102
Göschenen, 118, 152, 197
Gotthelf (Bitzius), 45, 95
Graff, Anton, 145
Grandson, 93
Graubünden, *see* Grisons
Gray, Thomas, 34, 56
Grey, Lady Jane, 131
Grimsel Pass, 39, 200
Grindelwald, 39
Grisons, 158, 151
Grüm, Alp, 186
Grütli, 109
Grütsch Alp, 41
Gruyères, 87, 209
Gstaad, 209

Guides, 215, 219
Gymnastics, 212

Habsburgs, 4, 116, 136, 137, 142, 147
Haller, A. von, 34
Haller, Hermann, 145
Handeck Waterfall, 200
Hardy, Thomas, 41, 78, 23
Helvetic Republic, 6, 112
Henniez, 82
Hinter-Rhein, 189
Historical notes, 3, 49, 56, 63, 93, 112, 114, 115, 127, 151, 163, 172
Hodler, Ferdinand, 31, 5, 11, 49, 68, 133, 145, etc.
Hofer, Karl, 145
Hohen-Rhätien, 188
Holbein, 14, 20
Hornussen (Hornets), 45, 211
Hotels, 9
Hutten, Ulrich von, 162
Huxley, T. H., 183

Ilanz, 191
Industry, 12, 21, 116, 126, 139, 142, 146
Inn, the, 173, 178, 179, 182
Interlaken, 36
Italian Switzerland, 151

James, Henry, 61, 86
Jenatsch, Jürg, 163, 173
Joch Pass, 38
Juf, 184
Julier Pass, 181, 182
Jungfrau, 43, 99, 216
Jura, 1, 19, 20, 28, 210

Kandersteg, 46
Kaufmann, Angelica, 163
Keller, Gottfried, 132
Kippel, 121
Klausen Pass, 149
Klöntaler-See, 148
Klosters, 166
Knox, John, 55, 57, 61, 64
Kosciuszko, Thaddeus, 20, 136
Küssnacht, 109

Lake Dwellings, 1, 48
Landesgemeinden, 113, 141, 148
Landguard, Piz, 177
Landquart, 166
Landwasser, the, 167, 170
Language, 12, 159
Langwies, 165
Latsch, 171
Laupen, 28, 35
Lausanne, 77, 74
Lauterbrunnen, 41
Lavater, J. C., 132
Lavin, 180
League of Nations, 72, 17
Lenk, 210
Lenzerheide, 190
Lepontine Alps, 199
Leuk, 200
Leysin, 222
Liestal, 21
Limmat, the, 126, 149
Linard, Piz, 180
Linth, the, 146, 149
Linthal, 148
Liotard, J. E., 67
Lischanna, Piz, 181
Liszt, 61
Literature, 11, 75, 77
Locarno, 155, 2
Locle, Le, 50
Loèche, 200
Longfellow, 60, 96, 138, 164
Longhin (Lunghino), Piz, 182
Lötschberg Railway, 45, 120
Lötschental, 120
Louis Philippe, 191
Lowerz, Lake, 113, 114
Lucens, 82, 97
Lucerne, 106
Lucerne, Lake of, 108
Lugano, 153

Luini, 65, 153
Lukmanier Pass, 189
Lunn, Arnold, 42, 205, 207, 214, 217
Lütschine, the, 39, 40

Machine industry, 142
Maderanertal, 118
Madrisahorn, 167
Maira, the, 182, 184
Malans, 160, 162, 166
Malivaglia, 190
Maloja, 182
Manuel, Nicolas, 30
Margna, Piz della, 182
Marignac, 69
Marignano, 5
Märjelen-See, 199
Marmots, 213
Maroggia, 156
Marsens, Château, 98
Martigny, 201, 213
Matterhorn, 100, 103
Mayenfelder Furka, 166
Meilen, 135
Meiringen, 38
Melchtal, Arnold of, 109
Mendrisio, 156
Menn, Barthélemy, 32, 66
Mercenaries, Swiss, 8, 107, 172
Meschino, 187
Mesocco, 189
Meyer, Conrad, 132
Mézières, 82
Midi, Dents du, 210, 218
Milk, condensed, 3, 82, 111
Milton, John, 57, 58
Montaigne, 27
Montana, 213, 222
Monthey, 210
Montolieu, Mme de, 89
Montreux, 85
Montricher, 91
Mont Soleil, 211
Moore, Thomas, 60
Morat, 95
Mörel, 199
Morgarten, 4, 115
Morges, 76
Morgins, 210
Morteratsch, 185
Motier-en-Vully, 96
Môtiers, 51
Motor diligences, 9, 181, 183
Moudon, 82, 97
Mountaineering, 214
Mühlen, 190
Müller, Johannes von, 138
Muottas Muraigl, 159, 177
Mürren, 42
Music, 73, 145, 204
Mythen, 109

Näfels, 4, 147
Napoleon, 5, 6, 56
Naters, 119
National Park, Swiss, 179, 181
Necker, 69, 77
Nestlé's condensed milk, 82
Neuchâtel, Lake, 48
Neuchâtel, town, 48, 6
Neuhausen, 137
Newspapers, 12
Nicolas von der Flüe, 112
Nidwalden, 111, 112
Niesen, 37
Nietzsche, F., 14, 25, 182
Nyon, 76

Oberalp Pass, 191, 197
Obwalden, 113
Oechsli (historian), 7, 57
Oesch, Sebastian, 140
Oeschinen-See, 46
Oken, Lorenz, 135
Olivone, 190
Orbe, 84, 92
Oron, 97
Orsières, 201
Ouchy, 80

Palü Glacier, 160, 186
Paracelsus, 115, 162
Parpan, 190
Patrician families, 10, 28, 29, 148, 171
Payerne, 52, 82
Peasant plays, 21, 82, 108, 123
Pestalozzi, J. H., 45, 132
Petitot, Jean, 67
Pfeffers, Bad, 162
Pictet de la Rive, 69, 70
Pilatus, Mt., 111
Pissevache, 201
Planta family, 171, 178, 179
Plantamour, 69
Pont, Le, 211
Ponte, 178
Ponte Brolla, 156
Ponte Tresa, 155
Pontresina, 176
Porlezza, 155
Porto Ceresio, 155
Poschiavo, 186, 187
Postal service, 9
Pradier, 69
Prangins, 76
Prätigau, 162, 166
Preda, 161
Prese, Le, 187
Promontogno, 184
Punt' Ota, 179

Quera, *see* Coire

Ragatz, 161
Ramuz, C. F., 80
Ranz des Vaches, 204
Rapperswil, 135
Rasses, Les, 211
Red Cross, 62, 71
Reding family, 114
Refugees in Switzerland, 7, 56, 57
Regicides, English, 7, 57, 81
Reichenau, 191
Reichenbach Falls, 38
Religion, 5, 54, 56, 129
Reuss, the, 108, 118, 197
Rhäzuns, 191
Rheinwaldhorn, 190
Rhine, the, 13, 28, 161, 182, 197
Rhine Falls, 137
Rhine, source of the, 189
Rhone, the, 28, 54, 74, 119, 197, 199
Rhone Glacier, 198
Ried, 123
Riffel-Alp, 102
Riffelberg, 102, 103
Rifle-shooting, 212
Rod, Édouard, 69, 79
Rodari, 156
Rohrschach, 138
Rolle, 76
Rollier, Dr., 222
Romanshorn, 138
Romonsh (Romauntsch), 159
Rosa, Mte., 104, 216
Rossberg, 113
Rotach, Uli, 141
Rousseau, J. J., 51, 62, 68, 69, 85
Rue, 97
Ruskin, John, 56, 138, 153, 216
Rütli, 109

Saanenmöser, 210
St. Bernard, Great, 201, 202
St. Cergue, 211
Ste. Croix, 211
St. Gall, 139
St. Gotthard, 14, 152, 197, 198
St. Imier, 211
St. Luc, 203
St. Maurice, 202
St. Moritz, 173, 209
Saints, Missionary, 3, 115, 135, 139, 190
Salis family, 171, 184
Salis-Seewis, 162, 164
Salvan, 203
Salvatore, Monte, 154
Samaden, 171
Santa Maria Maggiore, 157

Säntis, 141
Sarnen, 113
Sarraz, La, 92
Sasso, Madonna del, 156
Saussure, H. B. de, 69, 70, 99, 193, 218
Saut-du-Doubs, 51
Savoy, 56, 63, 64, 79, 86
Scaletta, 170
Scesaplana, 216
Schächental, 150
Schafberg, 177
Schaffhausen, 137
Scheidegg, 43
Scheuchzer, J. J., 216, 218
Schiers, 166
Schiller, 108, 109, 138
Schilthorn, 42, 178
Schinner, Matthias, 201
Schönenwerd, 21
Schools, 71, 178
Schreckhorn, 41
Schuls, 180
Schwyz, 114
Schyn Pass, 170, 190
Segantini, 176, 177, 183, 184
Seiler family, 101, 198
Selzach, 21
Sempach, 4, 112
Sénancour, 204
Septimer Pass, 184
Shelley, 55, 59, 81
Sierre (Siders), 200
Sihl, the, 126
Silk industry, 2, 116, 126
Sils, Lake of, 182, 183
Sils-Baselgia, 182
Sils-Maria, 182
Silvaplana, 182, 190
Silvretta, 166, 167
Simplon, 119, 200
Sion (Sitten), 201
Sismondi, 69
Smith, Albert, 193
Soglio, 184
Soleure (Solothurn), 19
Sonderbund, 6, 204
Southey, 52, 55
Spahlinger, Henry, 224
Spescha, Placidus à, 149, 190, 218
Spiez, 37
Spitteler, Carl, 6, 11, 21, 107
Splügen Pass, 189
Stachelberg, 149
Staël, Mme de, 75
Stampa, 184
Stans, 111
Stanserhorn, 111
Statzer-See, 176
Staubbach, 41
Stauffacher, Werner, 109
Stein-am-Rhein, 138
Stephani, Dr., 223, 225
Stephen, Sir Leslie, 41, 74, 124, 158, 214, 217
Stevenson, R. L., 169
Stockhorn (Spiez), 37, 217
Stockhorn (Zermatt), 216
Studer, Gottlieb, 218
Stüssi, Rudolph, 128
Surlej, Piz, 181
Susten Pass, 38
Suvarov, 198
Suvretta House, 159, 181
Symonds, J. A., 168

Tamina, 161, 162
Tarasp, 180
Tartarin of the Alps, 86, 111
Tell, William, 108
Tène, La, 52
Tennis, 175, 211
Théodule Pass, 100, 105
Thun, 37
Thurgau, 139
Thusis, 170, 188
Ticino, 151
Tiefencastel, 190
Tirado, 187
Titlis, 112
Tödi, 146, 218

Toepffer, Adam, 68
Toepffer, Rodolphe, 68, 71, 111
Topography, 1
Tosa Falls, 199
Tourist traffic, 2
Trade, 2
Travers, Val de, 50, 51
Trient, Gorges du, 201
Tronchin, Dr., 69
Trümmelbach Falls, 41
Truns, 191
Tschudi family, 11, 148
Tuberculosis, 165, 167, 222
Tussaud, Mme, 34
Twain, Mark, 104, 111, 200
Tyndall, Prof., 185, 214, 217, 220

Universities, 14, 29, 71, 77, 134, 204
Unterwalden, 109, 111, 113
Uri, 109
Urnerboden, 149
Urseren Valley, 198

Valais, the, 201, 202
Vallotton, Felix, 145
Valtellina (Veltlin), 172, 188
Vaud (canton), 76, 89, 203
Vevey, 82
Via Mala, 188
Vicosoprano, 184
Victoria, Queen, 46, 116
Vierwaldstätter-See, 108
Villars, 210
Villeneuve, 86
Visp, 100, 200
Visperterminen, 202
Vitznau, 110
Voltaire, 194, 53, 62, 76, 77
Vorarlberg, 161
Vufflens, 90, 98
Vulpera, 180

Wagner, 61
Waldenses, 57
Waldmann, Hans, 128
Walensee, 147
Wassen, 38
Watch-making, 50
Water-power, 8
Watt (Vadianus), 140
Weissenried, 124
Weissenstein, 20, 211
Wengen, 43
Wengern Alp, 43
Wetterhorn, 40
White Book (Weisses Buch), 113
Whymper, Edw., 102, 214, 217, 220
Wildstrubel, 47
Wines, Swiss, 18, 76, 89, 152, 160, 188, 202
Winkelried, Arnold von, 112
Winter sports, 169, 174, 190, 205
Winterthur, 142
Witz, Conrad, 16, 67
Wordsworth, 41, 113, 114
Wrestling, 212
Wyler, 123
Wyss, J. D. and J. R., 34

Yverdon, 84, 93

Zähringen family, 37, 93, 203
Zermatt, 99
Zernetz, 179
Zinal, 203
Zizers, 163
Zug, 110
Zuoz (Zutz), 178
Zurich, 126
Zurich, Lake of, 135
Zweisimmen, 210
Zwingli, Ulrich, 129, 14, 115, 148

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